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A COLORADO BEAR HUNT

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALEXANDER LAMBERT, M.D., AND PHILIP B. STEWART

IN mid-April, nineteen hundred and five, our party, consisting of Philip B. Stewart, of Colorado Springs, and Dr. Alexander Lambert, of New York, in addition to myself, left Newcastle, Col., for a bear hunt. As guides and hunters we had John Goff and Jake Borah, than whom there are no better men at their work of hunting bear in the mountains with hounds. Each brought his own dogs; all told, there were twenty-six hounds, and four half-blood terriers to help worry the bear when at bay. We travelled in comfort, with a big pack train, spare horses for each of us, and a cook, packers, and horse wranglers. I carried one of the new model Springfield military rifles, a 30–40, with a soft-nosed bullet—a very accurate and hard-hitting gun.

This first day we rode about twenty miles to where camp was pitched on the upper waters of East Divide Creek. It was a picturesque spot. At this altitude it was still late winter and the snow lay in drifts, even in the creek bottom, while the stream itself was not yet clear from ice. The tents were pitched in a grove of leafless aspens and great spruces, beside the rushing, ice-rimmed brook. The cook tent, with its stove, was an attractive place on the cool mornings and in stormy weather. Fry, the cook, a most competent man, had rigged up a table, and we had folding camp-chairs —luxuries utterly unknown to my former camping trips. Each day we breakfasted early and dined ten or twelve hours later, on returning from the day's hunt; and as we carried no lunch, the two meals were enjoyed with ravenous pleasure by the entire company. The horses were stout, tough, shaggy beasts, of wonderful staying power, and able to climb like cats. The country was very steep and rugged; the mountain-sides were greasy and slippery from the melting snow, while the snow bucking through the deep drifts on their tops and on the north sides was exhausting. Only sure-footed animals could avoid serious tumbles, and only animals of great endurance could have lasted through the work. Both Johnny Goff and his partner, Brick Wells, who often accompanied us on the hunts, were frequently mounted on animals of uncertain temper, with a tendency to buck on insufficient provocation; but they rode them with entire indifference up and down any incline. One of the riders, "Al," a very good tempered man, a tireless worker, had as one of his horses a queer, big-headed dun beast, with a black stripe down its back and traces of zebra-like bands on the backs of his front legs. He was an atavistic animal, looking much as the horses must have looked which an age or two ago lived in this very locality and were preyed on by sabre-toothed tigers, hyenadons, and other strange and terrible beasts of a long-vanished era. Lambert remarked to him: "Al, you ought to call that horse of yours 'Fossil'; he is a hundred thousand years old." To which Al, with immovable face, replied: "Gee! and that man sold him to me for a seven-year-old! I'll have the law on him!"

The hounds were most interesting, and

*** From the forthcoming book, "Outdoor Pastimes of an American Hunter," by Theodcre Roosevelt.

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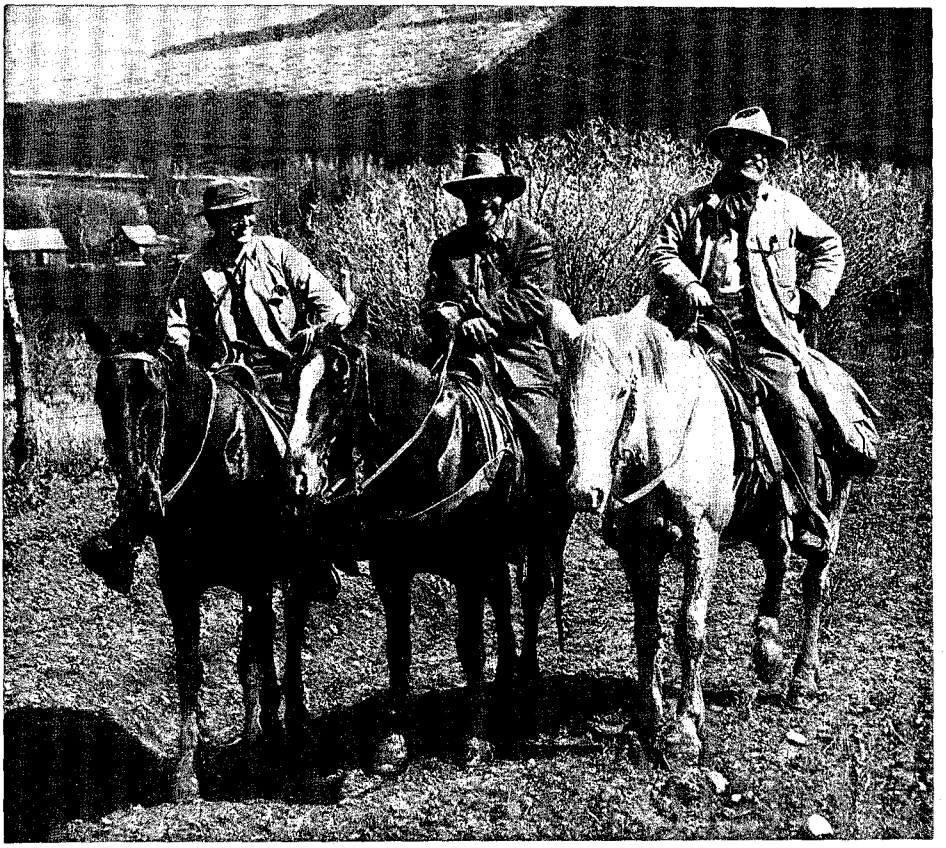
showed all the variations of character and temper to be expected in such a pack; a pack in which performance counted for everything and pedigree for nothing. One of the best hounds was half fox terrier. Three of Johnny's had been with us four years before, when he and I hunted cougars together; these three being Jim, now an old dog, who dropped behind in a hard run, but still excellent on a cold trail; Tree'em, who, got badly hurt before the hunt was through. Jake's Rowdy, as soon as an animal was killed, became very cross and wished to attack any dog that came near. One of Jake's best hounds was old Bruise, a very sure, although not a particularly fast dog. All the members of the pack held the usual wild-beast attitude toward one another. They joined together for the chase and the fight, but once the quarry was killed, their



From a stereograph, copyright 1905, by Underwood & Underwood.

Starting for camp.

like Jim, had grown aged, but was very sure; and Bruno, who had become one of the best of all the pack on a hot trail, but who was apt to overrun it if it became at all difficult and cold. The biggest dog of the pack, a very powerful animal, was Badge, who was half foxhound and half what Johnny called Siberian bloodhound—I suppose a Great Dane or Ulm dog. His full brother Bill came next to him. There was a Rowdy in Jake's pack and another Rowdy in Johnny's, and each relations among themselves became those of active hostility or selfish indifference. At feeding time each took whatever his strength permitted, and each paid abject deference to whichever animal was his known superior in prowess. Some of the younger dogs would now and then run deer or coyote. But the older dogs paid heed only to bear and bobcat; and the pack, as a body, discriminated sharply between the hounds they could trust and those which

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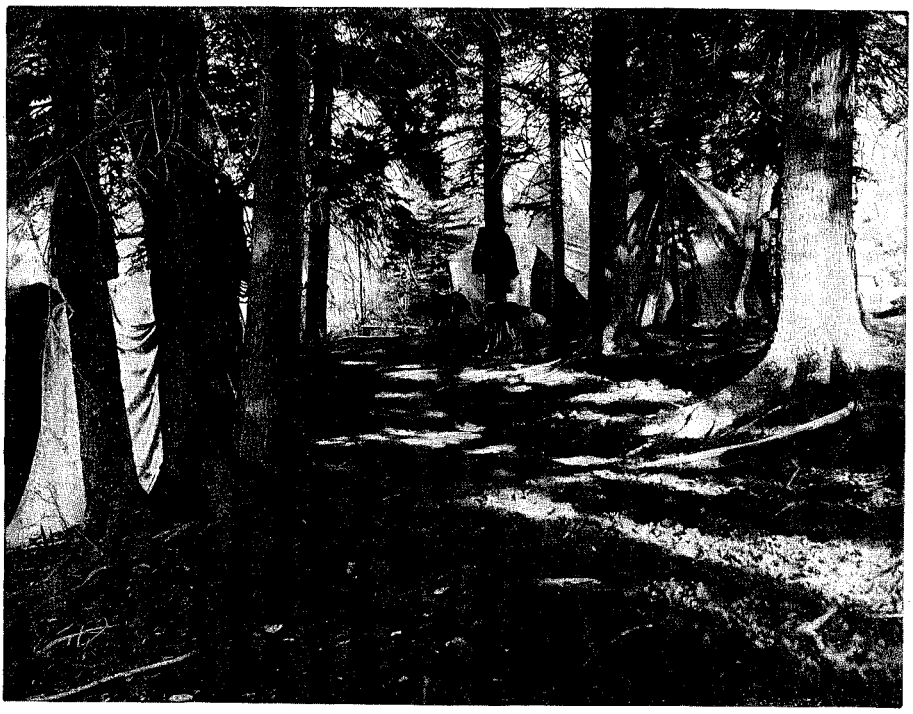
From a photograph by Philip B. Stewart.

Hunting for tracks.



From a photograph by Philip B. Stewart.

The camp.

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would go off on a wrong trail. The four terriers included a heavy, liver-colored half-breed bull-dog, a preposterous animal who looked as if his ancestry had included a toadfish. He was a terrible fighter, but his unvarying attitude toward mankind was one of effusive and rather foolish affection. In a fight he could whip any of the hounds save Badge, and he was far more willing than Badge to accept punishment. There was also a funny little black and tan, named Skip, a most friendly little fellow, especially fond of riding in front or behind the saddle of any one of us who would take him up, although perfectly able to travel forty miles a day on his own sturdy legs if he had to, and then to join in the worry of the quarry when once it had been shot. Porcupines abounded in the woods, and one or two of the terriers and half a dozen of the hounds positively refused to learn any wisdom, invariably attacking each porcupine they found; the result being that we had to spend many minutes in removing the quills from their mouths, eyes, etc. A white bull-terrier would come in from such a combat with his nose literally looking like a glorified pincushion, and many of the spines we had to take out with nippers. The terriers never ran with the hounds, but stayed behind with the horses until they heard the hounds barking "bayed" or "treed," when they forthwith tore toward them. Skip adopted me as his special master, rode with me whenever I would let him, and slept on the foot of my bed at night, growling defiance at anything that came near. I grew attached to the friendly, bright little fellow, and at the end of the hunt took him home with me as a playmate for the children.

From a photograph by Philip B. Stewart.

At dinner.

It was a great, wild country. In the creek bottoms there were a good many ranches;

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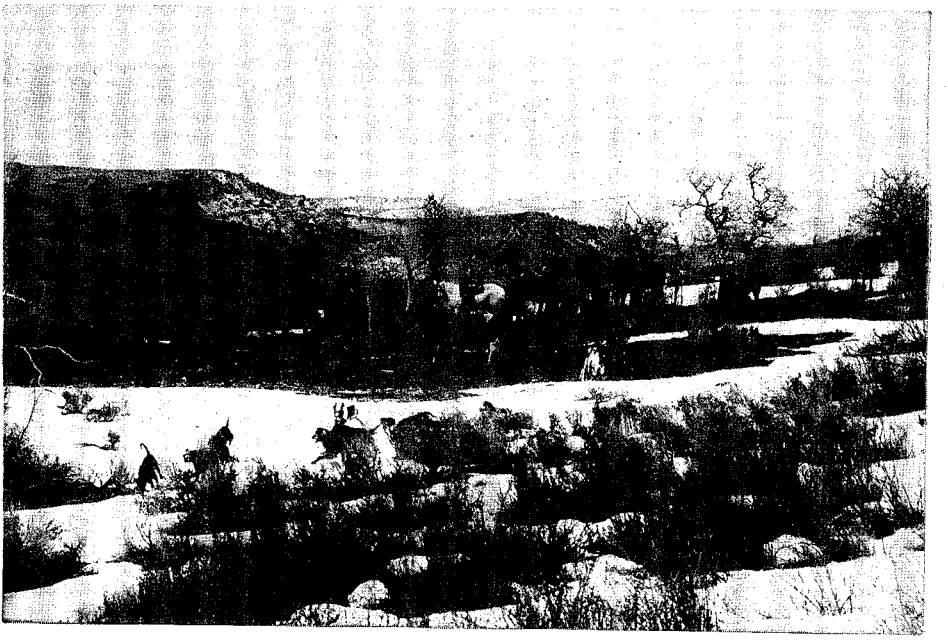
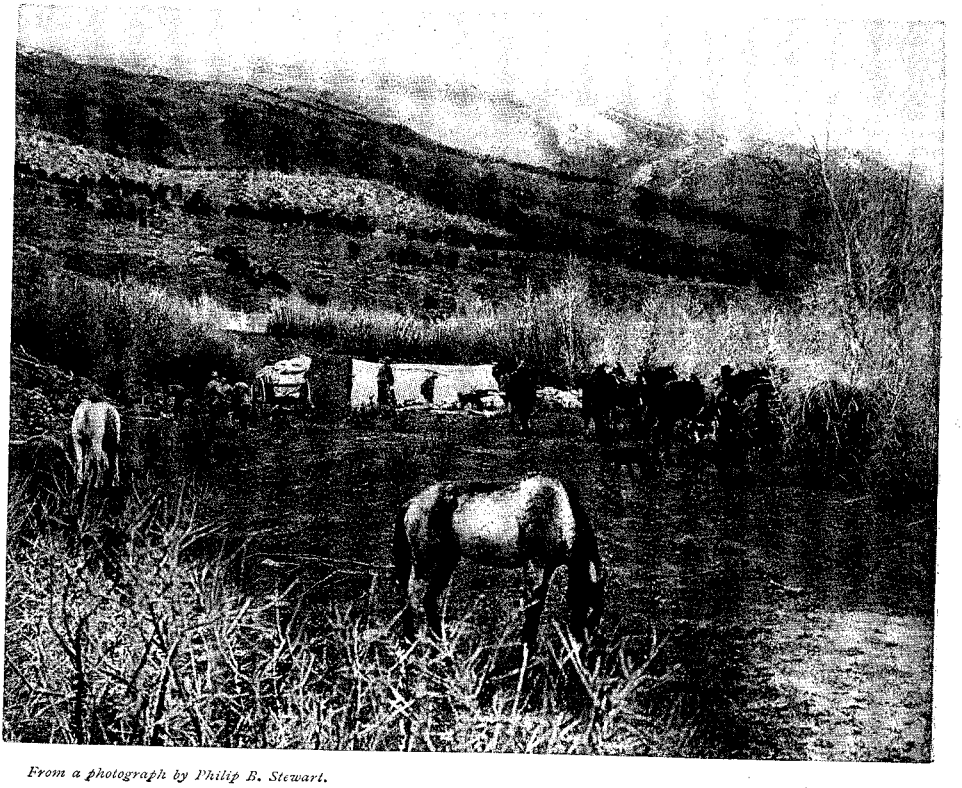


From a photograph by Philip B. Stewart.

The pack strikes the fresh bear-trail.



From a photograph by Philip B. Stewart.

Pitching camp.

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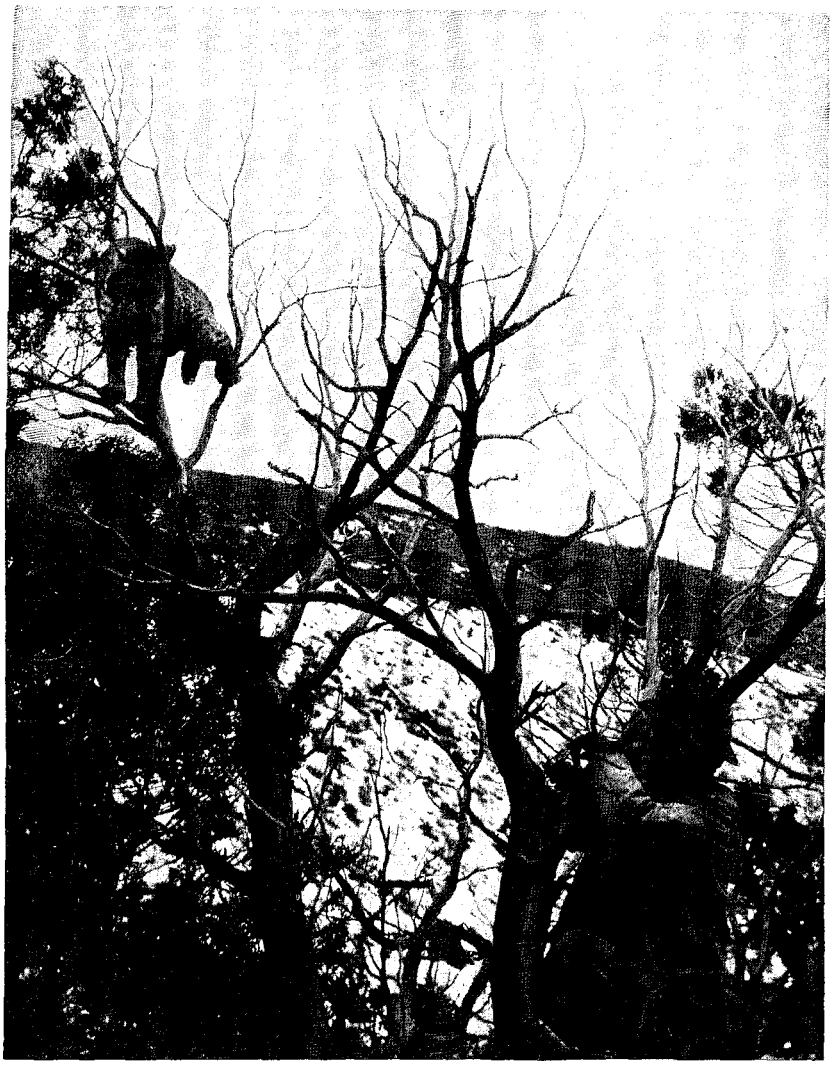

From a photograph, copyright 1905, by Alexander Lambert, M.D.

Stewart and the bobcat.

but we only occasionally passed by these, on our way to our hunting grounds in the wilderness along the edge of the snow-line. The mountains crowded close together in chain, peak, and table-land; all the higher ones were wrapped in an unrent shroud of snow. We saw a good many deer, and fresh sign of elk, but no elk themselves, although we were informed that bands were to be found in the high spruce timber where the snows were so deep that it would have been impossible to go on horseback, while going on foot would have been inconceivably fatiguing. The country was open. The high peaks were bare of trees. Cottonwoods, and occasionally dwarfed birch or maple and willows, fringed the streams; aspens grew in groves higher up. There were piñons and cedars on the slopes of the foot-hills; spruce clustered here and there in the cooler ravines and valleys and high up the mountains. The dense oak brush and thick growing cedars were hard on our clothes, and sometimes on our bodies.

Bear and cougars had once been very plentiful throughout this region, but during the last three or four years the cougars have greatly diminished in numbers throughout

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From a photograph, copyright 1905, by Alexander Lambert, M.D.

A "doily" bear.

northern Colorado, and the bears have diminished also, although not to the same extent. The great grizzlies which were once fairly plentiful here are now very rare, as they are in most places in the United States. There remain plenty of the black and brown bears, which are simply individual color phases of the same species.

Bears are interesting creatures and their habits are always worth watching. When I used to hunt grizzlies my experience tended to make me lay special emphasis on their variation in temper. There are savage and cowardly bears, just as there are big and little ones; and sometimes these variations are very marked among bears of the same district, and at other times all the bears of one district will seem to have a common code of behavior which differs utterly from that of the bears of another district. Readers of Lewis and Clark do not need to be reminded of the great difference they found in ferocity between the bears of the upper Missouri and the bears of the Columbia River country; and those who have lived in the upper Missouri country nowadays know how widely the bears that still remain have altered in character from what they were

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as recently as the middle of the last century.

This variability has been shown in the bears which I have stumbled upon at close quarters. On but one occasion was I ever regularly charged by a grizzly. To this animal I had given a mortal wound, and without any effort at retaliation he bolted into a thicket of what, in my hurry, I thought was laurel (it being composed in reality I suppose of thick-growing berry bushes). On my following him and giving him a second wound, he charged very determinedly, taking two more bullets without flinching. I just escaped the charge by jumping to one side, and he died almost immediately after striking at me as he rushed by. This bear charged with his mouth open, but made very little noise after the growl or roar with which he greeted my second bullet. I mention the fact of his having kept his mouth open, because one or two of my friends who have been charged have informed me that in their cases they particularly noticed that the bear charged with his mouth shut. Perhaps the fact that my bear was shot through the lungs may account for the difference, or it may simply be another example of individual variation.

On another occasion, in a windfall, I got up within eight or ten feet of a grizzly, which simply bolted off, paying no heed to a hurried shot which I delivered as I poised unsteadily on the swaying top of an overthrown dead pine. On yet another occasion, when I roused a big bear from his sleep, he at the first moment seemed to pay little or no heed to me, and then turned toward me in a leisurely way, the only sign of hostility he betrayed being to ruffle up the hair on his shoulders and the back of his neck. I hit him square between the eyes, and he dropped like a pole-axed steer.

From a photograph by Philip B. Stewart.

Jake and Johnny.

On another occasion I got up quite close to and mortally wounded a bear, which ran off without uttering a sound until it fell dead; but another of these grizzlies, which I shot from ambush, kept squalling and yelling every time I hit him, making a great rumpus. On one occasion one of my cow hands and myself were able to run down on foot a she grizzly bear and her cub, which had obtained a long start of us, simply because of the foolish conduct of the mother. The

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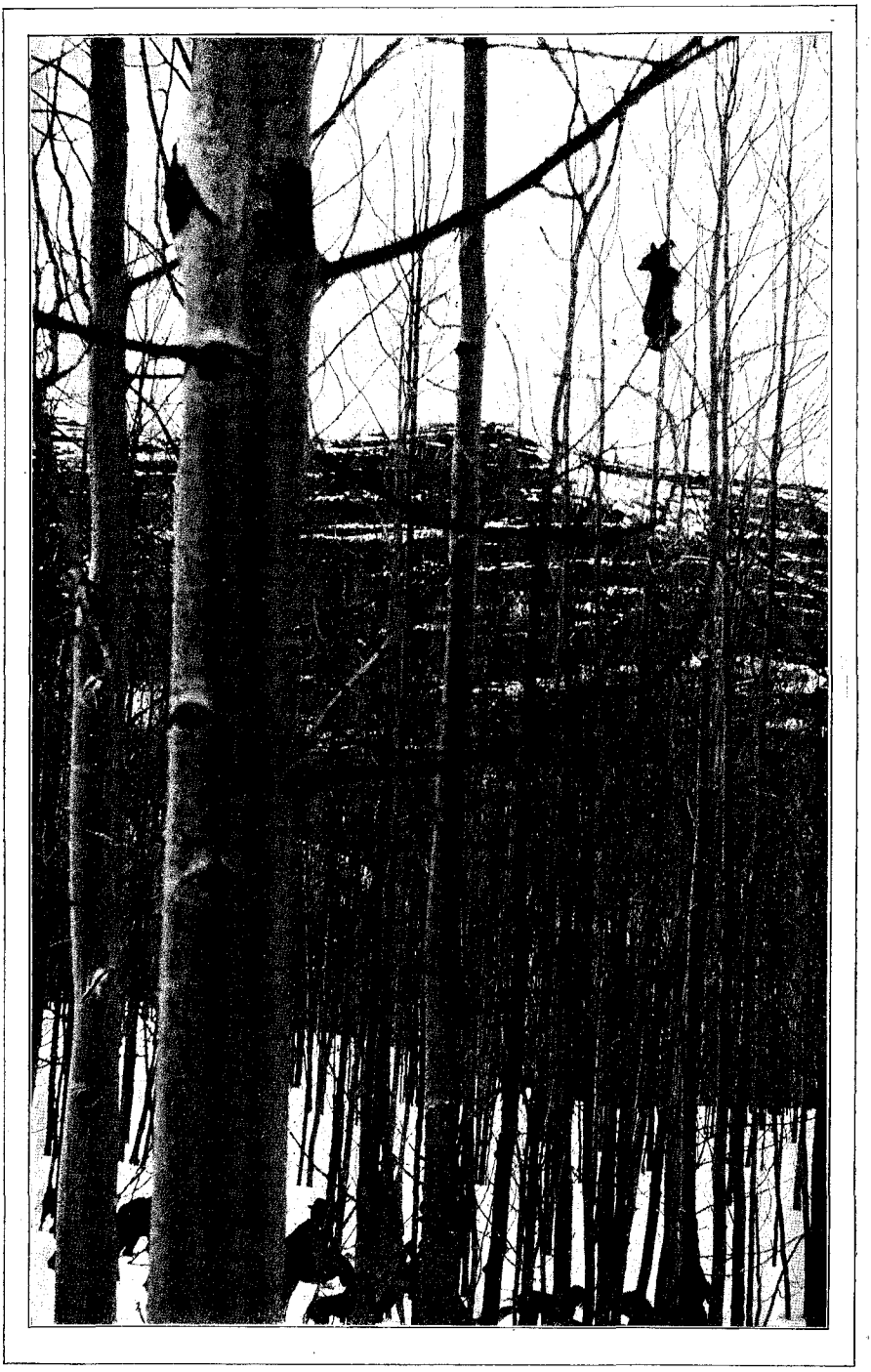

From a photograph, copyright 1905, by Alexander Lambert, M.D.

The pack baying the bear.

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cub—or more properly the yearling, for it was a cub of the second year—ran on far ahead, and would have escaped if the old she had not continually stopped and sat up on her hind legs to look back at us. I think she did this partly from curiosity, but partly also from bad temper, for once or twice she grinned and roared at us. The upshot of it was that I got within range and put a bullet in the old she, who afterward vanced to kill it with his pistol. The pistol, however, did not inflict a mortal wound, and the only effect was to make the young bear jump to its feet as if unhurt, and race off at full speed through the timber; for though not full grown it was beyond cubhood, being probably about eighteen months old. By desperate running I succeeded in getting another shot, and more by luck than by anything else knocked it over, this time permanently.

From a photograph, copyright 1905, by Alexander Lambert, M.D.

My third bear.

charged my companion and was killed; and we also got the yearling.

One young grizzly which I killed many years ago dropped to the first bullet, which entered its stomach. It then let myself and my companion approach closely, looking up at us with alert curiosity, but making no effort to escape. It was really not crippled at all, but we thought from its actions that its back was broken, and my companion ad-

Black bear are not, under normal conditions, formidable brutes. If they do charge and get home they may maul a man severely, and there are a number of instances on record in which they have killed men. Ordinarily, however, a black bear will not charge home, though he may bluster a good deal. I once shot one very close up which made a most lamentable outcry, and seemed to lose its head, its efforts to escape resulting in its

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From a photograph by Philip B. Stewart.

The worry.

From a photograph by Philip B. Stewart.

Skip on horseback.

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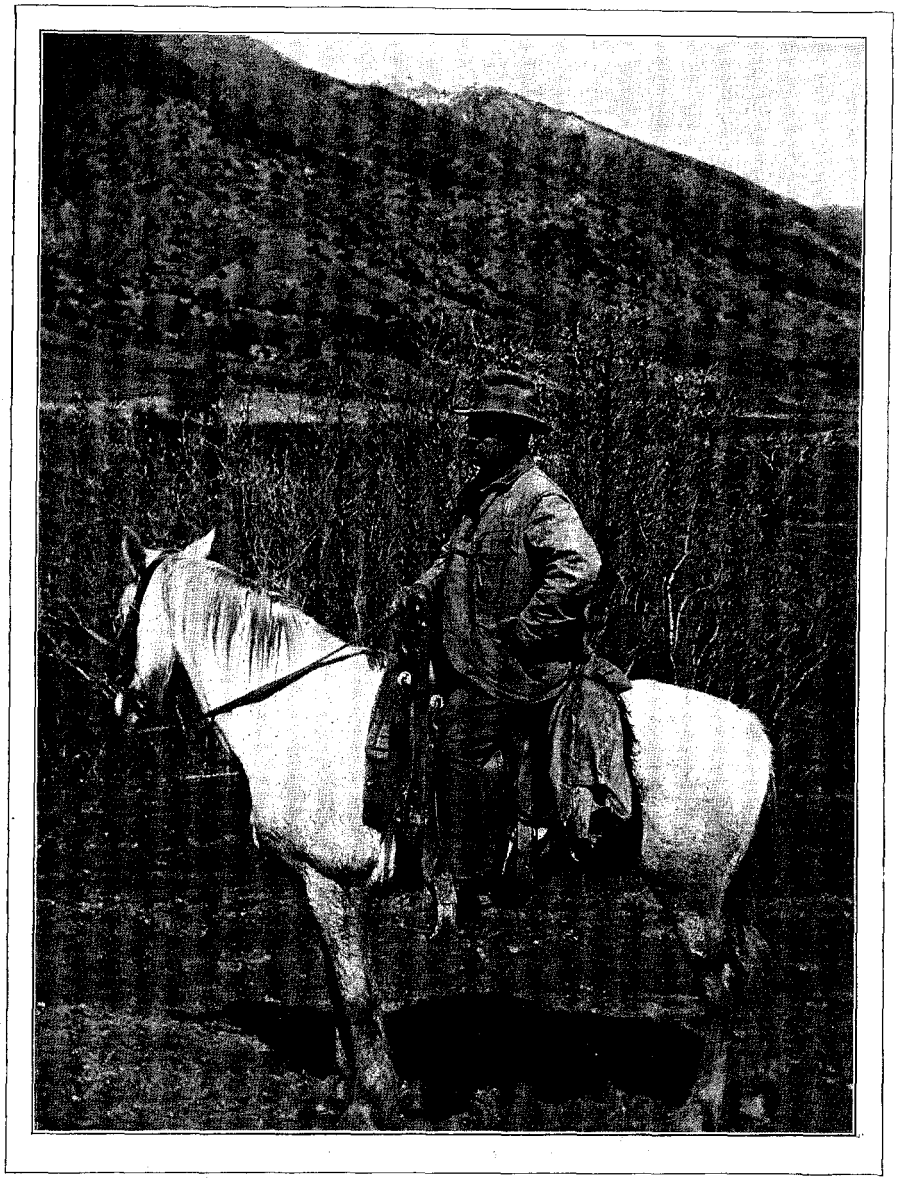

From a photograph, copyright 1905, by Alexander Lambert, M.D.

On the way to camp.

bouncing about among the trees with such heedless hurry that I was easily able to kill it. Another black bear, which I also shot at close quarters, came straight for my companions and myself, and almost ran over the white hunter who was with me. This bear made no sound whatever when I first hit it, and I do not think it was charging. I believe it was simply dazed, and by accident ran the wrong way, and so almost came into collision with us. However, when it found itself face to face with the white hunter, and only four or five feet away, it prepared for hostilities, and I think would have mauled him if I had not brained it with another bullet; for I was myself standing but six feet or so to one side of it. None of the bears shot on this Colorado trip made

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From a photograph, copyright 1905, by Alexander Lambert, M.D.

A treed bobcat.

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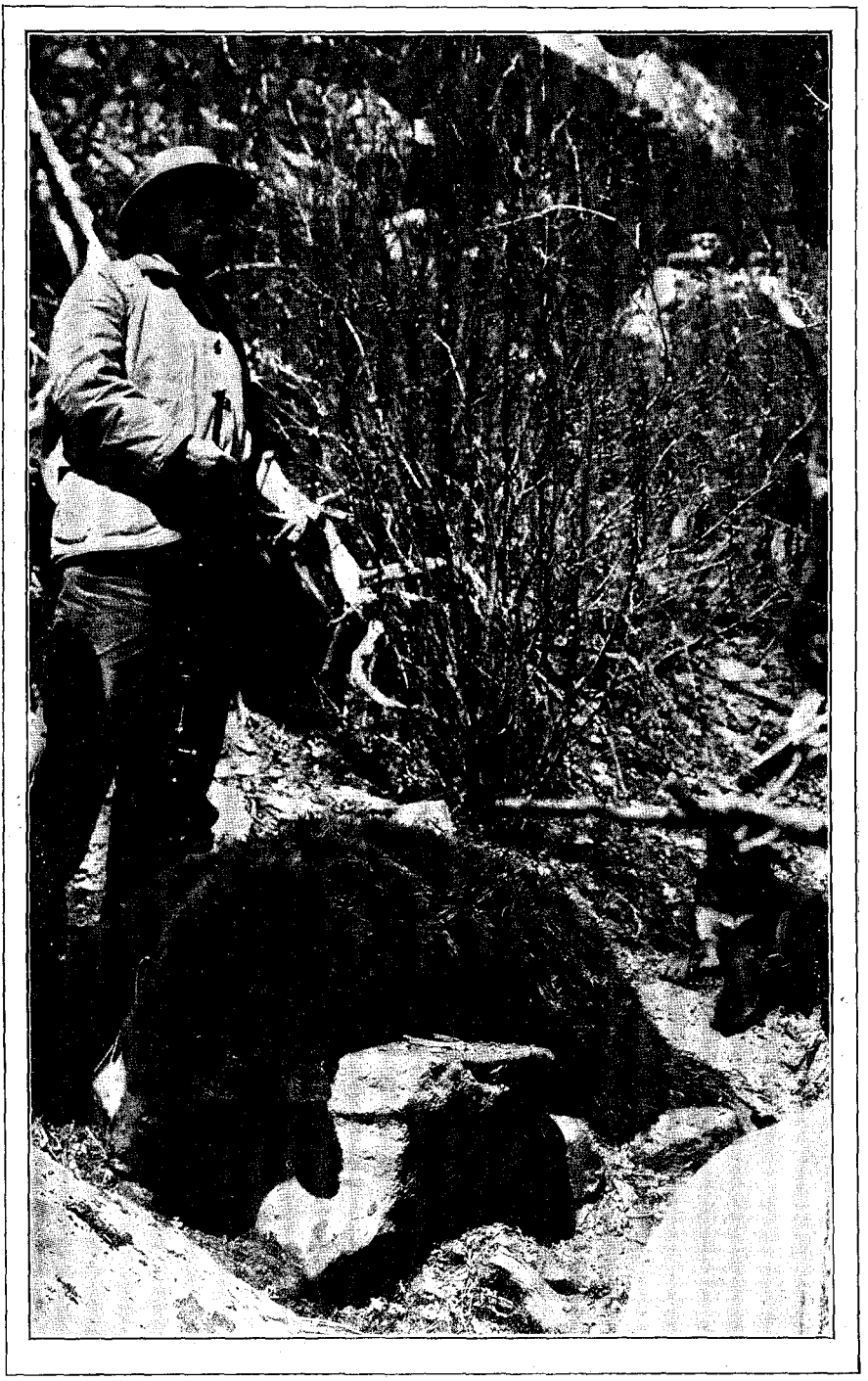

From a photograph by Philip E. Stewart.

The big bear.

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a sound when hit; they all died silently, like so many wolves.

Ordinarily, my experience has been that bears were not flurried when I suddenly came upon them. They impressed me as if they were always keeping in mind the place toward which they wished to retreat in the event of danger, and for this place, which was invariably a piece of rough ground or dense timber, they made off with all possible speed, not seeming to lose their heads.

Frequently I have been able to watch bears for some time while myself unobserved. With other game I have very often done this even when within close range, not wishing to kill creatures needlessly, or without a good object; but with bears, my experience has been that chances to secure them come so seldom as to make it very distinctly worth while improving any that do come, and I have not spent much time watching any bear unless he was in a place where I could not get at him, or else was so close at hand that I was not afraid of his getting away. On one occasion the bear was hard at work digging up squirrel or gopher *caches* on the side of a pine-clad hill; while at this work he looked rather like a big badger. On two other occasions the bear was fussing around a carcass preparatory to burying it. On these occasions I was very close, and it was extremely interesting to note the grotesque, half-human movements, and giant, awkward strength of the great beast. He would twist the carcass around with the utmost ease, sometimes taking it in his teeth and dragging it, at other times grasping it in his forepaws and half lifting, half shoving it. Once the bear lost his grip and rolled over during the course of some movement, and this made him angry, and he struck the carcass a savage whack, just as a pettish child will strike a table against which it has knocked itself. At another time I watched a black bear some distance off getting his breakfast under stumps and stones. He was very active, turning the stone or log over, and then thrusting his muzzle into the empty space to gobble up the small creatures below before they recovered from their surprise and the sudden inflow of light. From under one log he put a chipmunk, and danced hither and thither with even more agility than awkwardness, slapping at the chipmunk with his paw while it zigzagged about, until finally he scooped it into his mouth.

All this was in the old days when I was still-hunting, with only the rifle. This Colorado trip was the first on which I hunted bears with hounds. If we had run across a grizzly there would doubtless have been a chance to show some prowess, at least in the way of hard riding. But the black and brown bears cannot, save under exceptional circumstances, escape from such a pack as we had with us; and the real merit of the chase was confined to the hounds and to Jake and Johnny for their skill in handling them. Perhaps I should add the horses, for their extraordinary endurance and sure-footedness. As for the rest of us, we needed to do little more than to sit ten or twelve hours in the saddle and occasionally lead the horses up or down the most precipitous and cliff-like of the mountain sides. But it was great fun, nevertheless, and usually a chase lasted long enough to be interesting.

The first day after reaching camp we rode for eleven hours over a very difficult country, but without getting above the snow-line. Finally the dogs got on the fresh trail of a bobcat, and away they went. A bobcat will often give a good run, much better on the average than a cougar; and this one puzzled the dogs not a little at first. It scrambled out of one deep valley, crossing and recrossing the rock ledges where its scent was hard to follow; then plunged into another valley. Meanwhile we had ridden up on the high mountain spur between the two valleys, and after scrambling and galloping to and fro as the cry veered from point to point when the dogs changed directions, we saw them cross into the second valley. Here again they took a good deal of time to puzzle out the trail, and became somewhat scattered. We had dismounted and were standing by the horses' heads, listening to the baying and trying to decide which way we should go, when Stewart suddenly pointed us out a bear. It was on the other side of the valley from us, and perhaps half a mile away, galloping downhill, with two of the hounds after it, and in the sunlight its fur looked glossy black. In a minute or two it passed out of sight in the thick-growing timber at the bottom of the valley; and as we afterward found, the two hounds, getting momentarily thrown out, and hearing the others still baying on the cat trail,

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joined the latter. Jake started off to go around the head of the valley, while the rest of us plunged down into it. We found from the track that the bear had gone up the valley, and Jake found where he had come out on the high divide, and then turned and retraced his steps. But the hounds were evidently all after the cat. There was nothing for us to do but follow them. Sometimes riding, sometimes leading the horses, we went up the steep hillside, and as soon as we reached the crest heard the hounds barking treed. Shorty and Skip, who always trotted after the horses while the hounds were in full cry on a trail, recognized the change of note immediately, and tore off in the direction of the bay, while we followed as best we could, hoping to get there in time for Stewart and Lambert to take photographs of the lynx in a tree. But we were too late. Both Shorty and Skip could climb trees, and although Skip was too light to tackle a bobcat by himself, Shorty, a heavy, formidable dog, of unflinching courage and great physical strength, was altogether too much for any bobcat. When we reached the place we found the bobcat in the top of a piñon, and Shorty steadily working his way up through the branches and very near the quarry. Evidently the bobcat felt that the situation needed the taking of desperate chances, and just before Shorty reached it out it jumped, Shorty yelling with excitement as he plunged down through the branches after it. But the cat did not jump far enough. One of the hounds seized it by the hind leg and in another second everything was over.

Shorty was always the first of the pack to attack dangerous game, and in attacking bear or cougar even Badge was much less reckless and more wary. In consequence, Shorty was seamed over with scars; most of them from bobcats, but one or two from cougars. He could speedily kill a bobcat single-handed; for these small lynxes are not really formidable fighters, although they will lacerate a dog quite severely. Shorty found a badger a much more difficult antagonist than a bobcat. A bobcat in a hole makes a hard fight, however. On this hunt we once got a bobcat under a big rock, and Jake's Rowdy in trying to reach it got so badly mauled that he had to join the invalid class for several days.

The bobcat we killed this first day was a male, weighing twenty-five pounds. It was too late to try after the bear, especially as we had only ten or a dozen dogs out, while the bear's tracks showed it to be a big one; and we rode back to camp.

Next morning we rode off early, taking with us all twenty-six hounds and the four terriers. We wished first to find whether the bear had gone out of the country in which we had seen him, and so rode up a valley and then scrambled laboriously up the mountain-side to the top of the snow-covered divide. Here the snow was three feet deep in places, and the horses plunged and floundered as we worked our way in single file through the drifts. But it had frozen hard the previous night, so that a bear could walk on the crust and leave very little sign. In consequence we came near passing over the place where the animal we were after had actually crossed out of the cañon-like ravine in which we had seen him and gone over the divide into another set of valleys. The trail was so faint that it puzzled us, as we could not be certain how fresh it was, and until this point could be cleared up we tried to keep the hounds from following it. Old Jim, however, slipped off to one side and speedily satisfied himself that the trail was fresh. Along it he went, giving tongue, and the other dogs were maddened by the sound, while Jim, under such circumstances, paid no heed whatever to any effort to make him come back. Accordingly, the other hounds were slipped after him, and down they ran into the valley, while we slid, floundered, and scrambled along the ridge crest parallel to them, until a couple of miles farther on we worked our way down to some great slopes covered with dwarf scrub-oak. At the edge of these slopes, where they fell off in abrupt descent to the stream at the bottom of the valley, we halted. Opposite us was a high and very rugged mountain side covered with a growth of piñon—never a very close-growing tree—its precipitous flanks broken by ledges and scored by gullies and ravines. It was hard to follow the scent across such a mountain-side, and the dogs speedily became much scattered. We could hear them plainly, and now and then could see them, looking like ants as they ran up and down hill and along the ledges. Finally we heard some of them barking bayed. The volume of sound increased steadily as the straggling dogs joined those which had first reached the hunted animal. At about

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this time to our astonishment, Badge, usually a stanch fighter, rejoined us, followed by one or two other hounds, who seemed to have had enough of the matter. Immediately afterward we saw the bear, half-way up the opposite mountain-side. The hounds were all around him, and occasionally bit at his hind quarters; but he had evidently no intention of climbing a tree. When we first saw him he was sitting up on a point of rock surrounded by the pack, his black fur showing to fine advantage. Then he moved off, threatening the dogs, and making what in Mississippi is called a walking bay. He was a sullen, powerful beast, and his leisurely gait showed how little he feared the pack, and how confident he was in his own burly strength. By this time the dogs had been after him for a couple of hours, and as there was no water on the mountain-side we feared they might be getting exhausted, and rode toward them as rapidly as we could. It was a hard climb up to where they were, and we had to lead the horses. Just as we came in sight of him, across a deep gully which ran down the sheer mountain-side, he broke bay and started off, threatening the foremost of the pack as they dared to approach him. They were all around him, and for a minute I could not fire; then as he passed under a piñon I got a clear view of his great round stern and pulled trigger. The bullet broke both his hips, and he rolled downhill the hounds yelling with excitement as they closed in on him. He could still play havoc with the pack, and there was need to kill him at once. I leaped and slid down my side of the gully as he rolled down his; at the bottom he stopped and raised himself on his fore quarters; and with another bullet I broke his back between the shoulders.

Immediately all the dogs began to worry the carcass, while their savage baying echoed so loudly in the narrow, steep gully that we could with difficulty hear one another speak. It was a wild scene to look upon, as we scrambled down to where the dead bear lay on his back between the rocks. He did not die wholly unavenged, for he had killed one of the terriers and six other dogs were more or less injured; the chase of the bear is grim work for the pack. Jim, usually a very wary fighter, had a couple of deep holes in his thigh; but the most mishandled of the wounded dogs was Shorty. With his usual dauntless courage he had gone straight at the bear's head. Being such a heavy, powerful animal, I think if he had been backed up he could have held the bear's head down, and prevented the beast from doing much injury. As it was, the bear bit through the side of Shorty's head, and bit him in the shoulder, and again in the hip, inflicting very bad wounds Once the fight was over Shorty lay down on the hillside, unable to move. When we started home we put him beside a little brook, and left a piece of bear meat by him, as it was obvious we could not get him to camp that day. Next day one of the boys went back with a pack-horse to take him in; but half-way out met him struggling toward camp, and returned. Late in the afternoon Shorty turned up while we were at dinner, and staggered toward us, wagging his tail with enthusiastic delight at seeing his friends. We fed him until he could not hold another mouthful; then he curled up in a dry corner of the cook-tent and slept for forty-eight hours; and two or three days afterward was able once more to go hunting.

The bear was a big male, weighing three hundred and thirty pounds. On examination at close quarters, his fur, which was in fine condition, was not as black as it had seemed when seen afar off, the roots of the hairs being brown. There was nothing whatever in his stomach. Evidently he had not yet begun to eat, and had been but a short while out of his hole. Bear feed very little when they first come out of their dens, sometimes beginning on grass, sometimes on buds. Occasionally they will feed at carcasses and try to kill animals within a week or two after they have left winter quarters, but this is rare, and as a usual thing for the first few weeks after they have come out they feed much as a deer would. Although not hog fat, as would probably have been the case in the fall, this bear was in good condition. In the fall, however, he would doubtless have weighed over four hundred pounds. The three old females we got on this trip weighed one hundred and eighty, one hundred and seventy-five, and one hundred and thirty-five pounds apiece. The yearlings weighed from thirty-one to forty pounds. The only other black bears I ever weighed all belonged to the sub-species *Luteolus*, and were killed on the Little Sunflower River, in Mississippi, in the late fall of nineteen hundred and two. A big old male, in poor

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condition, weighed two hundred and eighty-five pounds, and two very fat females weighed two hundred and twenty and two hundred and thirty-five pounds respectively.

The next few days we spent in hunting perseveringly, but unsuccessfully. Each day we were from six to twelve hours in the saddle, climbing with weary toil up the mountains and slipping and scrambling down them. On the tops and on the north slopes there was much snow, so that we had to pick our trails carefully, and even thus the horses often floundered belly-deep as we worked along in single file; the men on the horses which were best at snow bucking took turns in breaking the trail. In the worst places we had to dismount and lead the horses, often over such bad ground that nothing less sure-footed than the tough mountain ponies could even have kept their legs. The weather was cold, with occasional sharp flurries of snow, and once a regular snow-storm. We found the tracks of one or two bears, but in each case several days old, and it was evident either that the bears had gone back to their dens, finding the season so late, or else that they were lying quiet in sheltered places, and travelling as little as possible. One day, after a long run of certainly five or six miles through very difficult country, the dogs treed a bobcat in a big cedar. It had run so far that it was badly out of breath. Stewart climbed the tree and took several photographs of it, pushing the camera up to within about four feet of where the cat sat. Lambert obtained photographs of both Stewart and the cat. Shorty was at this time still an invalid from his encounter with the bear, but Skip worked his way thirty feet up the tree in his effort to get at the bobcat. Lambert shot the latter with his revolver; the bobcat dying, stuck in the branches; and he then had to climb the tree to get both the bobcat and Skip, as the latter was at such a height that we thought he would hurt himself if he fell. Another bobcat when treed sealed his own fate by stepping on a dead branch and falling right into the jaws of the pack.

At this camp, as everywhere, the tiny four-striped chipmunks were plentiful and tame; they are cheerful, attractive little animals. We also saw white-footed mice and a big meadow mouse around camp; and we found a young brushy-tailed pack-rat. The snow-shoe rabbits were still white on the mountains, but in the lower valleys they had changed to the summer pelage. On the mountains we occasionally saw woodchucks and rock squirrels of two kinds, a large and a small—*Spermophilus grammurus* and *armatus*. The noisy, cheerful pine squirrels were common where the woods were thick. There were eagles and ravens in the mountains, and once we saw sandhill cranes soaring far above the highest peaks. The long-crested jays came familiarly around camp, but on this occasion we only saw the whiskey-jacks, Clark's nutcrackers and magpies, while off in the mountains. Among the piñons, we several times came across straggling flocks of the queer piñon jays or blue crows, with their unmistakable calls and almost blackbird-like habits. There were hawks of several species, and blue grouse, while the smaller birds included flickers, robins, and the beautiful mountain bluebirds. Juncos and mountain chickadees were plentiful, and the ruby-crowned kinglets were singing with astonishing power for such tiny birds. We came on two nests of the red-tailed hawk; the birds were brooding, and seemed tame and unwary.

After a week of this we came to the conclusion that the snow was too deep and the weather too cold for us to expect to get any more bear in the immediate neighborhood, and accordingly shifted camp to where Clear Creek joins West Divide Creek.

The first day's hunt from the new camp was successful. We were absent about eleven hours and rode some forty miles. The day included four hours' steady snow bucking, for the bear, as soon as they got the chance, went through the thick timber where the snow lay deepest. Some two hours after leaving camp we found the old tracks of a she and a yearling, but it took us a much longer time before we finally struck the fresh trail made late the previous night or early in the morning. It was Jake who first found this fresh track, while Johnny with the pack was a couple of miles away, slowly but surely puzzling out the cold trail and keeping the dogs up to their work. As soon as Johnny came up we put all the hounds on the tracks, and away they went, through and over the snow, yelling their eager delight. Meanwhile we had fixed our saddles and were ready for what lay ahead. It was wholly impossible to ride at the tail of the pack, but we did our best to keep within sound of the baying. Fi-

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nally, after much hard work and much point riding through snow, slush, and deep mud, on the level, and along, up, and down sheer hillsides, we heard the dogs barking treed in the middle of a great grove of aspens high up the mountain-side. The snow was too deep for the horses, and leaving them, we trudged heavily up on foot. The yearling was in the top of a tall aspen. Lambert shot it with his rifle and we then put the dogs on the trail of the old she. Some of the young ones did not know what to make of this, evidently feeling that the tracks must be those of the bear that they had already killed; but the veterans were in full cry at once. We scrambled after them up the steep mountain, and then downward along ridges and spurs, getting all the clear ground we could. Finally we had to take to the snow, and floundered and slid through the drifts until we were in the valley. Most of the time the dogs were within hearing, giving tongue as they followed the trail. Finally a total change in the note showed that they were barking treed; and as rapidly as possible we made our way toward the sound. Again we found ourselves unable to bring the horses up to where the bear had treed, and scrambled thither on foot through the deep snow.

The bear was some thirty or forty feet up a tall spruce; it was a big she, with a glossy black-brown coat. I was afraid that at our approach she might come down; but she had been running hard for some four hours, had been pressed close, and evidently had not the slightest idea of putting herself of her own free will within the reach of the pack, which was now frantically baying at the foot of the tree. I shot her through the heart. As the bullet struck she climbed up through the branches with great agility for six or eight feet; then her muscles relaxed, and down she came with a thud, nearly burying herself in the snow. Little Skip was one of the first dogs to seize her as she came down; and in another moment he literally disappeared under the hounds as they piled on the bear. As soon as possible we got off the skin and pushed campward at a good gait, for we were a long way off. Just at nightfall we came out on a bluff from which we could overlook the rushing, swirling brown torrent, on the farther bank of which the tents were pitched.

The stomach of this bear contained nothing but buds. Like the other shes killed on this trip, she was accompanied by her yearling young, but had no newly born cub; sometimes bear breed only every other year, but I have found the mother accompanied not only by her cub but by her young of the year before. The yearling also had nothing but buds in its stomach. When his skin was taken off Stewart looked at it, shook his head, and turning to Lambert said solemnly: "Alex., that skin isn't big enough to use for anything but a doily." From that time until the end of the hunt the yearlings were only known as "doily bears."

Next morning we again went out, and this time for twelve hours steadily, in the saddle, and now and then on foot. Most of the time we were in snow, and it was extraordinary that the horses could get through it at all, especially in working up the steep mountain-sides. But until it got so deep that they actually floundered—that is, so long as they could get their legs down to the bottom—I found that they could travel much faster than I could. On this day some twenty good-natured, hard-riding young fellows from the ranches within a radius of a dozen miles had joined our party to "see the President kill a bear." They were a cheerful and eagerly friendly crowd, as hardy as so many young moose, and utterly fearless horsemen; one of them rode his wild, nervous horse bareback, because it had bucked so when he tried to put the saddle on it that morning that he feared he would get left behind, and so abandoned the saddle outright. Whenever they had a chance they all rode at headlong speed, paying no heed to the slope of the mountain-side or the character of the ground. In the deep snow they did me a real service, for of course they had to ride their horses single file through the drifts, and by the time my turn came we had a good trail.

After a good deal of beating to and fro, we found where an old she-bear with two yearlings had crossed a hill during the night and put the hounds on their tracks. Johnny and Jake, with one or two of the cowboys, followed the hounds over the exceedingly difficult hillside where the trail led; or rather, they tried to follow them, for the hounds speedily got clear away, as there were many places where they could run on the crust of the snow, in which the horses wallowed almost helpless. The rest of us went down to the valley, where the snow was light

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and the going easier. The bear had travelled hither and thither through the woods on the side-hill, and the dogs became scattered. Moreover, they jumped several deer, and four or five of the young dogs took after one of the latter. Finally, however, the rest of the pack put up the three bears. We had an interesting glimpse of the chase as the bears quartered up across an open spot of the hillside. The hounds were but a short distance behind them, strung out in a long string, the more powerful, those which could do best in the snow-bucking, taking the lead. We pushed up the mountain-side after them, horse after horse getting down in the snow, and speedily heard the redoubled clamor which told us that something had been treed. It was half an hour before we could make our way to the tree, a spruce in which the two yearlings had taken refuge, while around the bottom the entire pack was gathered, crazy with excitement. We could not take the yearlings alive, both because we lacked the means of carrying them, and because we were anxious to get after the old bear. We could not leave them where they were, because it would have been well-nigh impossible to get the dogs away, and because even if we had succeeded in getting them away, they would not have run any other trail as long as they knew the yearlings were in the tree. It was therefore out of the question to leave them unharmed, as we should have been glad to do, and Lambert killed them both with his revolver; the one that was first hit immediately biting its brother. The ranchmen took them home to eat.

The hounds were immediately put on the trail of the old one and disappeared over the snow. In a few minutes we followed. It was heavy work getting up the mountain-side through the drifts, but once on top we made our way down a nearly bare spur, and then turned to the right, scrambled a couple of miles along a slippery side-hill, and halted. Below us lay a great valley, on the farther side of which a spruce forest stretched up toward the treeless peaks. Snow covered even the bottom of the valley, and lay deep and solid in the spruce forest on the mountain-side. The hounds were in full cry, evidently on a hot trail, and we caught glimpses of them far on the opposite side of the valley, crossing little open glades in the spruce timber. If the crust was hard they scattered out. Where it was at all soft they ran in single file. We worked our way down toward them, and on reaching the bottom of the valley, went up it as fast as the snow would allow. Finally we heard the pack again barking treed and started toward them. They had treed the bear far up the mountain-side in the thick spruce timber, and a short experiment showed us that the horses could not possibly get through the snow. Accordingly, off we jumped and went toward the sound on foot, all the young ranchmen and cowboys rushing ahead, and thereby again making me an easy trail. On the way to the tree the rider of the bareback horse pounced on a snow-shoe rabbit which was crouched under a bush and caught it with his hands. It was half an hour before we reached the tree, a big spruce, up which the bear had gone to a height of some forty feet. I broke her neck with a single bullet. She was smaller than the one I had shot the day before, but full grown. In her stomach, as in those of the two yearlings, there were buds of rose-bushes and quaking aspens. One yearling had also swallowed a mouse. It was a long ride to camp, and darkness had fallen by the time we caught the gleam from the lighted tents, across the dark stream.

With neither of these last two bear had there been any call for prowess; my part was merely to kill the bear dead at the first shot, for the sake of the pack. But the days were very enjoyable, nevertheless. It was good fun to be twelve hours in the saddle in such wild and beautiful country, to look at and listen to the hounds as they worked, and finally to see the bear treed and looking down at the maddened pack baying beneath.

For the next two or three days I was kept in camp by a touch of Cuban fever. On one of these days Lambert enjoyed the longest hunt we had on the trip, after an old she-bear and three yearlings. The yearlings treed one by one, each of course necessitating a stoppage, and it was seven in the evening before the old bear at last went up a cottonwood and was shot; she was only wounded, however, and in the fight she crippled Johnny's Rowdy before she was killed. When the hunters reached camp it was thirteen hours since they had left it. The old bear was a very light brown; the first yearling was reddish brown, the second light yellowish brown, the third dark black-brown, though all were evidently of the same litter.

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Following this came a spell of bad weather, snowstorm and blizzard steadily succeeding one another. This lasted until my holiday was over. Some days we had to stay in camp. On other days we hunted; but there was three feet of new snow on the summits and foot-hills, making it difficult to get about. We saw no more bear, and indeed, no more bear-tracks that were less than two or three weeks old.

We killed a couple of bobcats. The chase of one was marked by several incidents. We had been riding through a blizzard on the top of a plateau, and were glad to plunge down into a steep sheer-sided valley. By the time we reached the bottom there was a lull in the storm and we worked our way with considerable difficulty through the snow, down timber, and lava rock, toward Divide Creek. After a while the valley widened a little, spruce and aspens fringing the stream at the bottom while the sides were bare. Here we struck a fresh bobcat trail leading off up one of the mountain-sides. The hounds followed it nearly to the top, then turned and came down again, worked through the timber in the bottom, and struck out on the hillside opposite. Suddenly we saw the bobcat running ahead of them and doubling and circling. A few minutes afterward the hounds followed the trail to the creek bottom and then began to bark treed. But on reaching the point we found there was no cat in the tree, although the dogs seemed certain that there was; and Johnny and Jake speedily had them again running on the trail. After making its way for some distance through the bottom, the cat had again taken to the side-hill, and the hounds went after it hard. Again they went nearly to the top, again they streamed down to the bottom and crossed the creek. Soon afterward we saw the cat ahead of them. For the moment it threw them off the track by making a circle and galloping around close to the rearmost hounds. It then made for the creek bottom, where it climbed to the top of a tall aspen. The hounds soon picked up the trail again, and followed it full cry; but unfortunately just before they reached where it had treed they ran on to a porcupine. When we reached the foot of the aspen in the top of which the bobcat crouched, with most of the pack braying beneath, we found the porcupine dead and a half a dozen dogs with their muzzles and throats filled full of quills. Before doing anything with the cat it was necessary to take these quills out. One of the terriers, which always found porcupines an irresistible attraction, was a really extraordinary sight, so thickly were the quills studded over his face and chest. But a big hound was in even worse condition; the quills were stuck in abundance into his nose, lips, cheeks, and tongue, and in the roof of his mouth they were almost as thick as bristles in a brush. Only by use of pincers was it possible to rid these two dogs of the quills, and it was a long and bloody job. The others had suffered less.

The dogs seemed to have no sympathy with one another, and apparently all that the rest of the pack felt was that they were kept a long time waiting for the cat. They never stopped baying for a minute, and Shorty, as was his habit, deliberately bit great patches of bark from the aspens, to show his impatience; for the tree in which the cat stood was not one which he could climb. After attending to the porcupine dogs one of the men climbed the tree and with a stick pushed out the cat. It dropped down through the branches forty or fifty feet, but was so quick in starting and dodging that it actually rushed through the pack, crossed the stream, and, doubling and twisting, was off up the creek through the timber. It ran cunningly, and in a minute or two lay down under a bush and watched the hounds as they went by, overrunning its trail. Then it took off up the hillside; but the hounds speedily picked up its track, and running in single file, were almost on it. Then the cat turned down hill, but too late, for it was overtaken within fifty yards. This ended our hunting.

One Sunday we rode down some six miles from camp to a little blue school-house and attended service. The preacher was in the habit of riding over every alternate Sunday from Rifle, a little town twenty or twenty-five miles away; and the ranchmen with their wives and children, some on horseback, some in wagons, had gathered from thirty miles round to attend the service. The crowd was so large that the exercises had to take place in the open air, and it was pleasant to look at the strong frames and rugged, weather-beaten faces of the men; while as for the women, one respected them even more than the men.

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In spite of the snow-storms spring was coming; some of the trees were beginning to bud and to show green, more and more flowers were in bloom, and bird life was steadily increasing. In the bushes by the streams the handsome white-crowned sparrows and green-tailed towhees were in full song, making attractive music; although the song of neither can rightly be compared in point of plaintive beauty with that of the white-throated sparrow, which, except some of the thrushes, and perhaps the winter wren, is the sweetest singer of the Northeastern forests. The spurred towhees were very plentiful; and one morning a willow-thrush sang among the willows like a veery. Both the crested jays and the Woodhouse jays came around camp. Lower down the Western meadow larks were singing beautifully, and vesper finches were abundant. Say's flycatcher, a very attractive bird, with pretty, soft-colored plumage, continually uttering a plaintive single note, and sometimes a warbling twitter, flitted about in the neighborhoood of the little log ranch houses. Gangs of blackbirds visited the corrals. I saw but one song sparrow, and curiously enough, though I think it was merely an individual peculiarity, this particular bird had a song entirely different from any I have heard from the familiar Eastern bird—always a favorite of mine.

While up in the mountains hunting, we twice came upon owls, which were rearing their families in the deserted nests of the red-tailed hawk. One was a long-eared owl, and the other a great horned owl, of the pale Western variety. Both were astonishingly tame and we found it difficult to make them leave their nests, which were in the tops of cottonwood trees.

On the last day we rode down to where Glenwood Springs lies, hemmed in by lofty mountain chains, which are riven in sunder by sheer-sided, cliff-walled canyons. As we left ever further behind us the wintry desolation of our high hunting grounds we rode into full spring. The green of the valley was a delight to the eye; bird songs sounded on every side, from the fields and from the trees and bushes beside the brooks and irrigation ditches; the air was sweet with the spring-time breath of many budding things. The sarvice bushes were white with bloom, like shadblow on the Hudson; the blossoms of the Oregon grape made yellow mats on the ground. We saw the chunky Say's ground squirrel, looking like a big chipmunk, with on each side a conspicuous white stripe edged with black. In one place we saw quite a large squirrel, grayish, with red on the lower back. I suppose it was only a pine squirrel, but it looked like one of the gray squirrels of southern Colorado. Mountain mockers and the handsome, bold Arkansaw king birds were numerous. The black-tail sage sparrow was conspicuous in the sage-brush, and high among the cliffs the white-throated swifts were soaring. There were numerous warblers, among which I could only make out the black-throated gray, Audubon's, and McGillivray's. In Glenwood Springs itself the purple finches, house finches, and Bullock's orioles were in full song. Flocks of siskins passed with dipping flight. In one rapid little stream we saw a water ousel. Hummingbirds—I suppose the broad-tailed —were common, and as they flew they made, intermittently and almost rhythmically, a curious metallic sound; seemingly it was done with their wings.

But the thing that interested me most in the way of bird life was something I saw in Denver. To my delight I found that the huge hotel at which we took dinner was monopolized by the pretty, musical house finches, to the exclusion of the ordinary city sparrows. The latter are all too plentiful in Denver, as in every other city, and, as always, are noisy, quarrelsome—in short, thoroughly unattractive and disreputable. The house finch, on the contrary, is attractive in looks, in song, and in ways. It was delightful to hear the males singing, often on the wing. They went right up to the top stories of the high hotel, and nested under the eaves and in the cornices. The cities of the Southwestern States are to be congratulated on having this spirited, attractive little songster as a familiar dweller around their houses and in their gardens.

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DIAGRAMS

By George Buchanan Fife

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM HURD LAWRENCE

A QUICK merry laugh startled me, swung me about on my heel, and in the doorway I found Alicia; that is, as much of her as she permitted me to find—her head. It was thrust between the drawn curtains, which, like a great crimson cloak, she had gathered closely beneath her chin.

"Oh, I *wish* you could see yourself!" she cried with delight.

"I wish I could," I replied, conscious of my limitations. "Then, perhaps, I'd know how I was getting on. Have you been watching me?" I realized my inquiry to be quite superfluous.

"Yes, and I don't wonder I watched you," Alicia said, dropping the cloak and taking the centre of the stage. "I heard you from upstairs, and I couldn't imagine what you were doing. What was it?"

"Why, my dear, that was my love scene."

"Your what?"

"My love scene," I answered, with the slightest accentuation of the word "love." "That was where I confessed to *Millicent Harcourt* my undying affection for her. What was the matter with it?"

Alicia clasped her hands behind her. "Well," she said deliberately, "I hope *Miss Harcourt* will discern it. At all events, she is supposed to be rather reserved, isn't she?"

"Yes, reserved, but not critical." I assumed a careless attitude before the fireplace with an elbow upon the mantle. It was practice, too, because I had to do this in the play. "As for my efforts, which so amuse you," I continued, "you should scarcely expect me to become very enthusiastic over a chair. That's *Miss Harcourt* you are leaning on now."

"I know it; I saw you," Alicia replied, with a smile of despair and a nod toward the door-hangings. "I was in a box and saw it all. And that was a confession of undying affection!"

"To a chair, yes. The night of the performance, however, I expect, with *Miss Harcourt's* help, to do a little better." I, also, could be pleasant.

"I hope you do—for my sake," was Alicia's earnest reply. "Otherwise every one will wonder how you *ever* got a wife."

"Then, you think I'm not—er—ardent enough?" I asked, with an attempt at an artless look.

"You're not *natural*."

I instantly moved away from the mantle. "Perhaps it's the influence of the chair," I suggested.

Alicia shook her head vigorously. "No," she said, "I watched you at rehearsal yesterday and you did splendidly until you reached this part; then something seemed to happen to you."

"I may have seen you watching me." This was my last dram of dry powder. I only fired it to interest the enemy, which is one phase of strategy.

"Then I should think you would have tried to do your best." My shot had gone wide. And I had been all ready to pop my head over the earthworks and grin!

We had been at this play business for two weeks, and ever since a familiarity with my lines had permitted me to undertake original excursions into stage deportment I had appreciated the appropriateness of enlisting my talents in aid of a Home for the Blind. Alicia had been of greatest assistance to me in this. Only this evening had she said she wished I could see myself. I almost envied her. As for her part in the performance, she was *Mrs. Fitzroy-Clyde*, sister to *Millicent*, and bent upon marrying us. Her rehearsals were, just now, principally at the dressmaker's.

"I am sorry you don't think I have done my best," I said in humble tones, looking at the rug. It left the next shot to Alicia. Before she fired it she went quickly to the table, upon which I was relying for a certain amount of support, and caught up my copy of the play. The rustle of the leaves as she sought my luckless scene was like the unfurling of banners for a charge.

"Now, here," she said, flattening the

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"Oh, I *wish* you could see yourself!"—Page 409.

book suggestively, "this is what I mean. When *Muriel Trevelyan* goes out and leaves you two alone you are supposed to stand in thought for a moment and then, very slowly, to approach *Millicent.*"

I nodded intelligently, "Umhm," I said. "I stand, and then approach." Anybody could do that.

"And when you reach her side," Alicia carefully consulted the book, "you say, softly, '*Miss Harcourt—Millicent.*' She turns to you with a look of surprised inquiry, like this——"

"Charlotte does that very naturally, doesn't she?" I asked after a tactical interval. I realized that it would be hand to hand in a moment.

"Yes, under the circumstances," was Alicia's deadly calm reply. I put both hands wrist-deep in my pockets and jangled my keys hilariously to relieve the silence. Alicia was reading. Presently she looked up and said, "I know I could do this if I were a man."

I recognized the eternal feminine with the tribute of a bow. "Man lacks perfection by one rib," I replied extenuatingly. "He was asleep at the time." Another jangle.

"Oh, well, if you are determined not to be serious——" Alicia exclaimed abruptly, executing a flank movement into a chair. "I was only doing this for your sake."

The manœuvre was successful, and the

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next five minutes of my life were devoted to convincing her that not only was I serious, but grateful as well, and that if there was one thing I *did* want to be it was natural. At the expiration of the fifth minute Alicia took up the play-book, with a slight gesture of misgiving, however, and said:

"I'll try you once more, then. If you'll go through this scene properly I'll read Charlotte's part for you. I'm only trying to help you."

I laid aside my pipe and buttoned my coat. I also drew a deep breath, but very quietly.

"Where shall we begin?" I asked enthusiastically. Alicia scanned the page.

"Let's begin here: You are standing at *Millicent's* side, and you say, '*Is it possible that you do not understand?*' That's a good place. Now, I'm *Millicent*, and remember that you are very much in love with me—— *Please* take your hands out of your pockets. Now say it."

Bending forward eagerly, my heart fired with determination, I said slowly, "'*Is it possible, dear, that you do not understand?*'"

"'*Dear?*'" Up went the book. "You don't say 'dear.'"

"Don't I? That's strange; I *felt* it. Let's begin again."

"Felt it? What do you mean?"

"Simply as the most natural thing for me to say, being in love with Char— with *Millicent.*

"For heaven's sake don't call her Charlotte in the play!"

I stroked my chin and smiled into my hand. "It would be bad, wouldn't it? I must remember that. She's *Millicent*, just plain *Millicent*, without the '*dear*'; I understand; I won't forget." By way of assurance I repeated the name thoughtfully several times, looking at Alicia as if I did not see her. "Suppose we try it over now?" I suggested.

This time all went well, but it was as much as I could do to preserve my artificial composure when Alicia answered with *Millicent's* line, "*Does not a woman always understand?*" I would have given anything in the world to have jangled just once. But we went through the scene without other incident than an occasional discussion as to gestures, until we reached the point at which *Millicent* was supposed to turn to me

WILLIAM HURD LANTERMAN

"I wish I could."—Page 409.

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in sudden tenderness and say, "*Think, then, what those hours will mean to me.*"

Alicia read the line, and with her eyes upon the book, awaited my response. "Well?" she said, glancing up, "Go on. Why are you hesitating? '*Is it I*——'"

"Oh, I know my part; it isn't that," I replied. "But when you say that you should lay your hand just for an instant on mine—a sort of affectionate impulse. My hand, you see, is here, on the back of the chair, and *Millicent*——"

"Being very much in love with you——" She laughed and placed her soft hand upon mine with a gentle tightening of the fingers, which, hitherto, had not been part of the play.

"And I," I hastened on, "immediately clasp it, so, and advancing a step, draw it toward me eagerly as I say, '*Is it I who have so misunderstood?*' You see it's all in the way it's done; the words would be quite colorless without the business. But I'm afraid I don't do it very well." I looked worried to death. "It's an awfully good opportunity, and I realize it could be made very effective with more ardor, just as you say. Now," thoughtfully, "I might raise her hand to my lips. Don't you think that would improve it a bit? It would be a sincere little touch. Give me your hand again and let me try it."

Alicia regarded me with another indefinite expression. "You certainly do not contemplate *adding* anything, do you?" she asked in a new tone.

"Not adding exactly; just amplifying," I replied with alacrity. "And merely to carry out your suggestion."

"My suggestion?"

"Yes, to be more natural, more life-like."

It was Alicia's turn to lean against the table. "Why don't you throw your arms about her and be done with it?" she asked.

"Oh, I do that later. I'll want you to help me with that, too, when we come to it. But let's get this part right before we go on. Now, as I understand it——"

"As you *don't* understand it. Do you see no difference between doing a thing naturally and overdoing it?" I could hear Alicia drumming upon the table behind her. "Men are so amusing." She paused to let this sink into my soul. "They always have to have diagrams. When I told you I thought this part of the play lacked naturalness I didn't mean that you should take it so—literally—you know just what I mean." This, I thought, was aimed at my expression. "Can't you be natural without these 'dears' and hand-claspings?"

"I suppose I can," I replied, with a reluctant gesture, "if you desire it, but——"

"Don't say if I desire it; that sounds like martyrdom." She shook her head slowly. "The idea of having to tell you what to do and what not to do!"

"Yes, the idea." I laughed at the very ridiculousness of it.

"Indeed, it's anything but funny."

"But, my dear, you tell me one thing one minute and another the next. First you say you are ashamed of me because I'm such a stick, and then, when I try to infuse a little life into my part, you find fault and say it's all wrong. And there I am!" I turned my palms upward with resignation.

"Oh, diagrams, diagrams!" Alicia collapsed into a chair, her arms falling limply in her lap. "If you were a *woman* you'd understand."

"The sexes seem to be all wrong, too, this evening, don't they?" I asked with a long face. Alicia regarded me steadily, but deigned no reply, although I waited, so I said: "But if you can bear up I think I can, for this evening, at least. Now, shall we go on? There's very little more."

Alicia arranged her set smile and then answered, suddenly alert: "Go on, by all means; indeed, I'm quite curious to see what else you are going to do. Your part appears to have limitless possibilities."

"Yes, but I never realized it until this evening. Now, this last part"—I obliterated all trace of the period after "evening" to discourage pursuit—"should be very carefully done, as it closes the act. If I fail here the entire scene will be ruined; that's why I have particularly wished to try it with you. It begins here at the bottom of the page; *Millicent* says—but perhaps you'd better read a few lines above to catch the spirit of it."

Alicia took the book, glanced at the place I had indicated and quite evidently checked a speech which had nearly escaped her. Instead she arose and said very pleasantly: "Oh, I think, I've caught the spirit of it. Shall I begin?"

"Yes, but I must have one of your hands—no, the other one; now, begin."

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Drawn by William Hurd Lawrence.

"I know I could do this if I were a man."—Page 410.

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Alicia was prevailed upon to take Charlotte's *rôle*.—Page 415.

"Goodness, more hand-holding! '*You ask me why I hesitate?*' "

"'*I ask you why*'—you should turn slightly from me here—'*I ask you why*——'"

"Am I to return this fervent clasp, too?"

"It would be much more natural. '*I ask you why you make a riddle of your heart; and you—you hesitate and turn away.*' "

"You're on my skirt—'*Because, sometimes, the woman who hesitates is—found out.*' "

At this point *Millicent's* part required that she should lower her head in happy capitulation and mine that I should draw her into my arms in the sudden excess of my love and conquest. Alicia omitted her detail of this closing incident, but I think I took the house by storm. When she had finished her line she paused, looking up at me in a wondering sort of way, and the next moment I had folded her gently, but nowise uncertainly, to my breast. The fervor of my embrace was unmistakable.

"'*Millicent!*' " I exclaimed, and as Alicia raised her face I went wide of the play and kissed her tenderly upon the lips.

She started from my embrace with amazement. I simply stepped back a pace and said, with my head on one side, "*Now*, what do you think of it?"

Alicia was so long silent that I summoned Dutch courage from my pipe. "Was it—er—so *very* bad?" I asked, trying to screen myself behind the smoke.

"So that's your idea of being natural, is it?" Alicia was looking at the wall, but her tone left no doubt that I was something certainly to be pitied.

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"Not exactly *my* idea; it's what *you* wanted."

Alicia turned from me with a gesture of absolute hopelessness, and just before the crimson curtains closed upon her I caught one word, "Diagrams!"

Two days passed without as much as a chirp from Alicia concerning theatricals, although I endeavored several times to engage her. Then, one afternoon we went to the Imperial Theatre for rehearsal. We were late in arriving, and the moment we set foot upon the stage, Mrs. Wrighton, who was mothering the dramatic undertaking, detached herself from a group at one side and hastened forward with disaster upon her round, gentle face.

"My dear, my dear!" she cried, flinging both hands upon the shelf of Alicia's muff, "Isn't it just dreadful, just a catastrophe?"

Whatever it was, it, to me, bore every evidence of calamity. She went on distractedly: "Charlotte Blair has had to give it up. She's ill in bed, her mother wrote me this afternoon—and the play less than a week off! It's bronchitis or pneumonia or something else awful—here's her letter." She fumbled it out of the breast of her coat. "There's only one thing to be done, my dear; *you* must take Charlotte's part. Now not a word, don't say you can't do it." So far as I had heard Alicia had not uttered a sound. "You know the play, and you," here she laid an entreating hand upon my sleeve, "must know a great deal of Charlotte's part; you can help her." I would have smiled at Alicia if poor Mrs. Wrighton had not been in such distress.

"Of course I can help," I said magnanimously. "But it's too bad about Charlotte, isn't it?"

"Yes, and I do hope it's nothing serious. But isn't it unfortunate?" Mrs. Wrighton again turned hopefully to Alicia. "We can't think of putting anyone else in, and you'll do it *so* well. We'll get someone else to do *Mrs. Fitzroy-Clyde* if I have to do it myself. And as for your gowns, they'll be just perfect for *Millicent*, especially the white one with——"

I glanced over his shoulder and saw Alicia quite motionless and calm.

At this juncture I moved off to join the general discussion of our misfortune. Once while Jack Morse and I were inquiring of each other how long it would be before the rehearsal would begin I glanced over his shoulder and saw Alicia quite motionless and calm, but surrounded.

The upshot of the incident was that Alicia was prevailed upon to take Charlotte's *rôle*, and I fancied she bestowed a look upon me when she said she hoped she and I would manage our scenes properly.

"It will be like your own love affair all over again, won't it?" said the enthusiastic Mrs. Wrighton.

"I trust so," I replied so that Alicia alone heard me, because the question was not addressed to me. I have never believed that Alicia would have accepted the part save for our private fray.

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So with everything adjusted, we proceeded with our very earnest rehearsal, the stage-hands, a cynical crew, standing about the prompt-entrance in hats and shirt-sleeves. Mrs. Wrighton read *Mrs. Fitzroy-Clyde's* lines, with interpolated apologies for her near-sightedness and a fluttering eagerness for her cues, and hope dawned anew.

Although Alicia was unfortunately handicapped by having to read her new part and entered upon it with a trepidation I readily discerned, she did it admirably, with much skill and sympathy. Mrs. Wrighton was delighted, and at the end of each of the acts patted her rapidly upon the shoulder and said, "You're just *splendid*, dear."

Then we came to the third act and a moment after it was called Alicia, with eyes smiling, but lips sedate, said to me in an undertone, "I hope you will not miss Charlotte." Before I could reply she had taken her cue and made her entrance. It was her first even vague reference to the late unpleasantness, but during two acts I had been thinking a great deal of the love scene to come and of the many admonitions I had received concerning it. I smiled, too, and said "Aha!" to myself, after the manner of villains.

At last the expected instant arrived, and with my villainy well cloaked I found myself face to face with *Millicent*. It seemed such a pity, she was so gentle, so womanly, so entirely lovable. She even appeared genuinely glad to see me, but I steeled my heart and played my part.

How I played it was made crystal clear to me on the way home in the hansom.

"I don't wonder you sit there in silence," I was informed before we had driven half a block. "Really, I don't know what to make of you."

"Wouldn't an *actor* be a good thing to begin with?" I suggested helpfully. Alicia gazed out of the window and declined to answer, so I retired against the cushion, where I could chortle in security.

When at length Alicia did confer the radiance of her countenance upon me, she said slowly, stroking her muff, "You seem to have changed your mind rather radically since our private rehearsal."

"In what way, my dear?"

"In the way of hand-claspings, endearments, and—the other incidentals. Your—shall I call it reserve?—was exemplary. You would not have abashed a girl of sixteen."

"That should indicate how aptly I learned my lesson," I replied. "I realized that my conception of naturalness would have been quite too much for Charlotte."

"But it isn't Charlotte *now!*"

"Ah, then you——"

Alicia turned to her window with a wail of despair, "Diagrams, diagrams!"

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THE COUP D'ÉTAT OF LOUIS NAPOLEON

THE following letter was written by Dr. Edward Stimson, then of New York, to his father, Dr. Jeremy Stimson the second, of Dedham, Massachusetts, and has never before been published. Though fortunate in seeing several revolutions in France, he left no account of the first (the expulsion of Louis Philippe in 1848), although present at the sacking of the Tuileries. He was then a young medical student, in Paris to complete his education after graduating from the Harvard Medical School, and probably more interested in seeing than in recording what he saw; but in 1851 he had been recently married, and was visiting Paris for the second time. Some local allusions have been omitted, but otherwise the letter has been printed as it was written a few hours after the events described.

FREDERIC JESUP STIMSON.

DEDHAM, Oct. 21, 1904.

PARIS, Dec. 7th, 1851.

MY DEAR FATHER:—I fear you will have been somewhat anxious about us before this letter reaches you. It was extremely doubtful whether any mails would leave here last Thursday afternoon, which was the day letters should be mailed for the Cunard steamer, and I preferred not to write until today. We have had a terribly exciting week & have witnessed scenes of confusion and blood such as I had never thought to see. We are safe however, and the city is for the time at least quiet—that is we hear no roaring of cannon or rattling of musketry—it is still however in a state of siege & under martial law, nor can we tell how soon the combat may commence again. Pages could not contain what I should like to write you;—for a full history you must wait until we return;—but I will give you briefly some of the causes of the émeute, & pourtray some of its scenes and effects.

Louis Napoleon was elected Pres[t] of France by a majority of millions, simply because of his name. France was and is no more fitted for a republic than Ethiopia —there are seven millions of people who can neither read or write—& ninetynine men out of a hundred were as much surprised as Louis Philippe when they woke up one morning & found him dethroned and a republic proclaimed. There is a small *moderate* republican party—the smallest of all parties,—& this with the Bourbon party (the legitimists as they are called) & the Orleans party united in the election of Napoleon but all from different motives. They all saw the moment his name was mentioned as a candidate that he was bound to be elected since his name spread like wildfire among the peasantry of France—half of whom believed it was Napoleon himself risen from the grave for whom they were to vote—& suffrage was universal. They believed him a man of no mind or talent & each party thought they could use him for their own ends. Well, briefly, he was elected, & from that day they were convinced how mistaken they had been in their opinion of the man. He has governed France wisely and well—has strictly observed the Constitution amidst all manner of abuse and provocation from other parties—has maintained order—encouraged manufactures and commerce—made labor for the ouvriers—& in fine become so popular that could a vote have been taken last week, he would have been elected by a larger majority than before. As soon however as the Bourbons & the Orleanists found he was becoming popular—that he was a man of real ability & was not content to play second fiddle to any of them, and that he had an ambition of his own, they all united against & waged upon him a deadly war. He has been obliged to change his ministry a dozen times—they have annoyed & insulted him in every way & finally threatened him. By an article in the constitution inserted especially against him when it was known he would be elected, he was not re-eligible for a second term until after an interval of four years. This artic[l]e public opinion for a year has demand[ed] should be repealed. Petitions to this e[ffect] have been presented from millions—a majority of the departments and arro[n]dissements have demanded it from the C[hamber] but all without effect. The vario[us]

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united together, determined they would have anarchy in '52, in the midst of which each thought it should get the upper hand—rather than that Napoleon should be re-elected. The last time the proposition for revision of the Constitution—to render him re-eligible—came up, we were in Switzerland. The moderate republican party went for it to a man—De Tocqueville made one of the most able reports I ever read in favor of it—begged them to consider and reflect what they were bringing upon France by refusing it & thus defying public opinion. All was without avail. There was a large preponderance in favor—but it required three-fourths to revise & it failed. Then the Chamber soon after adjourned. Now for another point. Louis Napoleon was elected by *universal* suffrage—soon after, a great many red republicans and socialists were chosen to the assembly, &, to prevent this in future, they altered the law of suffrage, cutting off about three millions & making it restricted. Though Napoleon assented to the necessity of the case then, he protested against the *principle*. Well, finding they would not revise the constitution and that they preferred anarchy rather than the chance of his re-election, during the adjournment of the assembly Napoleon marked out his course. He saw that if his name could be presented again to the people he was sure of a re-election—he saw also that the chamber would never revise the constitution, so that he could be legally presented as candidate,—he saw, as every reasonable man saw, that there would be anarchy in May if he let the assembly have its way. So just before it reassembled Nov. 1st, he announced himself in favor of restoring universal suffrage—the repeated refusal of which by the Chamber had been used with great effect by the reds, by the socialists & by a great majority of all republicans both against the chamber & against him. This restored to him his original strength with the masses of all shades, though it but exasperated the representatives of the other parties against him—since they were warring against the man and cared not for anything save his destruction. His cabinet immediately resigned and it was long before he succeeded in forming another. He did finally & Nov. 4th the chamber reassembled. Almost the first act proposed by the government was the restoration of universal suffrage. This act gave Napoleon for the moment the support of the red republicans & socialists in the assembly, though they hated him for it worse than ever since they saw he was strengthening himself with their ammunition—which heretofore had been used against him. It withdrew from him however a large portion of his own supporters in the assembly who believed universal suffrage would throw crowds of socialists & reds into the assembly—and who feared Napoleon was not the man he is, & that he could not control the helm against them—and united against him to the death *all* other sections of whatever party or shade. After a fiery discussion they refused to restore universal suffrage. Then, taking advantage of a dubious clause in the constitution, Thiers, Changarnier, & in fine all the leaders of parties so bitter against him, prompted the questors of the assembly to propose a bill calling out a certain force (unlimited) from the army—which should be for the *protection of the assembly* & officered by it. This was for the sake of dividing the army & placing Changarnier, a general exceedingly popular with it, at the head of one-half. Then there would have been two powers directly at issue—two armies—& Changarnier at the head of one, to be made when the assembly thought proper military dictator. Napoleon was not the man to stand this. He pursued the course however he had marked out & bore this insult as he had all others quietly, but the day that bill was presented his foot was ready for the stirrup & every squadron in Paris ready for his orders. Well the bill came up. His calmness awed them & though the vote was a strong one it failed. The insult rankled however & every man who voted for it & Thiers, Changarnier, Crémieux & Co. were from that moment doomed. Then for a fortnight commenced a course all parties should have been ashamed of. The Government could not present a bill, a proposition or a measure that was not voted down—laughed & scoffed at. On the Lyons railroad bill an orator of the Thiers party went out of his way to insult the President—spoke of him as the prisoner of Ham—(where you know he was confined a long time for his Boulogne & Strasburg attempts) & of "him who might soon be at Vincennes"—another prison. Still Napoleon kept calm though busy as the Devil in a gale of wind. In one

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week he showed himself to & reviewed all the troops in Paris—distributed the medals won at the exhibition to the French exhibitors & made them an admirable speech which I hope you have seen & in which he assured them "France should not be lost in his hands." Finally notice was given last week in the assembly of a bill about to be presented entitled a bill for the regulation of authority or something to that effect. Without analysing it at length, I will only say one proposition was that if the President should do anything which looked like an endeavor to cause himself to be elected in '52,—should appear to be laboring for that end in his appointments or by his proclamations, or by promoting the circulation of journals or works devoted to his interests, etc., etc.,—he should be liable to impeachment— & (mark you) once impeached, his executive powers were to cease & enter into the hands of the assembly until he had been tried. Moreover if his agents or friends should do any of the above things he was to be made responsible, & finally they tacked on to the end the bill which had been rejected two weeks before giving in this case the assembly the control of the army & the appointment of its officers. Urgency was demanded & granted on the bill—it was read once & well known that it was to be passed. Orleanists—Bourbons—reds & socialists joined together & less than 200 moderate republicans stood by Napoleon. Saturday last the assembly adjourned after scenes of the greatest confusion & this week they thought *the lion would be caged*—tho' after this event their hopes and dreams were all different. The reds looked for blood, plunder & a permanent guillotine;—the socialists for an heaven upon earth after this first whirlwind had passed—division of property—community of everything—work for all etc.—The Orleanists, that somehow or other the Duke de Joinville, so popular in France, would get a foothold—the Bourbons, that after anarchy had had its day & riot run loose the people would gladly return to the legitimate branch & welcome Henry the 5th—and *Changarnier* that he, with his popularity with the army & his ability, could crush all parties & factions with a foot of iron & in the end make himself dictator of France and its destinies. Now I have followed French politics pretty closely the last three years, & especially since I have been in Europe this time & last Saturday I felt sure of what was coming & was only wondering why no one else seemed looking for it. I even prepared myself for it, by laying in money that I might be ready for flight if necessary. Nor do I defend Napoleon as a perfect man. Until within a year I had the lowest opinion of him & his talents, but ever since his dismissal of Changarnier more than a year ago I have every month thought more and more of his ability and his powers. There are some men & he is one who are not made for adversity—put them at the bottom of the ladder & they can never get up ten rounds—but shove them up half way & they are sure to reach the top, at any rate before they fall off—they are only too apt to go over the top, thinking in their blindness there is another round. He was elected President by an immense majority, & although a clause was inserted in the Constitution after it was known he was elected rendering him ineligible a second time he has until Thursday last strictly observed the Constitution & what is more has in no way retaliated against his adversaries. May '52 was at hand—it was acknowledged by all that seven-tenths of the people were in favor of the revision of the constitution and his re-election—it was also believed by a vast majority that from the division of parties he was the only man who could save France from anarchy—confidence was departing—the spectre of '52 haunted every one—the reds & socialists were full of courage & hope & causing émeutes in several of the Departments, & the assembly, or rather a majority of it, instead of contending against Napoleon because he had done wrong or showed any signs of it, fought him because France under him was strong, healthy, & prosperous & they feared he *might* violate the constitution by accepting office a second term or seize upon it, knowing his tremendous strength with the people, in which case farewell to red republicanism—Socialism—the restoration of monarchy or a constituent assembly with a military dictator! Under these circumstances what was Napoleon to do Quietly fold his arms—allow the army & generals to pass away from him—be se prison & let France "perish in his h —or yielding to the *known* wishes mendous majority act as he has am with him with all my heart.

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ing prepared you imperfectly with a knowledge of the antecedents I come to the grand finale. Last Monday Eve the President had a reception & a brilliant one. It continued until midnight—all seemed calm—no danger of a *coup d'état*—a large number of the representatives were present even of the opposite parties. At one Napoleon bade all good night and at half past adjourned to his council chamber. At three a squadron of horse called upon Changarnier—Lavaignac—Thiers—Crémieux—the questors of the assembly & about twenty leaders, the most violent, of the opposition, and escorted them to *prison*. Changarnier with a dozen others were at his house planning for the next day how they should do the same thing for Napoleon. He addressed the soldiers pathetically reminding them of the past & asking them if *they* would conduct their old comrade & general to a dungeon! They shrugged their shoulders and in twenty minutes all the prisoners were locked up at Vincennes. When I woke up Tuesday I found the Place opposite my windows filled with Cavalry and troops of the line. I hurried into the street where I read the proclamations of the President addressed to "Frenchmen" & to the army, which I sent you by last steamer & which I hope you have received. All Paris was in a state of excitement. The Place de la Madeleine—rue de la Concorde & Place de la Concorde were filled with troops—the President's palace surrounded with them & defended with cannon—the President had dissolved the Assembly the chamber of which was occupied and guarded with troops—all prominent points were defended & every street & square filled with crowds of people. Aides de camp were riding about with orders & the predominant cry was "il a bien fait" *he has done well!* I went all over the whole city—conversed with the middle classes, the lower & the soldiers—& was convinced the great majority thought well of the movement & that the army would be firm & devoted. About 120 of the representatives attempted to hold a meeting in several places but were dispersed—finally however they were successful, & were going on swimmingly—impeaching the President—removing the minister of war, etc.—when a company of soldiers appeared at the door & ordered them to disperse at once or they would be imprisoned. The President of the meeting commenced an address to the soldiers telling them they would never dare to arrest representatives, etc., when the officer in command took off his hat very politely & told him he would only have to say another word to be satisfied on the point—whereupon he ceased, but they refused to disperse—upon which they were marched to prison. Through the whole day Paris was in a great state of excitement but no émeute was attempted. The night was quiet. *Wednesday* morning I went to the chamber of deputies which I found filled with troops—the flag at half mast & the steps covered with straw upon which the troops had bivouacked. I then went to the Elysée where the President lives, where I found a regiment of the line encamped & a regiment of artillery at little distance with twenty cannon—the horses attached—the matches burning & all ready to leap at the word of command. Two regiments of cavalry were in marching order in the champs Elysée & all strong points were guarded. I then went into the lower portions of the city in the midst of the worst classes & here I saw preparations for resistance. The clubs were moving—the blowses were out in force, & in reply to my questions they told me to *wait until to-morrow*. I went out in the evening & played whist, & after returning with Sarah about eleven took another turn through the city. Things looked very serious—barricades were being erected—the streets were crowded—orators were trying to inflame the people—one barricade had been attacked by the troops—carried, & two representatives killed while defending it at the head of the vilest of the Parisian populace. The rioters were bearing about the corpses upon a bier, lighted by torches & trying with the sight to inflame the people against the President & his course. I heard loud cries of "*vive* la République"—"*à bas le Dictateur*"—"*vive Cavaignac*," etc., all convincing me there would be bloody work the next day. Tired & a little anxious I returned home after having been in several positions you would not much have liked to have seen me in. Still the troops were kept quiet—all however was ready for action when the time should come.

And the next day, Thursday, it did come with a vengeance! How, with a wearied pen & but little time, can I give you an idea even of its events & its horrors! I remained at

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home until about twelve, writing my friend J—— of N. Y., & sending you some papers, about which time Mr. & Mrs. D—— called for us to go down to the hotel where Mr. & Mrs W—— were, upon the Boulevart, & from which we could see everything that was going on in that central quarter. I remonstrated against Sarah's going, believing it extremely dangerous, but was overpersuaded and we started. When half way there, we were met by a rush of people which drove us from the Boulevart down into the rue Basse du Rempart—still we kept on, & after great difficulty, got to the hotel. The boulevarts were jammed with people—spectators—the curious, the idle & the rioters, & not a soldier was to be seen. We went into W——'s parlour looking upon the Boulevart —found them at home & upon going upon the balcony what a scene met our eyes! The Boulevart, upon which we were looking, is a street wide as four Washingtons & on each side magnificent houses and stores from six to eight stories high. From the balcony we could see up to the Madeleine and down nearly to the Porte St. Denis. When we first went out the Boulevart was one *mass* of people—among which the blowses predominated. The street & side walks were crowded, & all in a greater or less state of excitement. At the Porte St. Denis, immense barricades were erected across the Boulevart—composed of overturned carriages—carts & paving stones—three in number, & the first twenty feet high. Very soon, looking up the Boulevart we saw appearing round the corner of the Madeleine the head of a column of infantry at least thirty wide, occupying the whole width of the Boulevart & slowly & steadily forcing the people upon the side walks & down the cross streets. On each side of them was an Indian file of riflemen, who walked upon the curb stone, & kept the people, once forced upon the side walk, from returning into the street. The first number of infantry could not have been less than 3000. Between each regiment of infantry was a regiment of artillery with six guns all mounted—loaded & with burning matches. Then came a body of cuirassiers with steel breast-plates & helmets, their horses rearing & champing & shaking the earth with their tramp. When opposite us the infantry stopped which caused all the body to stop & such a magnificent sight I never witnessed! From the Madeleine to our hotel, was one mass of infantry, artillery & cavalry, occupying the whole of the immense street solidly, & the wide side walks jammed with frightened and revolutionary crowds—hooting—shouting —& struggling as though not a soldier was near. Bear in mind, proclamations had been issued, telling well disposed people to remain at home & that all found resisting, defending barricades, or with arms would be shot! Well, the head of the infantry halted opposite our hotel;—then was seen appearing from the rue de la Paix a second body of the line, which divided, one half taking each side walk & marching down by the side of the troops who occupied the Boulevart, forcing all the people down the side streets. Soon both sides were occupied to our hotel—so that Boulevart & side walks were one solid mass of troops for a mile. Whilst clearing the sidewalk directly opposite our hotel, some resistance was made & some of the crowd were very impudent, & one resisted & struck at an officer. A cuirassier on horseback immediately leaped his horse on the side walk and struck at the man with his lance, & upon *his* striking the horse it fell throwing his rider, who upon recovering himself thrust the man through and through with his lance & he fell right before our eyes! Well, all cleared from the Madeleine to our hotel, the head of the column commenced moving again & the first regiments of infantry & artillery moved on to the Porte St. Denis & other quarters to attack the various barricades. All the troops between the rue de la Paix & our hotel passed on—the troops above the rue de la Paix remaining stationary—so that now we were between two immense forces—the Boulevart being perfectly clear & still as the desert. As soon as the echo of the moving forces had died away—the remaining force started from above—headed with artillery came slowly on. At this moment I noticed many people in the windows of the Café Cardinal & some with blowses, which caused me to watch them. There was also a large crowd in the rue Richelieu who had forced themselves half way across the Boulevart—the first body of troops having passed—& they appeared very threatening. Slowly and calmly the second force came on. They passed our hotel, then approached the Café Cardinal. The artillery passed, but when the last gun had got by and the cavalry were

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fairly in front—My God! what a scene! Every window poured death and destruction upon them—shots were dealt them also from the roof—from the crowd in the rue Richelieu—in fine from all points. I saw many a gap made—saddles emptied & it seemed for *one second* the first squadron would be annihilated! But *only* one second—they retreated to our hotel and then charged horse & foot upon that crowd! That volley of musketry from a thousand men! It seemed as though it would *never* end—Before this, all but—— D and I had retreated into the hotel but I remained on the balcony fascinated! Would I could depict that scene—the brilliant flashes of guns and pistols from windows—roofs & the street—the long rolling, rattling fire of musketry & when all was ended here, the deep booming of cannon at the Porte St. Denis announced the attack upon the barricades! Then I ran—bullets were flying—some even entered the hotel—& the soldiers were looking suspiciously at every window pistol in hand & *pointed* to keep people away from them. We were for a time much alarmed & closed windows & curtains. Then came up an order from a general to open wide windows—blinds & all, as they wanted to know where their enemies were. This we did, & then retreated to the back part of the room having piled up chairs & sofas as a barricade. There we were—could not get home or move until eight in the evening. Though the battle opposite, which we saw, continued but a few moments, it lasted below & in other quarters all the rest of the day. If I could only have got out I wouldn't have cared, but to be shut up there while such scenes were going on—amidst the roaring of cannon—rattling of musketry—rushing of cavalry & a thousand rumors—was nearly too much for me. About eight we crept silently into the street and started, against the remonstrances of the frightened concierge, & threading our way through the troops, arrived safely home. Sarah safe, I started out alone & wandered about two hours—saw a barricade built in the rue St. Honoré & gallantly carried by the troops after firing but one volley—saw also many of the dead. About three p. m. a crowd of some fifty—some of them rioters & others curious spectators—got jammed between two forces of troops upon the Boulevart. While in this position the rioters like *crazy men* fired upon the troops. A whole regiment levelled their muskets & shot down *every man—rioters & all*, since they were mixed up together. One man by a miracle stood erect after that fearful volley—when a soldier stepped out from the ranks & shot him dead with a pistol. At a house on the Boulevart Poissonière, a man stood with the door open a crack looking through it. A portion of the crowd, retreating from the soldiers, made a rush against the door and forced it open, & as the soldiers approached, two of the men who had forced their way in fired upon them, killing two. Whereupon the troops exasperated cried out "behold a nest of the rascals" & beating down the door killed nearly all who had entered including the owner of the house—who was perfectly innocent. Three cannon played away nearly opposite us, raking the Boulevart at an angle (if I may so express it) completely tearing off a large portion of the stone front of a magnificent block a half mile below. But if I attempt to write you incidents, I shall write all night. Several wounded & dead were admitted into Mr. W——'s, & he counted 25 dead, piled up near his house alone. I understand a Boston man was killed, & another American whom I know had his middle finger shot off & while he was shaking it from the agony, another ball fractured his leg badly & knocked him into the gutter, & there he lay an hour before he was picked up & carried home. Col. S——of N. Y. & wife lived on the Boulevart Montmartre and they were in great danger. Their windows were all driven in, I hear, with balls, and they thought the floor for the time a very nice place. The loss of life must have been very great though no one will ever know how great. None but government papers are allowed to be published, & the Government try to make very light of the affair. The general opinion is that at least 1000 were killed. From the French and English papers you can get no correct idea of the day—since most of the truth is suppressed & the rest softened. Friday, every point in Paris was occupied with troops and cannon—the troops amounting it is said to 100,000. You can imagine the appearance of the city! One does not often see such a sight in a life time. Not a person was allowed to stand still *one* moment—all were kept moving & *three* times I had a pistol pointed at my head, with the order "move on." Towards evening two

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barricades were built & knocked to pieces with cannon. Saturday & yesterday the city was quiet. Today it seems perfectly quiet. The troops have voted, & almost universaly for Napoleon. The general elections take place from the 14th to the 21st when I have no doubt he will be elected President for ten years, by a tremendous majority. That is if he is alive:—I would bet $500 he is a dead man in less than three months, if he exposes himself *at all*. In this case God only knows what would happen. My opinion is he will be elected by a tremendous majority—should he not be—or should he have but a majority, say of half a million, —I shall expect trouble again. Let him get fairly seated, farewell for a long time to the hopes of *all* other parties—therefore all—if they can have the least show—will unite for one final desperate struggle. All unite in saying Bonaparte has shown the greatest talent, wisdom, courage & skill—Mr. W—— thinks, equal to his uncle's. It was *admirably* done & against such cunning & strong plotters! He seems to have foreseen and provided against every contingency, & when I saw him on horseback two hours after he had published his proclamations & taken the leap, there was a calm —quiet—determined & triumphant expression on his face I shall never forget. It was an exceedingly bold undertaking but he is a fatalist, & Dec. 2nd was the anniversary of the crowning of his Uncle, & the battle of Austerlitz.

But I am tired writing & it is very late—I have endeavoured to give you a fair and correct account of an intensely interesting period—but have written in great haste. Upon reading it over I shall doubtless see many things I shall want to change, but shall send it just as it is. You can show it to whoever you please only dont let it get into any paper.

I have a disposition to see the matter through & shall if it is prudent. If not I shall cross over to England & return home. My means of knowing beforehand what is to be done, are pretty good & I shall have notice enough. We shall remain here probably until April—it depends however upon the state of things.

THE PATIENT EARTH

By Georg Schock

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PAUL J. MEYLAN

THE April sunshine was almost as warm as June, and the flowers were answering it as fast as they could. Along the fence a row of irises brandished spearlike buds already tipped with purple, and the apple-tree sent down an intermittent snow-storm of petals. They made little drifts in the path, blew into the face of the dog gnawing a bone under the black-currant bush, and stuck in the tremulous aigrette in Mrs. Manbeck's bonnet. She preferred the yard to the kitchen, so Valeria had brought out a chair for her and she rocked unsteadily on the grass. Valeria herself sat on the step. She had been working in the garden when her visitor came, and kept her stained hands folded in her apron.

"Ve haf something in the church," remarked Mrs. Manbeck. "Benefit of the Sunday-School. They ain'd recowered from that Christmas-tree—it cost nine dollars ant seventy-eight cents—ant they don'd haf enough to pay for the lesson-papers, so ve haf such a church-supper ant help along a little. Ve lige you to do something."

"Ven vill it take place?"

"Vednesdays two veeks."

"Vat you vant me to make?"

"Some of those sugar-cakes lige you made vonce for a strawberry-festiwal—vith blue ant pink sugar on; they vould sell goot to the little vones, ant ve lige you to come ant help—vash dishes ant all such."

"All right, I bake about eight dozen cakes, ant I come to help too."

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In a Pennsylvania Dutch conversation it is polite to allow time to digest a finished topic in a reposeful silence. Mrs. Manbeck did so; then her eyes wandered over the little, two-roomed house.

"You haf it goot here," she observed.

"As goot as elsewhere."

"Yes, I thought vile I come along the road up it's a real nice place since you fixed it up. Ve didn't think you vould lif here ven ve vas young yet ant come Sundays in the voods,—ain'd not? Say, Waleria, don'd you hear nothing about your man?"

Valeria looked away. "I vas twenty years old ven ve vas married, ant he vent off it vas six months later, ant I ain'd heard nothing of him since. I don'd know if he lives yet or not."

"Vell, it's goot the baby died. You couldn't haf given him goot raising vith his Pop off that vay. You had awful bad luck vith your man."

Valeria still stared across the meadow where the dog-tooth violets were nodding in the sun. "He vas chust such a little fellow, but he vas pretty. The baby favored him. He had goot learning too," was all she said.

The dog under the currant bush rolled over on his side with his bone between his paws. She watched him affectionately. "I haf it real goot, that's so," she said. "I got Sheppie yet. He vas chust a pup on the farm ven Pappy died, ant he vas alvays arount the kitchen ant in everything, so I fetched him along ven I come. If I go off he looks ant looks through the fence, ant ven I make the gate open he is so glad he goes on his legs like he bowed, ant vags his tail ant barks—oh, he is fine comp'ny!"

Mrs. Manbeck inspected him. "He ain'd so pretty; I like a puggy-dog for myself. That's a big bone he's got."

"Yes, he's great for bones."

"Might be it ain'd right to feed that big fellow. Must take a lot for his keep. You coult let him run ant save something for the Sunday-School. They need all they can get."

"I guess I do right by Sunday-School ant church too; I ain'd got so many to do for."

Mrs. Manbeck rose ponderously from her rocker and shook the white petals off her dress. "Vell, I go home," she said; "I guess I see you at church. I'm real glad you help vith the supper."

She disappeared among the trees, watched by Shep with benevolent gravity. On three sides the little house had only its own garden to separate it from the pines that covered the hill to the top, and the path ran through them to the road. In front were the door-yard and clear ground down to the level of David Manbeck's meadow, where a row of twisted water-pitch trees leaned over a stream so small and sluggish that one might be sure the resident aquatic god had always his hands in his pockets. Beyond the meadow were the gardens and red roofs of Centreport's one street. There were hardly any poor in this comfortable country, and the unclaimed cabin was a sufficient refuge for rare derelicts.

Fortunately it was standing empty at the time of Elias Faust's death after a long and slow decline and the discovery that the old fellow, who was considered one of the solidest men in the county, had been speculating in secret. Valeria, his only child, had had a brief success thirty years before in marrying a dashing stranger who appeared no one knew why and vanished no one knew where, and was used to being considered an heiress with misfortunes; now she was left with so little that it was impossible to find out how little it was. Consulting no one, she gathered up her fragments and took possession of the cabin on the hill, and the poor place, made watertight, with a tiny bedroom built at the side, and furnished with a few pieces from her old home, became habitable and even pretty. The garden prospered, and it was known that she had good prices from a truckman in a near-by town.

She was quite alone. Her little shelter stood apart, cut off from the homes of the fortunate by broad spaces of sunlight, its isolation typifying a certain aloofness of the comfortable, censorious Teutons, whose instinct it is to attribute misfortune of whatever sort to individual fault. As the woman who was at once a childless mother, a deserted wife and an impoverished heiress must needs suffer a social descent, visits to Valeria were a condescension. So she worked in her garden all day long, silent and brown and strong as the earth that she dug and turned to her own profit. She seemed but little removed from the parental ground; she was autochthonous. This old woman with her garden and her dog might have

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"You had awful bad luck with your man."—Page 424.

taken a place among the primitive makers of Italy, the sunburnt, devout *Pagani*, and found herself at home.

She was like them in her need to worship. Religious like her race, she had curbed her grief over the troubles of her youth with a stern sense of being disciplined by a beneficent power for some final good. Her faith never wavered for an instant. The loss of her baby, her husband, and her home looked reasonable to her—she could explain all that to herself. As the field, if it were sentient and intelligent, might deliberately submit to the painful plough, she became with each blow more humble under the chastening of a Deity whom, it seemed to her, she could almost hear and see. No enraptured saint in a

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trance of devotion ever perceived her God with greater ecstasy of certainty than this countrywoman as she made her laborious profit of the earth and sun and rain. In the evening when her work was over and she sat with folded hands on her door-stone and looked across to the long blue hills, her sense of Divine proximity was so strong as to be a vivid human comfort. She did not need the hewn stone of her prototype, the sun-browned Pagan, who imaged with his fingers the humble guardians of his farm. She needed no common symbol. Her faith was sure, her vision all but sensible; it smiled at her as she lay down and rose.

The dog was her only companion; he watched her while she worked in the garden, slept beside her bed at night, and lay at her feet a passive witness of her evening exaltations. He was a piece of her old home; she liked to think that he remembered her father. One of his forbears had been her husband's hunting-dog during her short married life. He was fond of her, but she was too happy being fond of him to think of that. A large percentage of her little earnings went for church-purposes, and of the remainder Shep had the benefit of much more than half. He had bones to gnaw though his mistress went without meat. When the objects of her care were taken from her one after the other she concentrated her affection upon him. She made him a cause of deliberate gratitude, regarding him as a pledge that in the arrangement of things she and her needs had not been forgotten.

Sacred animals, unconscious that they are divinities by virtue of shape or mottling, may find it wearisome to be compassed with observances. The dog, if he ever felt such a disgust, played his part to admiration. No courtier was ever more observant of a royal mistress than he was of Valeria. Respectful admiration shone in his soft brown eyes, his bow when she came home was complete deference, he had always the air of attending upon her speech or movement as something that should be gratifyingly wise and graceful. Sometimes his canine desire for a run among the pines or a friendly encounter nose to nose and a scuffle in the village dust were too much for him, but as his indiscretions were always committed at a distance it was easy not to see them.

The afternoon after Mrs. Manbeck's visit offered too strong a temptation to Shep's polite morals. The woods sloping up the hill behind the garden were a favorite resort for target-practice; more than one good shot had developed there. Young men from the village could be heard shouting and firing on any pleasant Sunday and many of the pines were peppered with bullets. To elude his mistress long enough to slip through a hole in the fence behind the lilac bush; jumping and frisking, to catch up with his friends as they disappeared among the trees; to be roughly petted (how different from insipid feminine caresses!); to bark for once to the full extent of his lungs, and perhaps crown the whole by a chase after a rabbit—was Shep's idea of an agreeable Sunday. Too often he was locked in the kitchen while Valeria was at church, but this day he had luck. She was in her room—it was nearly time for her to start to service—he had been made to come in; but he could hear voices and footsteps on the path. He cocked his long brown ear, looked toward the bedroom, then, softly nosing, he worked the house door open a few inches, and with dignified pleasure was welcoming the gunners to the hospitality of his woods.

Valeria in her bonnet noted the open door, and stood looking up across the garden to the uncommunicative pines. She had not heard the gunners; and the church bell was ringing. "He is again off," she thought. "It's so many shooters here Sundays I hate to leave him out, but it ain'd much time no more. It don'd give such a nice day,—maybe they don'd come. Ach, vell, nothing bad dare happen for sure if I go in church." She closed the door behind her resolutely.

It was nearly evening when she came climbing the path. The German service was deliberate, and after it she always visited the family lot in the church-yard and tended the long and little graves. The last few days had brought the weeds thickly and she had had much to do; but there was a sudden change in the spring weather and neither weed nor flower would grow for awhile. As she labored up the hill she could see her lilacs shaken in the wind and the apple-blossoms fluttering down despairingly. The meadow below might have been one of the fields of asphodel; the

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When she opened the gate she was disappointed.

grass looked cold, the poor dog-tooth violets were all tightly closed and tremulous, and the water-pitch trees were as gray as ghostly sentinels. Under such a tree stood the shade of the young Achilles and made his plaint—one might have heard the gasp of baffled Tantalus in the sighing of the mournful pines.

She hurried along shivering. "That yard is cold for Sheppie. I guess I rub him a little to varm him up." When she opened the gate she was disappointed. "Must have got inside somehow. No, he ain'd neither. Sheppie!" she called in the garden, "Sheppie!" She looked over the meadow, then she changed her dress, put on a sun-bonnet, and started up the hill calling and listening, but there was nothing to hear except the wind.

It was not easy to walk, for the pine-

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needles were slippery and she had often to crawl under low boughs, but she went as fast as she could, calling and calling, and the woods replied in a dismal, mocking way. Near the top she found a paper full of bullet-holes fastened to a tree, and the ground was strewn with cartridge-shells. "They vas here this afternoon," she thought. It was nearly dark when she made her way around to the other side of the slope, which was much wilder than her own, with thickets of thorny blackberry, and big blue rocks like the hill's protruding bones. Her throat was rasped, the briers tore her hands as she pushed through them, her ankles ached with stumbling, and the stones cut her shoes and hurt her feet. After awhile a treacherous pebble brought her down. She touched something soft and examined it in the dim light. "Ach, Sheppie!" she said.

His soft eyes were dull, and when she gathered him up the blood oozed from his torn breast. Like many another refugee from oppressive affection Sheppie had made a bad ending of his holiday. Valeria hurried with him down the hill and laid him on his bed on the settle. Then she dressed his wound as well as she could with water and liniment and bandages, and set off again to the village.

The doctor's young daughter, answering a ring at the door in a Sunday dress and a Sunday humor, was half frightened. Valeria's face was crimson, her gray hair straggled over her forehead, and her old gingham dress was torn by the brambles and ominously flecked with red. "Is the Doctor at home?" she panted.

"No, he ain'd."

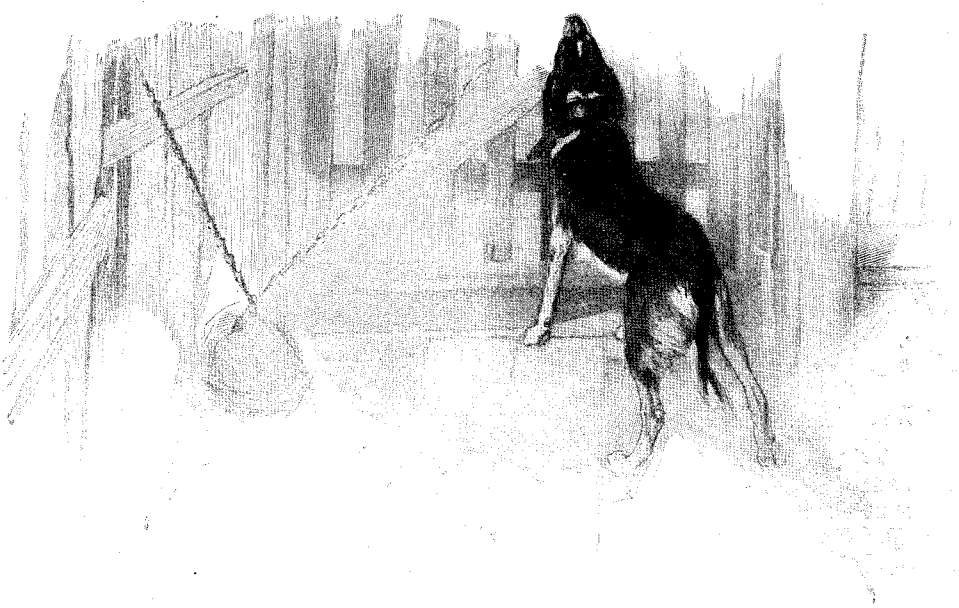
"Ain'd he coming back soon?"

"Not till Tuesdays."

"Could I fetch him?"

"Yes, he is in the city. He vent to such a conwention ant he stays a little to enchoy himself. They haf big dinners ant all such!"

Valeria turned away and plodded down the street again and up the hill and home. It was quite dark when she went in, and the fire was out. She built it laboriously. The dog lay with half-closed eyes where she had left him. She tried to pour some milk down his throat and warmed him as well as she could, stopping now and then to look at him with a curiously rigid and determined face. Even after she had gone to bed she kept coming back to see him, but he lay quite motionless on the settle. On the wall above hung her certificate of church-membership, in flowing German script, and the Taufschein in



"Sheppie."

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which the baptism of Valeria, daughter of Elias, was announced surrounded by rose garlands, and angels in gaudy robes of green and red. They seemed to move in the candle-light.

After one of these visits she turned away and went over to the window. The wind was driving the clouds in broken masses, and the chill young moon seemed to rock in the heavens. When she leaned out a gust of perfume struck cool against her face from the shaken apple-tree tossing in the darkness. The valley was a mystery of soft black.

The air was cold as February, but she did not feel it, for she believed the dog to be as good as dead, and was remembering him as something lost. Sheppie following her about in the garden, Sheppie asleep under the stove or wagging over a bone, above all, Sheppie with his nose through the palings waiting for her as she climbed the hill—she saw them. Now there would be no one to be glad when she came home. Now there was nothing to care whether she lived or died. Here was she, cut off from her kind by the dark meadow and the whispering pines—she, all alone.

She was hot with resentment. Hitherto she had been able to rationalize the strokes of fortune, but this theft of her one poor comfort made her vicious. Reviewing her hard, innocent life since she came to the hill, she could detect no fault that warranted this stripping away of her solitary affection. It did not occur to her to doubt her own premises, and her conclusion was as consecutive as an axiom, as inevitable as the weather. In her loneliness she had come to conceive of her life as between herself and a God who was her personal friend. It hurt her to think that her friend was careless of her; it hurt her that her years of loving service were held so lightly. Staring into the chilly silence she began to wonder what she had done to merit the disasters of her youth. Her old belief that they were a discipline satisfied her no longer—she could not see that she required discipline so much stricter than her neighbors. As she questioned herself over and over, and cleared herself of every charge, her resentment blazed up into a furious rebellion against Divine injustice. She had given her best; in pain she had been patient; she had done nothing seriously wrong in her whole life; she had deemed this common, miserable dog a proof that she was still regarded and beloved. Now that solitary pledge was snatched away unforfeited—the only sharer of her happy days lay cold upon the settle under the grinning angels on the Taufschein.

She tried hard to save her faith. With slow care and a deliberate effort after justice she once more cast up her account with Providence. She was right. She had not merited this. Now let God look to it. Let him disprove this charge of ingratitude which her own brain and conscience brought against him. Slow to anger as is the neglected earth to sterility, Valeria had brought forth fruits unregarded, but her revolt when it came was cataclysmic as an upheaval of the very soil. In her rage she diminished the Deity to the compass of her own principles, brought him before the bar of her own judgment, and passed a conditional sentence.

It was ten lonely days later when Mrs. Manbeck came puffing up the hill. She was received more coolly than usual, but she was not an observant person and sat in the rocker panting peacefully. "It's goot veather for garden," she said.

"Yes."

"I don'd see Sheppie arount."

"He is inside."

"Ach, vell, then it is all right. Mondays vas a veek ago that there little Clinton Himmelberger he come in the store ant he vas bragging! He vas up on the hill Sundays ant some big fellows they vas shooting at mark, ant Clinton he got hold of a rewolwer ant he shot a dog that vas hanging arount. He said he yelped ant howled ant run off in the voods. Clinton he vas proud, but I thought might be it vas your Sheppie. Say, Waleria," she went on, "I come up to see you vonce more about that church-supper. I said that you vould gif eight dozen such little cakes, ant they think they could sell twelf dozen easy, ant I thought might be you vould do it to make the extra. Ain'd so?"

"You needn't come arount me for no more than vat I said."

"Not!" Mrs. Manbeck gathered herself together after a pause for digestion. "I don'd hope you ain'd coming?"

"I don'd know that yet. It may be I come."

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"Ain'd it so that you can?" There was no answer. "Haf you something wrong?"

Suddenly Valeria faced Mrs. Manbeck. Her mild eyes looked as cold and blue and immutable as the rocks in the woods. "No, I ain'd sick," she burst out, "but I've chust got the horrors vith such dumb actions. Now I say vonce vat I haf to say, ant then you dare leaf me be. You know chust how I vas raised to everything ant then how all vent wrong vith me from young up. My man he left ant my baby chust lived long enough so that I vanted him bad, ant then I done all for my Pop ant he lost house ant farm ant all ant died silly, ant it vas for me to vork like a nigger chust to get something to lif. Ant I come up here. You know I ain'd said a vord before—no, sir—nothing I didn't say; for I thought all this vas for some goot ant I vould chust do the best vay I could; ant I vent to church ant I gafe all vat I could ant more yet, ant done nothing against no vone. Now chust look at here vonce! I vas up here all alone, only for Sheppie, ant Pappy used to like him so, ant he vas comp'ny, ant I thought here vas yet vone thing of mine. Sundays vas a veek I vas brebaring for church ant I didn't hear ven he ran out—poor fellow! vanted a little bleasure vonce too!—ant ven I come to go to church he had left. I didn't like it to leaf him, but I vas chust such a fool I thought if I vent in church all vould be right. Ant ven I come home I looked ant looked, ant I found him near dead, ant I fetched him in ant run like crazy for the doctor, ant he had gone off. Ach, this here is vat I can't stand! He vasn't by no patient, he vas in the city to haf a goot time, ant that girl of his she hat to tell me about it ant act so proud. Ant here you say it vas Clinton Himmelberger shot him—vent to do it—bragged about it! Now them that let it be so they dare look after Sheppie, ant if he gets vell all right, I say nothing; but if not then I never go again in the church ant I don'd lift my finger for no preachers ant nothing like 'em. Chust come here ant see vonce! There he lies ant can't yet mofe hardly. He dies sure, ant he can't do it ant be at rest—he has to suffer. There my church certificate ant my Taufschein hang, but they von'd be long there ven he is dead. They go for kindlings quick enough. Ant I guess I turn 'em arount vile they vait."

She reversed them with a fierce clatter. Mrs. Manbeck stared in bewilderment at the dog and the Taufschein with its face to the wall; her jaw had fallen and she looked for the moment like a gasping fish.

"Yes, it's plenty of dogs like he," she said.

"Then I guess it vouldn't haf hurt none if I had this here vone."

"Might be you thought more of him than right. I said you coult let him run ant gif his keep for Sunday-School."

"Ach, darsen't I haf nothing but Sunday-School ant church? Don'd talk so silly! Should I chust let all go ant say nothing? The preachers they get up ant talk so anchel-like ant lamby ant tell us to do this ant that. If they had half vat I haf had I bet they'd look. They vouldn't haf so much to say no more, ant that vould be a good thing also."

"Waleria, haf you got it so in your head to act so funny? The people they vill talk if you don'd go in church for spite on account of that there hound."

"They dare shut up ant mint their business. I ain'd got it in my head ant I do chust as I think best. This here ain'd manached right, I see that clear, ant I don'd care for nothing no more."

"I gif you right, it's awful hard on you. Ain'd it nothing I can do for you?"

"Chust you let me be."

Mrs. Manbeck was past resentment. Herself a fighting Teuton, she would take up arms vigorously when she considered the occasion fit, but a blind challenge of all the world because a dog was shot stretched her sympathy. She could understand revolt, but not this cause of it. Though there was a drizzling rain falling which straightened her frizzled hair and made the feathers in her bonnet hang limply, she never thought to ask for an umbrella. She went off down the hill with her dress clutched at the side showing one fat leg, while the other side swept the muddy path unnoticed.

By Sunday morning Valeria's resentment was including the whole world and that which is to come. She had done her hopeless best to save the dog, who lay as usual quiet on the settle. The sun was cruelly gay; in the apple-tree a robin spoke severely to her mate; the bell was ringing for Sunday-School. "There they send all the children to learn vat ain'd so,"

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she thought. "It's a good day to vork out. I guess I chust do something. Don'd need to let the veather go to vaste. I von'd make nothing of Sunday, not for some time to come."

She worked with extraordinary energy, enjoying every stroke as a blow in defiance of Providence; it was nearly one o'clock when she shouldered her rake and marched toward the house as one making an orderly retreat. Before going in she looked across the meadow where the grass was blowing in long ripples to the village street. "Dumb things!" she thought mockingly. "Chust go along after their noses and don'd think of nothing but vat vone tells them! Soon they go to church. They dare look if they see me there vonce."

Hearing a soft whine she threw the door open. There stood the dog. In an unexpected access of strength he had worked his bandages loose enough to move, and, tired of his long rest, had jumped off the settle. Now he was whimpering to be lifted back, for he was not strong enough to do it alone.

She gathered him up as if he were a baby and made him comfortable on his bed, and he licked her hand when she examined his breast, and laid back his ears to be rubbed. She hung over him without speaking. Then she looked at the clock; the church bell would ring in half an hour. She hurried into the bedroom and shut the door.

As she walked with her usual slow dignity up the aisle there was a whisper over the church. Her defection had been circulated by Mrs. Manbeck and the minister had been urged to interfere; now he addressed two or three portions of his sermon to her with unusual impressiveness, and she listened, attentive and calm and non-committal. After the service he made haste to leave the pulpit and shake hands with her, as did Mr. and Mrs. Manbeck and the doctor, all with an air of relief. She had not been so distinguished since her father died. She took it quietly and made her way, people turning to look after her, across the church-yard to her own lot, where the rose-bush on Elias's grave was in bud and a snow-ball drooped its greenish puffs over her baby. She rubbed the stones with her handkerchief. On the smaller one was the text of the funeral sermon:

Sie brachten auch junge Kindlein zu ihm, dass er sie sollte anrühren,

and the sight of it brought back that wretched day with the stale bitterness of a past grief, but it was again unable to shake her. She put it by.

Climbing the path where in the warmth the pines sent up a soft, pervasive sweetness like a prayer of their own, she was deeply content. She felt the comfort of the sinner who has strayed and confessed and been forgiven; no longer a pitiful Ishmaelite, she was at one with her world. Near the gate she heard a feeble bark and saw a black nose between the pickets. The dog did his best at a bow; his tail made the exuberant purple irises nod upon their stalks. She stooped to stroke him, and he followed her into the house and looked on amiably while she turned back the Taufschein and dusted it with care.

SONG

By Arthur Davison Ficke

O Love, you could not love me
  Though fair I found your eyes;
Yet still, two stars above me,
  They haunt my evening skies.

O Love, our day was fleeting
  As all the flowers of Spring.
Yet Autumn's heart is beating
  With that remembering.

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SHRINES OF THE DESERT

By Dwight L. Elmendorf

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

THE fourth century of the Christian era witnessed the beginning of the decline of the Roman Empire in Africa, owing partly to the schism of the Donatists, which grievously afflicted both Church and state for nearly a century. Jealousy among the native governors, insurrections, and violent revolutions rendered the country an easy prey to the enemies of the empire. Genseric, the king of the Vandals, landed in Africa in the year 429 and was speedily joined by the native Moors and the wild, fanatical Donatists. With these allies he seized the six provinces of Rome one after the other. The rough northmen, however, soon fell into the luxurious habits of the Romans they had conquered, and it was not long before they had to succumb to the Byzantine Empire, which had sent Belisarius with a large fleet and army to Carthage in the year 533. The Vandal forces were completely worsted in the first encounter. Belisarius was succeeded by his most illustrious general, Solomon, who restored many of the Roman strongholds, but was finally killed before the walls of Theveste while endeavoring to repress an insurrection of the warlike Berber tribes of that neighborhood. The Vandal power was destroyed, but that of the Byzantines was never fully established. In the seventh century the country suffered an invasion from a new quarter. The Khalifa Othman determined to effect the conquest of Africa. The brother of the Khalifa, Abdulla Ibn Säad was given command of a magnificent army of 40,000 picked men. The invaders met the forces of Gregorius on the plain of Acouba, and after several days of fierce fighting the Christian forces were utterly defeated. Shortly afterward Ibn Säad and his followers returned to the East laden with spoil.

In 665, another army from the East was sent out under the command of Okba bin Nafa, and this time the Mohammedans retained what they again conquered. The province of Ifrika was formed and the Moors and the Berbers adopted without trouble the name and religion of the Arabs. Fifty years later a Mussulman governor reported that there was no longer cause to raise the tax imposed upon Christian subjects. Thus was swept away the African Church, which had been adorned by the names of Augustine, Tertullian and Cyprian.

The Arabs under Okba continued their triumphant advance westward and the valiant general Tarik, landing at Gibraltar (Jebel el Tarik or Hill of Tarik), carried the Crescent into Europe. It is more than remarkable that this comparatively small band of invaders should have conquered in a few years the vast territory that had taken Rome centuries to subdue. The map of the country had been changed, almost all of the Roman names disappeared, while two Mohammedan names appeared conspicuously—Kerouan and Sidi Okba, the former the religious centre of the East, the latter that of the West. In 670 Okba bin Nafa proposed to his troops to found a city which should be the centre of Islamism forever. He conducted them to where Kerouan now is, a plain infested with wild beasts and reptiles and collected around him the companions of the Prophet who were with him and exclaimed: "Serpents and savage beasts, we are the companions of the blessed Prophet, retire; for we shall establish ourselves here."

Immediately they all peacefully retired and many of the Berbers were converted to Islamism at the sight of this wonderful miracle. Okba then planted his lance in the ground and said, "Here is your Kerouan," which means resting-place, and so gave the name to the new city. He himself planned the palace and the great mosque, and the true direction toward Mecca is believed by Mohammedans to have been miraculously revealed to him by God. For many centuries this has been the most sacred shrine in Africa and a place of pilgrimage for all

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Mosque of Swords, from Desert.—Kerouan.

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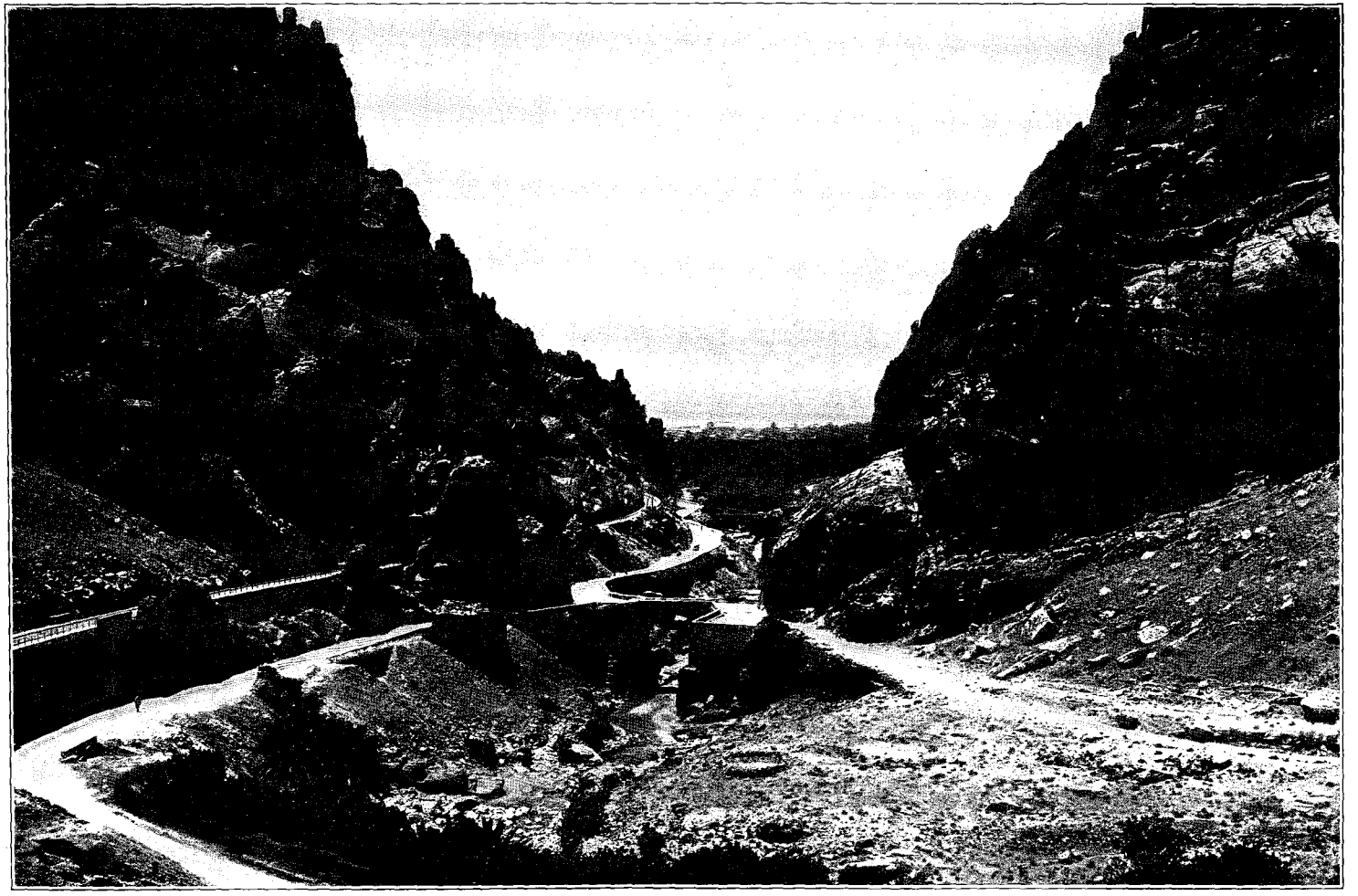

Gateway to the Desert.—El Kantara.

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After Dates.—Oasis of Sidi Okba.

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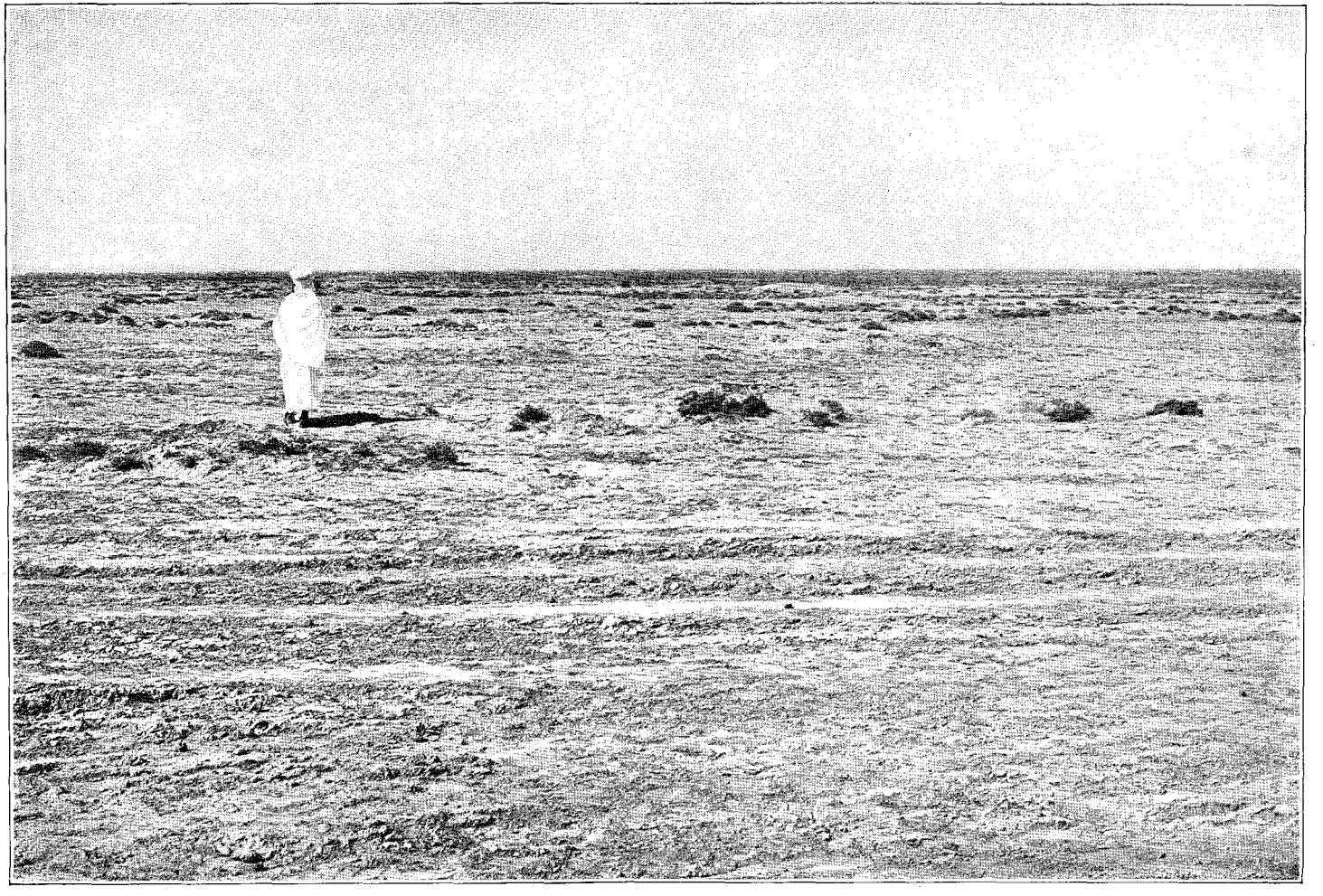

The Desert, near Sidi Okba.

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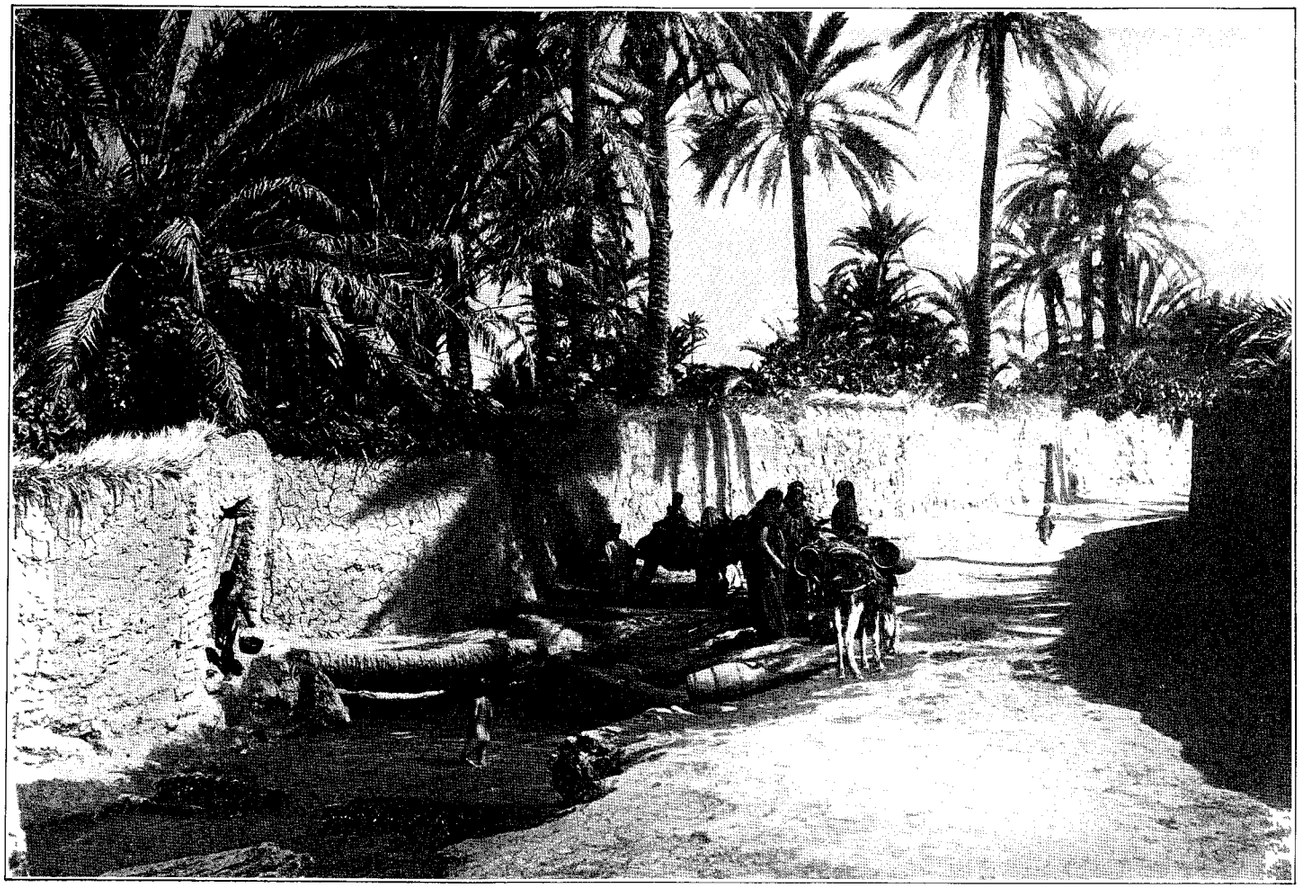

Precious Water.—Sidi Okba.

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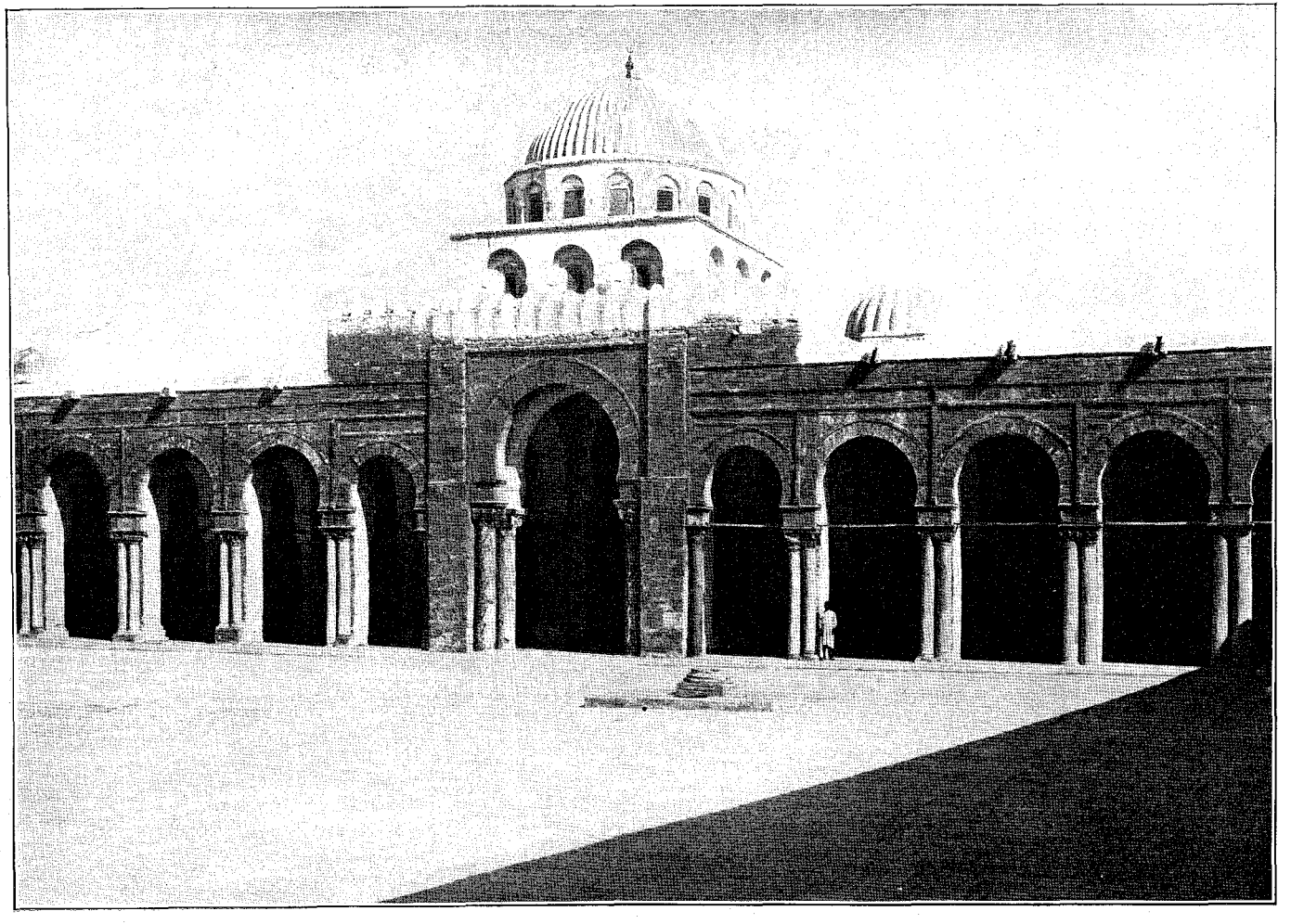

Great Mosque of Okba at Kerouan.

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An Oasis Paradise.—Heart of the Desert.

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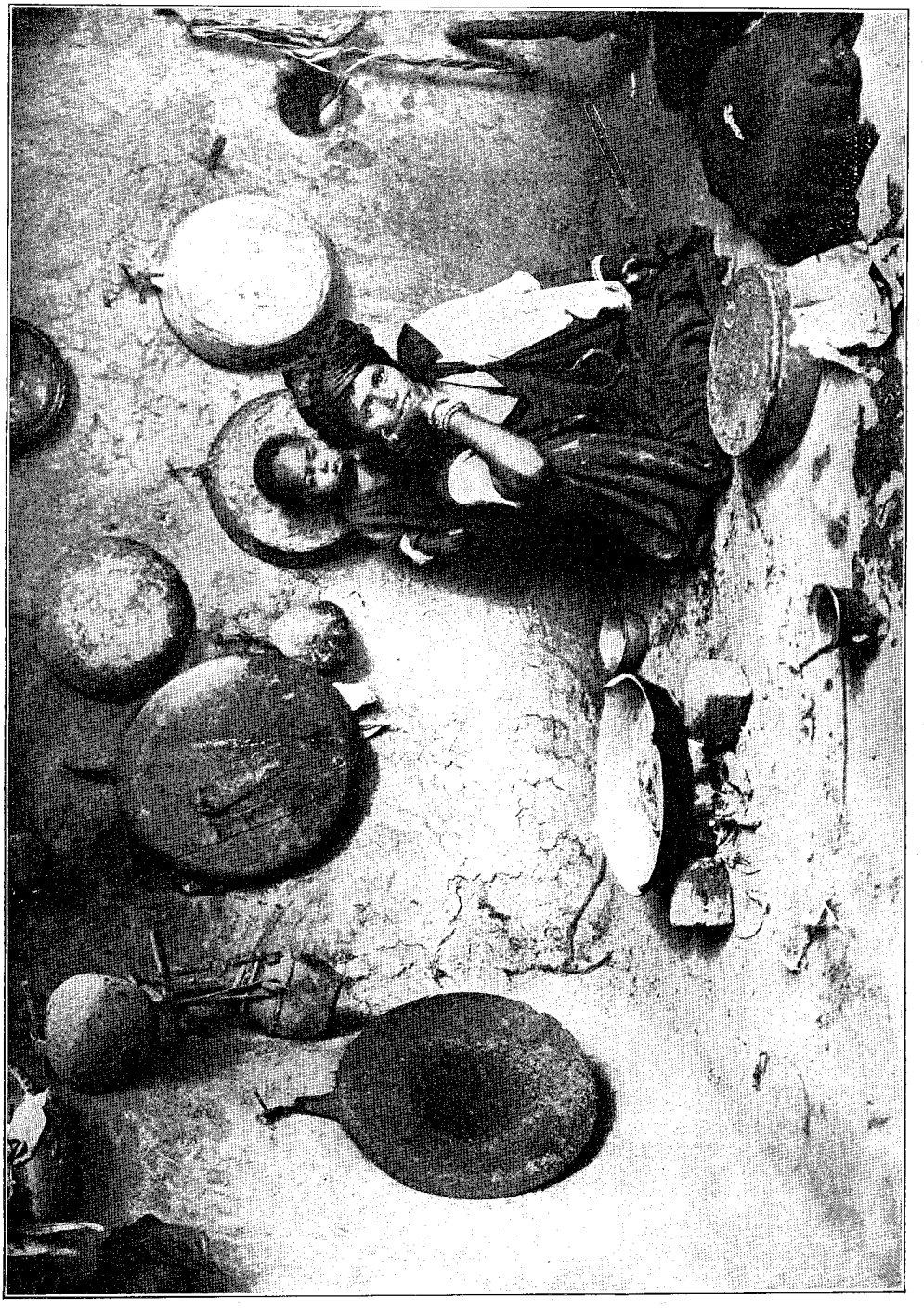

A Desert Home.—Sidi Okba.

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African Mohammedans, no Christian could enter its walls, and Jews did not even dare to approach it until the time of the French protectorate.

Kerouan may now be reached by rail from Tunis via Susa, but this modern method of travel offers only the inducement of saving time. The approach from the desert is imposing. The oblong city is surrounded by a crenellated wall with towers here and there, above which are seen the glittering white domes of the mosques, the huge square minaret of the great mosque towering above all. Situated in the heart of a vast semi-desert plain, the city sparkles like a white gem in a brown setting. Enveloped in deathlike silence without the walls, one is hardly prepared for the busy life of the city within the gates. Dignified individuals in picturesque costumes of many colors pass to and fro, now and then making graceful salutations as they pass; hucksters haggling with customers in a manner that seems as if an altercation was imminent; shrill cries of the auctioneer as he wanders about in search of a higher bid for his wares; dark-visaged water-carriers bent almost double under the weight of the water-skin; darker Nubians who appear to be express-wagons from the amount of merchandise they carry on their heads; curious-looking individuals in balloonlike garments of pure white moving somewhat like schooner yachts sailing wing and wing before the wind, glance with lazy liquid eyes from under eyebrows artistically blackened, betraying by their veils and trousers that they are women; the ever-present blind beggar sitting by the market gate with that doleful stereotyped expression of "Allah is great"—all tend to give an impression of the Orient that is without equal. Through the high gate one enters the market-place. And such a place! Jugglers, story-tellers, candy merchants, intermingled with sellers of hay and something that looked like alfalfa; little donkeys trotting here and there among cynical camels kneeling calmly on the ground chewing their cuds with an expression that is simply indescribable, disturbed now and then by a kick from their master simply by way of caress; groups of white burnooses seated on the ground with turbans nodding and bobbing as the cards were for or against them, the rattle of the backgammon board, the throwing of dice indicating their love of chance; the curious looms of the rope-makers who make ropes to order if the purchaser helps them twist the desired article; the cobbler who mends slippers while you wait—all these and many other curious sights entrance the stranger from the Occident. Sometimes a camel emits a doleful growling sound that is unearthly, startling the stranger into the belief that the animal is singing his death-song after the manner of the dragon in the drama of "Siegfried."

The *souks* or shops adjoining the market are simply rows of small arches in a wall just large enough for the tailor or cobbler to ply his trade. These two occupations, together with the vender of perfumes seem to monopolize the *souks* until near the end of the row, where a smith is at work repairing swords and curious specimens of guns seven or eight feet long with antiquated flintlocks. Another interesting trade is the manufacture of sieves. Pieces of leather are cut into very thin and narrow strips by means of large and clumsy scissors handled in a very clever manner by the adept. These strips are then woven together somewhat like cane in the seats of chairs. Fine sieves are made of woven horsehair. These primitive methods of manufacture are very fascinating to one accustomed to modern machinery. From the bazaars a straight street along the wall leads to the great mosque of Sidi Okba, which occupies the whole north corner of the city. It consists of three parts: a great cloistered court from which rises the lofty square minaret, the square vestibule in front of the *maksoura* or prayer-chamber, and lastly the *maksoura* itself. This is the greatest shrine of North Africa, and is very imposing. It is literally a forest of columns. There are seventeen aisles or naves, each consisting of eight or nine arches. The columns are the spoils taken from the various Roman buildings of North Africa. At a rough estimate there are over three hundred columns in the *maksoura* alone. The capitals are all of Roman character, and some of them are distinctly Christian. The entrance, or "Beautiful Gate," is of wood, beautifully sculptured, with extracts from the Koran engraved upon the doors. Directly opposite the beautiful gate is the *mihrab* or prayer-niche, the walls of which are plaster wonderfully

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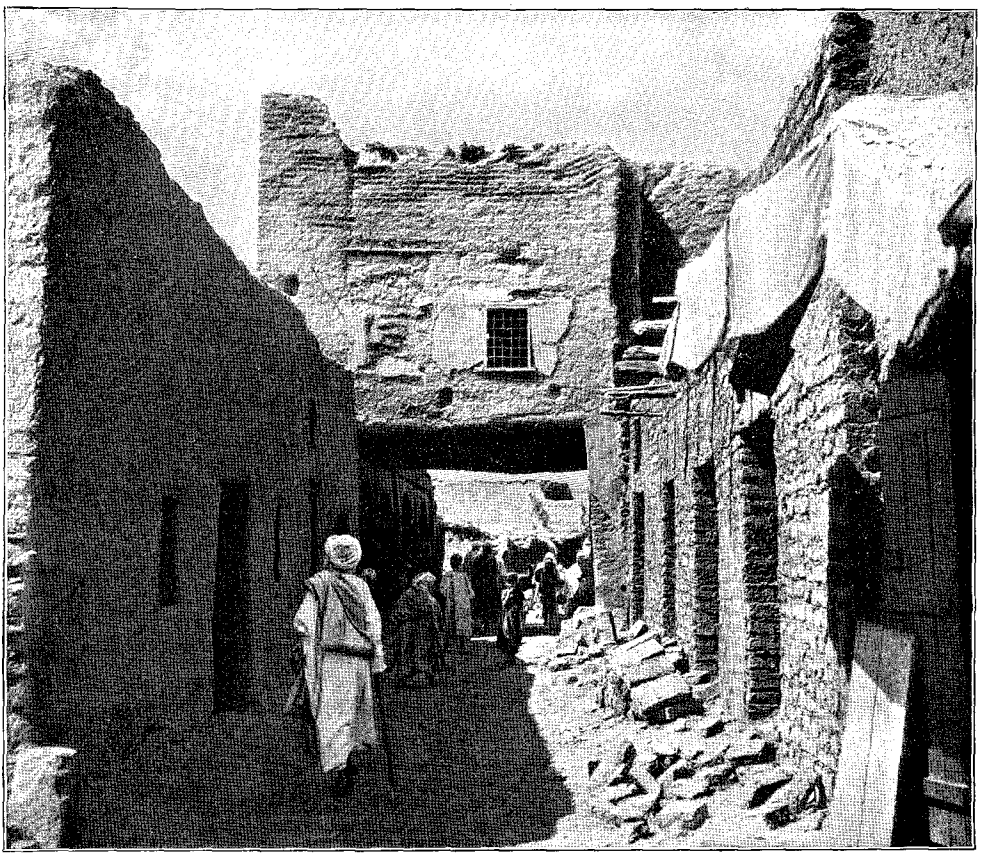

The New Gate.—Sidi Okba.

moulded and exquisitely painted. The walls above are covered with very old tiles, most of which are now whitewashed. The floor is covered with thick matting which is not conducive to the comfort of those who are unaccustomed to walking with bare feet for reasons that are nameless and countless. To the right of the *mihrab* is the *mimbar* or high pulpit with steps leading up to it, all of beautifully carved wood. The whole prayer-chamber is very dimly lighted by the few little colored panes of glass in the domes.

The impression conveyed by the whole *maksoura* is one of great dignity, solemnity, and simplicity, entirely in keeping with the solemn character of the God of Islam. The Desert of Sahara begins only a few miles south-west of Kerouan and is separated from the high plateau by the long chain of the Aures Mountains, which form an almost impassable barrier except at the point called El Kantara, about a hundred miles south of Constantine. This remarkable rent in the mountains, is only forty yards wide at the bottom and about two hundred yards long. The wonderfully colored limestone rocks are broken into fantastic pinnacles on both sides. Far below the little river winds its way between many boulders down toward the desert. Just south of the gorge the river widens and waters the oasis of Dahraovia, containing about 15,000 date-palms, and this is the northern limit for producing dates. El Kantara is the great gateway to the desert, and the view looking through the gorge, south to the desert, once seen can never be forgotten. About forty miles south of the gorge is the well-known oasis of Biskra, which has now become a famous winter resort. In the desert south-east of Biskra lies the oasis and sacred shrine of Sidi Okba, the famous general who led the Mohammedan army as far as Morocco, was finally

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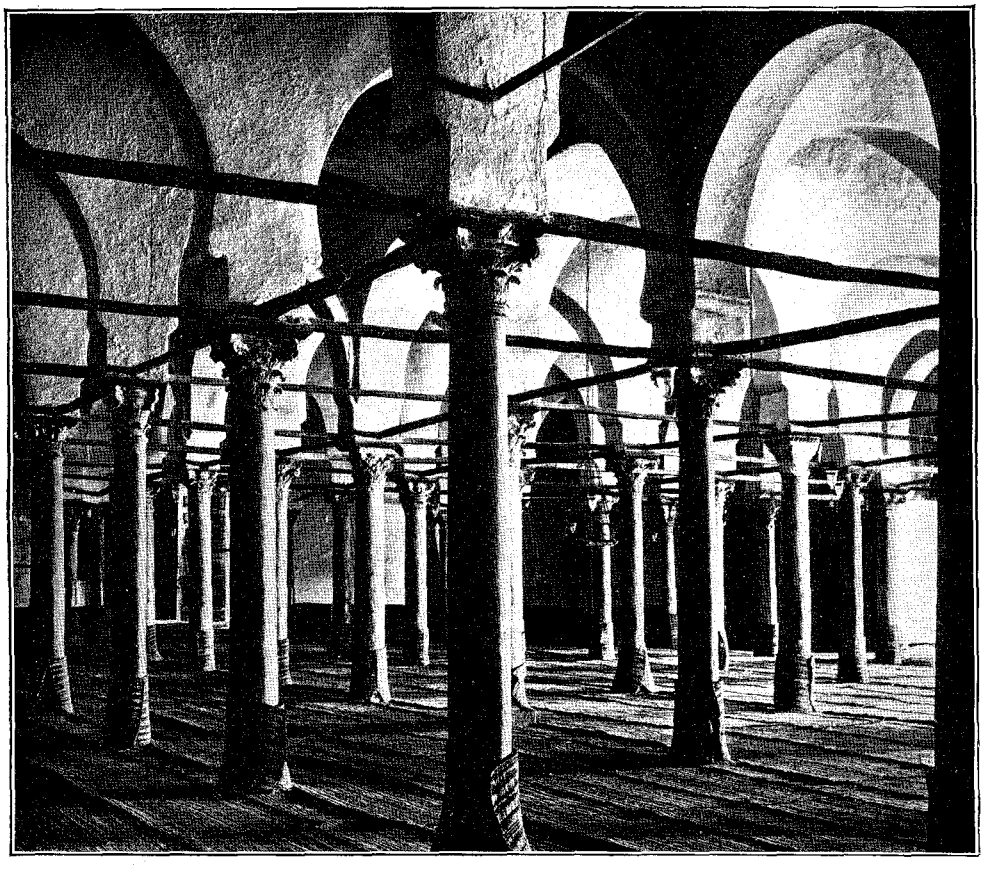

Great Mosque.—Kerouan.

murdered by a wild band of natives in the mountains, and now lies buried in the town named after him.

The Sahara is not at all as popular belief pictures it, a vast plain of moving sand, dotted here and there with fertile oases, somewhat like a leopard's skin. From Tunis westward it is a vast depression of sand and clay not much above sea-level, in some parts perfectly level, in others hilly, with low depressions containing water saltier than the sea, which generally evaporates, leaving a coating of brilliant crystals which appear like snow in the distance. The rivers from the Aures Mountains on the north serve to irrigate the oases of the Ziban; sometimes they flow above the surface, but often below it. There is a fascination about the desert that is indescribable and which none can understand unless they have spent several weeks with a caravan. At times the heat is very great, but being perfectly dry, it does not enervate as our humid atmosphere does at a temperature forty degrees lower. Near midday the desert appears to be a molten sea of dazzling, vibrating light. Now and then the mirage appears and the tired eyes of the stranger are refreshed with visions of beautiful lakes near the horizon, even sometimes of trees and moving caravans. Alas! this is a case where seeing is not believing. After many disappointments of this kind, the camels suddenly raise their heads and snuff the air through their curiously formed nostrils and move at a quicker pace, instinct telling them that water is near. In the far distance a low black line indicated palm-trees, and in a few hours the oasis of Sidi Okba appeared, distinctly relieving the doubts of those who feared it was only a mirage. Our dragoman kicked off his slippers and climbed very nimbly up a fine palm to get some of the luscious fruit growing at the top.

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Nature seems to have planned the tree for this by providing steps all the way to the top. After tasting fresh ripe dates one is fully convinced that he has eaten of the lotus plant of the ancients. Through the trees were distinguishable the low mud houses and mosques of the oasis.

After a refreshing bath in the dirty water of one of the irrigating ditches, we entered the quaint little town constructed of sun-dried bricks made without straw. The streets are narrow and crooked, the dwellings only one story high, except the gateway to the market, which was really only one story over the street. The white burnooses of the inhabitants contrasted superbly against the dark-brown mud walls of the houses, making the street life very picturesque. Little children, in nature's garb, with the queer little scalp-lock bobbing about on the tops of their shaven heads, darted about among their elders with an agility that made one think of prairie-dogs with their funny little tails. Every Mohammedan wears this lock of hair, for it is by this he is to be snatched up to paradise on the last day. The tomb of Sidi Okba is the great shrine of this place, and is most jealously guarded. It is in the depths of a very old mosque of the ordinary arched style, but much smaller than one would expect for such a holy place.

The tomb is of the ordinary Marabout type, ornamented in a trashy style with silk, ostrich eggs and tawdry furniture. Upon one of the pillars is the oldest Arabic inscription in the world: "This is the tomb of Okba son of Nafa. May God have mercy upon him."

No cajolery or bribery could overcome the religious scruples of the dignified guardian of the tomb, so the camera remained concealed under the burnoose, unused. A peculiar incident occurred which offered an unusual opportunity in another direction. The son of one of the sheiks was screaming with a toothache. A quick application of creosote soon relieved the little fellow, much to the astonishment of the sympathizing friends and relatives, who looked upon the affair as miraculous. The grateful father would take no refusal, but after offering himself, his household, and all his worldly possessions, insisted on our taking a meal with him in his own home.

At last we were to be admitted to the home-life of an Arab. Doffing our slippers, we were ushered through the low, dark doorway into a little court with a room on either side. The wife was seated on the ground in a most picturesque costume of dark colors, without a veil, preparing the evening meal. Hanging on the mud walls were various pans and cooking utensils, some of which were bronze, others terra-cotta. On the floor was a brass mortar and pestle used for pulverizing the coffee. Over the fire was a large earthenware dish in which a flat cake was being cooked. Both husband and wife were so grateful to the great magician who had cured their son that all conventionalities were discarded and we all sat *en famille* and enjoyed *couscous*, dates, figs, native bread, and delicious coffee. After dinner the whole party indulged in cigarettes and more coffee. The wife was really pretty and had more expression than most of the women of the desert, especially when she gazed at her son and heir with a mother love ennobling her dark but handsome features. Had it been a daughter, all would have been different, for they are an unwelcome increase in the family, neglected and ill-treated until they are sold in marriage, a condition still worse unless they bear male children. The woman is the beast of burden, the drudge, and the general utility slave as well as the banker for the lordly husband, who could not be degraded by such a thing as labor.

The oasis of Sidi Okba is one of those watered by irrigating ditches leading from a stream in the distant mountains as well as by artesian wells. The French have cleverly ingratiated themselves with the Arabs of the desert by driving great artesian wells in many places, and wherever water is obtained there is great rejoicing, for prosperity and wealth soon follow the least exertion. Arriving from the hot, glaring desert an oasis seems to be paradise. Instead of hot burning sand, there is the cool shade of rich vegetation, a rest to the eye, while the babbling sound of water is music to the ear. A little water and a little amount of brains and energy have made the desert blossom like the rose.

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THE HOUSE OF MIRTH

BY EDITH WHARTON

ILLUSTRATION BY A. B. WENZELL

BOOK II—(Continued)

IX

WHEN Lily woke on the morning after her translation to the Emporium Hotel, her first feeling was one of purely physical satisfaction. The force of contrast gave an added keenness to the luxury of lying once more in a soft-pillowed bed, and looking across a spacious sunlit room at a breakfast table set invitingly near the fire. Analysis and introspection might come later; but for the moment she was not even troubled by the excesses of the upholstery or the restless convolutions of the furniture. The sense of being once more lapped and folded in ease, as in some dense mild medium impenetrable to discomfort, effectually stilled the faintest note of criticism.

When, the afternoon before, she had presented herself to the lady to whom Carry Fisher had directed her, she had been conscious of entering a new world. Carry's vague presentment of Mrs. Norma Hatch (whose reversion to her Christian name was explained as the result of her latest divorce), left her under the implication of coming "from the West," with the not unusual extenuation of having brought a great deal of money with her. She was, in short, rich, helpless, unplaced: the very subject for Lily's hand. Mrs. Fisher had not specified the line her friend was to take; she owned herself unacquainted with Mrs. Hatch, whom she "knew about" through Melville Stancy, a lawyer in his leisure moments, and the Falstaff of a certain section of festive club life. Socially, Mr. Stancy might have been said to form a connecting link between the Gormer world and the more dimly-lit region on which Miss Bart now found herself entering. It was, however, only figuratively that the illumination of Mrs. Hatch's world could be described as dim: in actual fact, Lily found her seated in a blaze of electric light, impartially projected from various ornamental excrescences on a vast concavity of pink damask and gilding, from which she rose like Venus from her shell. The analogy was justified by the appearance of the lady, whose large-eyed prettiness had the fixity of something impaled and shown under glass. This did not preclude the immediate discovery that she was some years younger than her visitor, and that under her showiness, her ease, the aggression of her dress and voice, there persisted that ineradicable innocence which, in ladies of her nationality, so curiously coexists with startling extremes of experience.

The environment in which Lily found herself was as strange to her as its inhabitants. She was unacquainted with the world of the fashionable New York hotel—a world over-heated, over-upholstered, and over-fitted with mechanical appliances for the gratification of fantastic requirements, while the comforts of a civilized life were as unattainable as in a desert. Through this atmosphere of torrid splendour moved wan beings as richly upholstered as the furniture, beings without definite pursuits or permanent relations, who drifted on a languid tide of curiosity from restaurant to concert-hall, from palm-garden to music-room, from "art exhibit" to dress-maker's opening. High-stepping horses or elaborately equipped motors waited to carry these ladies into vague metropolitan distances, whence they returned, still more wan from the weight of their sables, to be sucked back into the stifling inertia of the hotel routine. Somewhere behind them, in the background of their lives, there was doubtless a real past, peopled by real human activities: they themselves were probably the product of strong ambitions, persistent energies, diversified contacts with the wholesome roughness of life; yet they had no more real existence than the poet's shades in limbo.

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Lily had not been long in this pallid world without discovering that Mrs. Hatch was its most substantial figure. That lady, though still floating in the void, showed faint symptoms of developing an outline; and in this endeavour she was actively seconded by Mr. Melville Stancy. It was Mr. Stancy, a man of large resounding presence, suggestive of convivial occasions and of a chivalry finding expression in "first-night" boxes and thousand dollar bonbonnières, who had transplanted Mrs. Hatch from the scene of her first development to the higher stage of hotel life in the metropolis. It was he who had selected the horses with which she had taken the blue ribbon at the Show, had introduced her to the photographer whose portraits of her formed the recurring ornament of "Sunday Supplements," and had got together the group which constituted her social world. It was a small group still, with heterogeneous figures suspended in large unpeopled spaces; but Lily did not take long to learn that its regulation was no longer in Mr. Stancy's hands. As often happens, the pupil had outstripped the teacher, and Mrs. Hatch was already aware of heights of elegance as well as depths of luxury beyond the world of the Emporium. This discovery at once produced in her a craving for higher guidance, for the adroit feminine hand which should give the right turn to her correspondence, the right "look" to her hats, the right succession to the items of her *menus*. It was, in short, as the regulator of a germinating social life that Miss Bart's guidance was required; her ostensible duties as secretary being restricted by the fact that Mrs. Hatch, as yet, knew hardly any one to write to.

The daily details of Mrs. Hatch's existence were as strange to Lily as its general tenor. The lady's habits were marked by an Oriental indolence and disorder peculiarly trying to her companion. Mrs. Hatch and her friends seemed to float together outside the bounds of time and space. No definite hours were kept; no fixed obligations existed: night and day flowed into one another in a blur of confused and retarded engagements, so that one had the impression of lunching at the tea-hour, while dinner was often merged in the noisy after-theatre supper which prolonged Mrs. Hatch's vigil till day-light.

Through this jumble of futile activities came and went a strange throng of hangers-on—manicures, beauty-doctors, hair-dressers, teachers of bridge, of French, of "physical development": figures sometimes indistinguishable, by their appearance, or by Mrs. Hatch's relation to them, from the visitors constituting her recognized society. But strangest of all to Lily was the encounter, in this latter group, of several of her acquaintances. She had supposed, and not without relief, that she was passing, for the moment, completely out of her own circle; but she found that Mr. Stancy, one side of whose sprawling existence overlapped the edge of Mrs. Fisher's world, had drawn several of its brightest ornaments into the circle of the Emporium. To find Ned Silverton among the habitual frequenters of Mrs. Hatch's drawing-room was one of Lily's first astonishments; but she soon discovered that he was not Mr. Stancy's most important recruit. It was on little Freddy Van Osburgh, the small slim heir of the Van Osburgh millions that the attention of Mrs. Hatch's group was centred. Freddy, barely out of college, had risen above the horizon since Lily's eclipse, and she now saw with surprise what an effulgence he shed on the outer twilight of Mrs. Hatch's existence. This, then, was one of the things that young men "went in" for when released from the official social routine; this was the kind of "previous engagement" that so frequently caused them to disappoint the hopes of anxious hostesses. Lily had an odd sense of being behind the social tapestry, on the side where the threads were knotted and the loose ends hung. For a moment she found a certain amusement in the show, and in her own share of it: the situation had an ease and unconventionality distinctly refreshing after her experience of the irony of conventions. But these flashes of amusement were but brief reactions from the long disgust of her days. Compared with the vast gilded void of Mrs. Hatch's existence, the life of Lily's former friends seemed packed with ordered activities. Even the most irresponsible pretty woman of her acquaintance had her inherited obligations, her conventional benevolences, her share in the working of the great civic machine; and all hung together in the solidarity of these traditional functions. The performance of specific duties would have simplified Miss Bart's position;

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but the vague attendance on Mrs. Hatch was not without its perplexities.

It was not her employer who created these perplexities. Mrs. Hatch showed from the first an almost touching desire for Lily's approval. Far from asserting the superiority of wealth, her beautiful eyes seemed to urge the plea of inexperience: she wanted to do what was "nice," to be taught how to be "lovely." The difficulty was to find any point of contact between her ideals and Lily's.

Mrs. Hatch swam in a haze of indeterminate enthusiasms, of aspirations culled from the stage, the newspapers, the fashion-journals, and a gaudy world of sport still more completely beyond her companion's ken. To separate from these confused conceptions those most likely to advance the lady on her way, was Lily's obvious duty; but its performance was hampered by rapidly-growing doubts. Lily was in fact becoming more and more aware of a certain ambiguity in her situation. It was not that she had, in the conventional sense, any doubt of Mrs. Hatch's irreproachableness. The lady's offenses were always against taste rather than conduct; her divorce record seemed due to geographical rather than ethical conditions; and her worst laxities were likely to proceed from a wandering and extravagant good-nature. But if Lily did not mind her detaining her manicure for luncheon, or offering the "Beauty-Doctor" a seat in Freddy Van Osburgh's box at the play, she was not equally at ease in regard to some less apparent lapses from convention. Ned Silverton's relation to Stancy seemed, for instance, closer and less clear than any natural affinities would warrant; and both appeared united in the effort to cultivate Freddy Van Osburgh's growing taste for Mrs. Hatch. There was as yet nothing definable in the situation, which might well resolve itself into a huge joke on the part of the other two; but Lily had a vague sense that the subject of their experiment was too young, too rich and too credulous. Her embarrassment was increased by the fact that Freddy seemed to regard her as co-operating with himself in the social development of Mrs. Hatch: a view that suggested, on his part, a permanent interest in the lady's future. There were moments when Lily found an ironic amusement in this aspect of the case. The thought of launching such a missile as Mrs. Hatch at the perfidious bosom of society was not without its charm: Miss Bart had even beguiled her leisure with visions of the fair Norma introduced for the first time to a family banquet at the Van Osburghs'. But the thought of being personally connected with the transaction was less agreeable; and her momentary flashes of amusement were followed by increasing periods of doubt.

The sense of these doubts was uppermost when, late one afternoon, she was surprised by a visit from Lawrence Selden. He found her alone in the wilderness of pink damask, for in Mrs. Hatch's world the tea hour was not dedicated to social rites, and the lady was in the hands of her masseuse.

Selden's entrance had caused Lily a start of embarrassment; but his air of constraint had the effect of restoring her self-possession, and producing in her an exaggerated ease of welcome. She took at once the tone of surprise and pleasure, wondering frankly that he should have traced her to so unlikely a place, and asking what had inspired him to make the search.

Selden met this with an unusual seriousness: she had never seen him so little master of the situation, so plainly at the mercy of any obstructions she might put in his way. "I wanted to see you," he said; and she could not resist observing in reply that he had kept his wishes under remarkable control. She had in truth felt his long absence as one of the chief bitternesses of the last months: his desertion had wounded sensibilities far below the surface of her pride.

Selden met the challenge with directness. "Why should I have come, unless I thought I could be of use to you? It is my only excuse for imagining you could want me."

This struck her as a clumsy evasion, and the thought gave a flash of keenness to her answer. "Then you have come now because you think you can be of use to me?"

He hesitated again. "Yes: in the modest capacity of a person to talk things over with."

For a clever man it was certainly a stupid beginning; and the idea that his awkwardness was due to the fear of her attaching a personal significance to his visit, chilled her pleasure in seeing him. Even under the most adverse conditions, that pleas-

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ure always made itself felt: she might hate him, but she had never been able to wish him out of the room. She was very near hating him now; yet the sound of his voice, the way the light fell on his thin dark hair, the way he sat and moved and wore his clothes—she was conscious that even these trivial things were inwoven with her deepest life. In his presence a sudden stillness came upon her, and the turmoil of her spirit ceased; but an impulse of resistance to this stealing influence now prompted her to say: "It's very good of you to present yourself in that capacity; but what makes you think I have anything particular to talk about?"

Though she kept the even tone of light intercourse, the question was framed in a way to remind him that his good offices were unsought; and for a moment Selden was checked by it. The situation between them was one which could be cleared up only by a sudden explosion of feeling; and their whole training and habit of mind were against the chances of such an explosion. Selden's calmness seemed rather to harden into resistance, and Miss Bart's into a surface of glittering irony, as they faced each other from the opposite corners of one of Mrs. Hatch's elephantine sofas. The sofa in question, and the apartment peopled by its monstrous mates, served at length to suggest the turn of Selden's reply.

"Gerty told me that you were acting as Mrs. Hatch's secretary; and I knew she was anxious to hear how you were getting on."

Miss Bart received this explanation without perceptible softening. "Why didn't she look me up herself, then?" she asked quickly.

"Because, as you didn't send her your address, she was afraid of being importunate." Selden continued with a smile: "You see no such scruples restrained me; but then I haven't as much to risk if I incur your displeasure."

Lily answered his smile. "You haven't incurred it as yet; but I have an idea that you are going to."

"That rests with you, doesn't it? You see my initiative doesn't go beyond putting myself at your disposal."

"But in what capacity? What am I to do with you?" she asked in the same light tone.

Selden again glanced about Mrs. Hatch's drawing-room; then he said with a decision which he seemed to have gathered from this final inspection: "You are to let me take you away from here."

Lily flushed at the suddenness of the attack; then she stiffened under it and said coldly: "And may I ask where you mean me to go?"

"Back to Gerty in the first place, if you will; the essential thing is that it should be away from here."

The unusual harshness of his tone might have shown her how much the words cost him; but she was in no state to measure his feelings while her own were in a flame of revolt. To neglect her, perhaps even to avoid her, at a time when she had most need of her friends, and then suddenly and unwarrantably to break into her life with this strange assumption of authority, was to rouse in her every instinct of pride and self-defense.

"I am very much obliged to you," she said, "for taking such an interest in my plans; but I am quite contented where I am, and have no intention of leaving."

Selden had risen, and was standing before her in an attitude of uncontrollable expectancy.

"That simply means that you don't know where you are!" he exclaimed.

Lily rose also, with a quick flash of anger. "If you have come here to say disagreeable things about Mrs. Hatch——"

"It is only with your relation to Mrs. Hatch that I am concerned."

"My relation to Mrs. Hatch is one I have no reason to be ashamed of. She has helped me to earn a living when my old friends were quite resigned to seeing me starve."

"Nonsense! Starvation is not the only alternative. You know you can always find a home with Gerty till you are independent again."

"You show such an intimate acquaintance with my affairs that I suppose you mean—till my aunt's legacy is paid?"

"I do mean that; Gerty told me of it," Selden acknowledged without embarrassment. He was too much in earnest now to feel any false constraint in speaking his mind.

"But Gerty does not happen to know," Miss Bart rejoined, "that I owe every penny of that legacy."

"Good God!" Selden exclaimed, startled

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out of his composure by the abruptness of the statement.

"Every penny of it, and more too," Lily repeated; "and you now perhaps see why I prefer to remain with Mrs. Hatch rather than take advantage of Gerty's kindness. I have no money left, except my small income, and I must earn something more to keep myself alive."

Selden hesitated a moment; then he rejoined in a quieter tone: "But with your income and Gerty's—since you allow me to go so far into the details of the situation—you and she could surely contrive a life together which would put you beyond the need of having to support yourself. Gerty, I know, is eager to make such an arrangement, and would be quite happy in it——"

"But I should not," Miss Bart interposed. "There are many reasons why it would be neither kind to Gerty nor wise for myself." She paused a moment, and as he seemed to await a farther explanation, added with a quick lift of her head: "You will perhaps excuse me from giving you these reasons."

"I have no claim to know them," Selden answered, ignoring her tone; "no claim to offer any comment or suggestion beyond the one I have already made. And my right to make that is simply the universal right of a man to enlighten a woman when he sees her unconsciously placed in a false position."

Lily smiled. "I suppose," she rejoined, "that by a false position you mean one outside of what we call society; but you must remember that I had been excluded from those sacred precincts long before I met Mrs. Hatch. As far as I can see, there is very little real difference in being inside or out, and I remember your once telling me that it was only those inside who took the difference seriously."

She had not been without intention in making this allusion to their memorable talk at Bellomont, and she waited with an odd tremor of the nerves to see what response it would bring; but the result of the experiment was disappointing. Selden did not allow the allusion to deflect him from his point; he merely said with completer fulness of emphasis: "The question of being inside or out is, as you say, a small one, and it happens to have nothing to do with the case, except in so far as Mrs. Hatch's desire to be inside may put you in the position I call false."

In spite of the moderation of his tone, each word he spoke had the effect of confirming Lily's resistance. The very apprehensions he aroused hardened her against him: she had been on the alert for the note of personal sympathy, for any sign of recovered power over him; and his attitude of sober impartiality, the absence of all response to her appeal, turned her hurt pride to blind resentment of his interference. The conviction that he had been sent by Gerty, and that, whatever straits he conceived her to be in, he would never voluntarily have come to her aid, strengthened her resolve not to admit him a hair's breadth farther into her confidence. However doubtful she might feel her situation to be, she would rather persist in darkness than owe her enlightenment to Selden.

"I don't know," she said, when he had ceased to speak, "why you imagine me to be situated as you describe; but as you have always told me that the sole object of a bringing-up like mine was to teach a girl to get what she wants, why not assume that that is precisely what I am doing?"

The smile with which she summed up her case was like a clear barrier raised against farther confidences: its brightness held him at such a distance that he had a sense of being almost out of hearing as he rejoined: "I am not sure that I have ever called you a successful example of that kind of bringing-up."

Her colour rose a little at the implication, but she steeled herself with a light laugh.

"Ah, wait a little longer—give me a little more time before you decide!" And as he wavered before her, still watching for a break in the impenetrable front she presented: "Don't give me up; I may still do credit to my training!" she affirmed.

X

"LOOK at those spangles, Miss Bart—every one of 'em sewed on crooked."

The tall forewoman, a pinched perpendicular figure, dropped the condemned structure of wire and net on the table at Lily's side, and passed on to the next figure in the line.

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There were twenty of them in the work-room, their fagged profiles, under exaggerated hair, bowed in the harsh north light above the utensils of their art; for it was something more than an industry, surely, this creation of ever-varied settings for the face of fortunate womanhood. Their own faces were sallow with the unwholesomeness of hot air and sedentary toil, rather than with any actual signs of want: they were employed in a fashionable millinery establishment, and were fairly well-clothed and well paid; but the youngest among them was as dull and colourless as the middle-aged. In the whole work-room there was only one skin beneath which the blood still visibly played; and that now burned with vexation as Miss Bart, under the lash of the forewoman's comment, began to strip the hat-frame of its over-lapping spangles.

To Gerty Farish's hopeful spirit a solution appeared to have been reached when she remembered how beautifully Lily could trim hats. Instances of young lady-milliners establishing themselves under fashionable patronage, and imparting to their "creations" that indefinable touch which the professional hand can never give, had flattered Gerty's visions of the future, and convinced even Lily that her separation from Mrs. Norma Hatch need not reduce her to dependence on her friends.

The parting had occurred a few weeks after Selden's visit, and would have taken place sooner had it not been for the resistance set up in Lily by his ill-starred offer of advice. The sense of being involved in a transaction she would not have cared to examine too closely had soon afterward defined itself in the light of a hint from Mr. Stancy that, if she "saw them through," she would have no reason to be sorry. The implication that such loyalty would meet with a direct reward had hastened her flight, and flung her back, ashamed and penitent, on the broad bosom of Gerty's sympathy. She did not, however, propose to lie there prone, and Gerty's inspiration about the hats at once revived her hopes of profitable activity. Here was, after all, something that her charming listless hands could really do; she had no doubt of their capacity for knotting a ribbon or placing a flower to advantage. And of course only these finishing touches would be expected of her: subordinate fingers, blunt, gray, needle-pricked fingers, would prepare the shapes and stitch the linings, while she presided over the charming little front shop—a shop all white panels, mirrors, and moss-green hangings—where her finished creations, hats, wreaths, aigrettes and the rest, perched on their stands like birds just poising for flight.

But at the very outset of Gerty's campaign this vision of the green-and-white shop had been dispelled. Other young ladies of fashion had been thus "set-up," selling their hats by the mere attraction of a name and the reputed knack of tying a bow; but these privileged beings could command a faith in their powers materially expressed by the readiness to pay their shop-rent and advance a handsome sum for current expenses. Where was Lily to find such support? And even could it have been found, how were the ladies on whose approval she depended to be induced to give her their patronage? Gerty learned that whatever sympathy her friend's case might have excited a few months since had been imperilled, if not lost, by her association with Mrs. Hatch. Once again, Lily had withdrawn from an ambiguous situation in time to save her self-respect, but too late for public vindication. Freddy Van Osburgh was not to marry Mrs. Hatch; he had been rescued at the eleventh hour—some said by the efforts of Gus Trenor and Rosedale—and despatched to Europe with old Ned Van Alstyne; but the risk he had run would always be ascribed to Miss Bart's connivance, and would somehow serve as a summing-up and corroboration of the vague general distrust of her. It was a relief to those who had hung back from her to find themselves thus justified, and they were inclined to insist a little on her connection with the Hatch case in order to show that they had been right.

Gerty's quest, at any rate, brought up against a solid wall of resistance; and even when Carry Fisher, momentarily penitent for her share in the Hatch affair, joined her efforts to Miss Farish's, they met with no better success. Gerty had tried to veil her failure in tender ambiguities; but Carry, always the soul of candour, put the case squarely to her friend.

"I went straight to Judy Trenor; she has fewer prejudices than the others, and besides she's always hated Bertha Dorset. But what *have* you done to her, Lily? At the

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very first word about giving you a start she flamed out about some money you'd got from Gus; I never knew her so hot before. You know she'll let him do anything but spend money on his friends: the only reason she's decent to me now is that she knows I'm not hard up.—He speculated for you, you say? Well, what's the harm? He had no business to lose. He *didn't* lose? Then what on earth—but I never *could* understand you, Lily!"

The end of it was that, after anxious enquiry and much deliberation, Mrs. Fisher and Gerty, for once oddly united in their effort to help their friend, decided on placing her in the work-room of Mme. Regina's renowned millinery establishment. Even this arrangement was not effected without considerable negotiation, for Mme. Regina had a strong prejudice against untrained assistance, and was induced to yield only by the fact that she owed the patronage of Mrs. Bry and Mrs. Gormer to Carry Fisher's influence. She had been willing from the first to employ Lily in the show-room: as a displayer of hats, a fashionable beauty might be a valuable asset. But to this suggestion Miss Bart opposed a negative which Gerty emphatically supported, while Mrs. Fisher, inwardly unconvinced, but resigned to this latest proof of Lily's unreason, agreed that perhaps in the end it would be more useful that she should learn the trade. To Regina's work-room Lily was therefore committed by her friends, and there Mrs. Fisher left her with a sigh of relief, while Gerty's watchfulness continued to hover over her at a distance.

Lily had taken up her work early in January: it was now two months later, and she was still being rebuked for her inability to sew spangles on a hat-frame. As she returned to her work she heard a titter pass down the tables. She knew she was an object of criticism and amusement to the other work-women. They were, of course, aware of her history—the exact situation of every girl in the room was known and freely discussed by all the others—but the knowledge did not produce in them any awkward sense of class distinction: it merely explained why her untutored fingers were still blundering over the rudiments of the trade. Lily had no desire that they should recognize any social difference in her; but she had hoped to be received as their equal, and perhaps before long to show herself their superior by a special deftness of touch, and it was humiliating to find that, after two months of drudgery, she still betrayed her lack of early training. Remote was the day when she might aspire to exercise the talents she felt confident of possessing; only experienced workers were entrusted with the delicate art of shaping and trimming the hat, and the forewoman still held her inexorably to the routine of preparatory work.

She began to rip the spangles from the frame, listening absently to the buzz of talk which rose and fell with the coming and going of Miss Haines's active figure. The air was closer than usual, because Miss Haines, who had a cold, had not allowed a window to be opened even during the noon recess; and Lily's head was so heavy with the weight of a sleepless night that the chatter of her companions had the incoherence of a dream.

"I *told* her he'd never look at her again; and he didn't. I wouldn't have, either—I think she acted real mean to him. He took her to the Arion Ball, and had a hack for her both ways. . . . She's taken ten bottles, and her headaches don't seem no better—but she's written a testimonial to say the first bottle cured her, and she got five dollars and her picture in the paper. . . . Mrs. Trenor's hat? The one with the green Paradise? Here, Miss Haines—it'll be ready right off. . . . That was one of the Trenor girls here yesterday with Mrs. George Dorset. How'd I know? Why, Madam sent for me to alter the flower in that Virot hat—the blue tulle: she's tall and slight, with her hair fuzzed out—a good deal like Mamie Leach, on'y thinner. . . ."

On and on it flowed, a current of meaningless sound, on which, startlingly enough, a familiar name now and then floated to the surface. It was the strangest part of Lily's strange experience, the hearing of these names, the seeing the fragmentary and distorted image of the world she had lived in reflected in the mirror of the working-girls' minds. She had never before suspected the mixture of insatiable curiosity and contemptuous freedom with which she and her kind were discussed in this underworld of toilers who lived on their vanity and self-indulgence. Every girl in Mme. Regina's work-room knew to whom the headgear in her hands was destined, and had her opinion of

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its future wearer, and a definite knowledge of the latter's place in the social system. That Lily was a star fallen from that sky did not, after the first stir of curiosity had subsided, materially add to their interest in her. She had fallen, she had "gone under," and true to the ideal of their race, they were awed only by success—by the gross tangible image of material achievement. The consciousness of her different point of view merely kept them at a little distance from her, as though she were a foreigner with whom it was an effort to talk.

"Miss Bart, if you can't sew those spangles on more regular I guess you'd better give the hat to Miss Kilroy."

Lily looked down ruefully at her handiwork. The forewoman was right: the sewing on of the spangles was inexcusably bad. What made her so much more clumsy than usual? Was it a growing distaste for her task, or actual physical disability? She felt tired and confused: it was an effort to put her thoughts together. She rose and handed the hat to Miss Kilroy, who took it with a suppressed smile.

"I'm sorry; I'm afraid I am not well," she said to the forewoman.

Miss Haines offered no comment. From the first she had augured ill of Mme. Regina's consenting to include a fashionable apprentice among her workers. In that temple of art no raw beginners were wanted, and Miss Haines would have been more than human had she not taken a certain pleasure in seeing her forebodings confirmed.

"You'd better go back to binding edges," she said drily.

Lily slipped out last among the band of liberated work-women. She did not care to be mingled in their noisy dispersal: once in the street, she always felt an irresistible return to her old standpoint, an instinctive shrinking from all that was unpolished and promiscuous. In the days—how distant they now seemed!—when she had visited the Girls' Club with Gerty Farish, she had felt an enlightened interest in the working-classes; but that was because she looked down on them from above, from the happy altitude of her grace and her beneficence. Now that she was on a level with them, the point of view was less interesting.

She felt a touch on her arm, and met the penitent eye of Miss Kilroy.

"Miss Bart, I guess you can sew those spangles on as well as I can when you're feeling right. Miss Haines didn't act fair to you."

Lily's colour rose at the unexpected advance: it was a long time since real kindness had looked at her from any eyes but Gerty's.

"Oh, thank you: I'm not particularly well, but Miss Haines was right. I *am* clumsy."

"Well, it's mean work for anybody with a headache." Miss Kilroy paused irresolutely. "You ought to go right home and lay down. Ever try orangeine?"

"Thank you." Lily held out her hand. "It's very kind of you—I mean to go home."

She looked gratefully at Miss Kilroy, but neither knew what more to say. Lily was aware that the other was on the point of offering to go home with her, but she wanted to be alone and silent—even kindness, the sort of kindness that Miss Kilroy could give, would have jarred on her just then.

"Thank you," she repeated as she turned away.

She struck westward through the dreary March twilight, toward the street where her boarding-house stood. She had resolutely refused Gerty's offer of hospitality. Something of her mother's fierce shrinking from observation and sympathy was beginning to develop in her, and the promiscuity of small quarters and close intimacy seemed, on the whole, less endurable than the solitude of a hall bedroom in a house where she could come and go unremarked among other workers. For a while she had been sustained by this desire for privacy and independence; but now, perhaps from increasing physical weariness, the lassitude brought about by hours of unwonted confinement, she was beginning to feel acutely the ugliness and discomfort of her surroundings. The day's task done, she dreaded to return to her narrow room, with its blotched wall-paper and shabby paint; and she hated every step of the walk thither, through the degradation of a New York street in the last stages of decline from fashion to commerce.

But what she dreaded most of all was having to pass the chemist's at the corner of Sixth Avenue. She had meant to take another street: she had usually done so of late. But today her steps were irresistibly drawn toward the flaring plate-glass corner; she

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tried to take the lower crossing, but a laden dray crowded her back, and she struck across the street obliquely, reaching the side-walk just opposite the chemist's door.

Over the counter she caught the eye of the clerk who had waited on her before, and slipped the prescription into his hand. There could be no question about the prescription: it was a copy of one of Mrs. Hatch's, obligingly furnished by that lady's chemist. Lily was confident that the clerk would fill it without hesitation; yet the nervous dread of a refusal, or even of an expression of doubt, communicated itself to her restless hands as she affected to examine the bottles of perfume stacked on the glass case before her.

The clerk had read the prescription without comment; but in the act of handing out the bottle he paused.

"You don't want to increase the dose, you know," he remarked.

Lily's heart contracted. What did he mean by looking at her in that way?

"Of course not," she murmured, holding out her hand.

"That's all right: it's a queer-acting drug. A drop or two more, and off you go —the doctors don't know why."

The dread lest he should question her, or keep the bottle back, choked the murmur of acquiescence in her throat; and when at length she emerged safely from the shop she was almost dizzy with the intensity of her relief. The mere touch of the packet thrilled her tired nerves with the delicious promise of a night of sleep, and in the reaction from her momentary fear she felt as if the first fumes of drowsiness were already stealing over her.

In her confusion she stumbled against a man who was hurrying down the last steps of the elevated station. He drew back, and she heard her name uttered with surprise. It was Rosedale, fur-coated, glossy and prosperous—but why did she seem to see him so far off, and through a mist of splintered crystals. Before she could account for the phenomenon she found her hand in his. They had parted with scorn on her side and anger upon his; but all trace of these emotions seemed to vanish as their hands met, and she was only aware of a confused wish that she might continue to hold fast to him.

"Why, what's the matter, Miss Lily? You're not well!" he exclaimed; and she forced her lips into a pallid smile of reassurance.

"I'm a little tired—it's nothing. Stay with me a moment, please," she faltered incoherently. That she should be asking this service of Rosedale!

He glanced at the dirty and unpropitious corner on which they stood, with the shriek of the "elevated" and the tumult of trams and waggons contending hideously in their ears.

"We can't stay here; but let me take you somewhere for a cup of tea. The *Longworth* is only a few yards off, and there'll be no one there at this hour."

A cup of tea in quiet, somewhere out of the noise and ugliness, seemed for the moment the one solace she could bear. A few steps brought them to the ladies' door of the hotel he had named, and a moment later he was seated opposite to her, and the waiter had placed the tea-tray between them.

"Not a drop of brandy or whiskey first? You look regularly done up, Miss Lily. Well, take your tea strong, then; waiter, get a cushion for the lady's back."

Lily smiled faintly at the injunction to take her tea strong. It was the temptation she was always struggling to resist. Her craving for the keen stimulant was forever conflicting with that other craving for sleep —the midnight craving which only the little phial in her hand could still. Today, at any rate, the tea could hardly be too strong: she counted on it to pour warmth and resolution into her empty veins.

As she leaned back before him, her lids drooping in utter lassitude, though the first warm draught already tinged her face with returning life, Rosedale was seized afresh by the poignant surprise of her beauty. The dark pencilling of fatigue under her eyes, the morbid blue-veined pallour of the temples, brought out the brightness of her hair and lips, as though all her ebbing vitality were centred there. Against the dull chocolate-coloured background of the restaurant, the purity of her head stood out as it had never done in the most brightly-lit ballroom. He looked at her with a startled uncomfortable feeling, as though her beauty were a forgotten enemy that had lain in ambush and now sprang out on him unawares.

To clear the air he tried to take an easy tone with her. "Why, Miss Lily, I haven't

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seen you for an age. I didn't know what had become of you."

As he spoke, he was checked by an embarrassing sense of the complications to which this might lead. Though he had not seen her he had heard of her; he knew of her connection with Mrs. Hatch, and of the talk resulting from it. Mrs. Hatch's *milieu* was one which he had once assiduously frequented, and now as devoutly shunned.

Lily, to whom the tea had restored her usual clearness of mind, saw what was in his thoughts and said with a slight smile: "You would not be likely to know about me. I have joined the working classes."

He stared in genuine wonder. "You don't mean——? Why, what on earth are you doing?"

"Learning to be a milliner—at least *trying* to learn," she hastily qualified the statement.

Rosedale suppressed a low whistle of surprise. "Come off—you ain't serious, are you?"

"Perfectly serious. I'm obliged to work for my living."

"But I understood—I thought you were with Norma Hatch."

"You heard I had gone to her as her secretary?"

"Something of the kind, I believe." He leaned forward to refill her cup.

Lily guessed the possibilities of embarrassment which the topic held for him, and raising her eyes to his, she said suddenly: "I left her two months ago."

Rosedale continued to fumble awkwardly with the tea-pot, and she felt sure that he had heard what had been said of her. But what was there that Rosedale did not hear?

"Wasn't it a soft berth?" he enquired, with an attempt at lightness.

"Too soft—one might have sunk in too deep." Lily rested one arm on the edge of the table, and sat looking at him more intently than she had ever looked before. An uncontrollable impulse was urging her to put her case to this man, from whose curiosity she had always so fiercely defended herself.

"You know Mrs. Hatch, I think? Well, perhaps you can understand that she might make things too easy for one."

Rosedale looked faintly puzzled, and she remembered that allusiveness was lost on him.

"It was no place for you, anyhow," he agreed, so suffused and immersed in the light of her full gaze that he found himself being drawn into strange depths of intimacy. He who had had to subsist on mere fugitive glances, looks winged in flight and swiftly lost under covert, now found her eyes settling on him with a brooding intensity that fairly dazzled him.

"I left," Lily continued, "lest people should say I was helping Mrs. Hatch to marry Freddy Van Osburgh—who is not in the least too good for her—and as they still continue to say it, I see that I might as well have stayed where I was."

"Oh, Freddy——" Rosedale brushed aside the topic with an air of its unimportance which gave a sense of the immense perspective he had acquired. "Freddy don't count—but I knew *you* weren't mixed up in that. It ain't your style."

Lily coloured slightly: she could not conceal from herself that the words gave her pleasure. She would have liked to sit there, drinking more tea, and continuing to talk of herself to Rosedale. But the old habit of observing the conventions reminded her that it was time to bring their colloquy to an end, and she made a faint motion to push back her chair.

Rosedale stopped her with a protesting gesture. "Wait a minute—don't go yet; sit quiet and rest a little longer. You look thoroughly played out. And you haven't told me——" He broke off, conscious of going farther than he had meant. She saw the struggle and understood it; understood also the nature of the spell to which he yielded as, with his eyes on her face, he began again abruptly: "What on earth did you mean by saying just now that you were learning to be a milliner?"

"Just what I said. I am an apprentice at Regina's."

"Good Lord—*you?* But what for? I knew your aunt had turned you down: Mrs. Fisher told me about it. But I understood you got a legacy from her——"

"I got ten thousand dollars; but the legacy is not to be paid till next summer."

"Well, but—look here: you could *borrow* on it any time you wanted."

She shook her head gravely. "No; for I owe it already."

"Owe it? The whole ten thousand?"

"Every penny." She paused, and then

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continued abruptly, with her eyes on his face: "I think Gus Trenor spoke to you once about having made some money for me in stocks."

She waited, and Rosedale, congested with embarrassment, muttered that he remembered something of the kind.

"He made about ten thousand dollars," Lily pursued, in the same tone of eager communicativeness. "At the time I understood that he was speculating with my own money: it was incredibly stupid of me, but I knew nothing of business. Afterward I found out that he had *not* used my money—that what he said he had made for me he had really given me. It was meant in kindness, of course; but it was not the sort of obligation one could remain under. Unfortunately I had spent the money before I discovered my mistake; and so my legacy will have to go to pay it back. That is the reason why I am trying to learn a trade."

She made the statement clearly, deliberately, with pauses between the sentences, so that each should have time to sink deeply into her hearer's mind. She had a passionate desire that someone should know the truth about this transaction, and also that the rumour of her intention to repay the money should reach Judy Trenor's ears. And it had suddenly occurred to her that Rosedale, who had surprised Trenor's confidence, was the fitting person to receive and transmit her version of the facts. She had even felt a momentary exhilaration at the thought of thus relieving herself of her detested secret; but the sensation gradually faded in the telling, and as she ended her pallour was suffused with a deep blush of misery.

Rosedale continued to stare at her in wonder; but the wonder took the turn she had least expected.

"But see here—if that's the case, it cleans you out altogether?"

He put it to her as if she had not grasped the consequences of her act; as if her incorrigible ignorance of business were about to precipitate her into a fresh act of folly.

"Altogether—yes," she calmly agreed.

He sat silent, his thick hands clasped on the table, his little puzzled eyes exploring the recesses of the deserted restaurant.

"See here—that's fine," he exclaimed abruptly.

Lily rose from her seat with a deprecating laugh. "Oh, no—it's merely a bore," she asserted, gathering together the ends of her feather scarf.

Rosedale remained seated, too intent on his thoughts to notice her movement. "Miss Lily, if you want any backing—I like pluck——" broke from him disconnectedly.

"Thank you." She held out her hand. "Your tea has given me a tremendous backing. I feel equal to anything now."

Her gesture seemed to show a definite intention of dismissal, but her companion had tossed a bill to the waiter, and was slipping his short arms into his expensive overcoat.

"Wait a minute—you've got to let me walk home with you," he said.

Lily uttered no protest, and when he had paused to make sure of his change they emerged from the hotel and crossed Sixth Avenue again. As she led the way westward past a long line of areas which, through the distortion of their paintless rails, revealed with increasing candour the *disjecta membra* of bygone dinners, Lily felt that Rosedale was taking contemptuous note of the neighborhood; and before the doorstep at which she finally paused he looked up with an air of incredulous disgust.

"This isn't the place? Some one told me you were living with Miss Farish."

"No: I am boarding here. I have lived too long on my friends."

He continued to scan the blistered brown stone front, the windows draped with discoloured lace, and the Pompeian decoration of the muddy vestibule; then he looked back at her face and said with a visible effort: "You'll let me come and see you some day?"

She smiled, recognizing the heroism of the offer to the point of being frankly touched by it. "Thank you—I shall be very glad," she made answer, in the first sincere words she had ever spoken to him.

That evening in her own room Miss Bart—who had fled early from the heavy fumes of the basement dinner-table—sat musing upon the impulse which had led her to unbosom herself to Rosedale. Beneath it she discovered an increasing sense of loneliness—a dread of returning to the solitude of her room, while she could be anywhere else, or in any company but her own. Cir-

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cumstances, of late, had combined to cut her off more and more from her few remaining friends. On Carry Fisher's part the withdrawal was perhaps not quite involuntary. Having made her final effort on Lily's behalf, and landed her safely in Mme. Regina's work-room, Mrs. Fisher seemed disposed to rest from her labours; and Lily, understanding the reason, could not condemn her. Carry had in fact come dangerously near to being involved in the episode of Mrs. Norma Hatch, and it had taken some verbal ingenuity to extricate herself. She frankly owned to having brought Lily and Mrs. Hatch together, but then she did not know Mrs. Hatch—she had expressly warned Lily that she did not know Mrs. Hatch—and besides, she was not Lily's keeper, and really the girl was old enough to take care of herself. Carry did not put her own case so brutally, but she allowed it to be thus put for her by her latest bosom friend, Mrs. Jack Stepney: Mrs. Stepney, trembling over the narrowness of her only brother's escape, but eager to vindicate Mrs. Fisher, at whose house she could count on the "jolly parties" which had become a necessity to her since marriage had emancipated her from the Van Osburgh point of view.

Lily understood the situation and could make allowances for it. Carry had been a good friend to her in difficult days, and perhaps only a friendship like Gerty's could be proof against such an increasing strain. Gerty's friendship did indeed hold fast; yet Lily was beginning to avoid her also. For she could not go to Gerty's without risk of meeting Selden; and to meet him now would be pure pain. It was pain enough even to think of him, whether she considered him in the distinctness of her waking thoughts, or felt the obsession of his presence through the blur of her tormented nights. That was one of the reasons why she had turned again to Mrs. Hatch's prescription. In the uneasy snatches of her natural dreams he came to her sometimes in the old guise of fellowship and tenderness; and she would rise from the sweet delusion mocked and emptied of her courage. But in the sleep which the phial procured she sank far below such half-waking visitations, sank into depths of dreamless annihilation from which she woke each morning with an obliterated past.

Gradually, to be sure, the stress of the old thoughts would return; but at least they did not importune her waking hour. The drug gave her a momentary illusion of complete renewal, from which she drew strength to take up her daily work. The strength was more and more needed as the perplexities of her future increased. She knew that to Gerty and Mrs. Fisher she was only passing through a temporary period of probation, since they believed that the apprenticeship she was serving at Mme. Regina's would enable her, when Mrs. Peniston's legacy was paid, to realize the vision of the green-and-white shop with the fuller competence acquired by her preliminary training. But to Lily herself, aware that the legacy could not be put to such a use, the preliminary training seemed a wasted effort. She understood clearly enough that, even if she could ever learn to compete with hands formed from childhood for their special work, the small pay she received would not be a sufficient addition to her income to compensate her for such drudgery. And the realization of this fact brought her recurringly face to face with the temptation to use the legacy in establishing her business. Once installed, and in command of her own workwomen, she believed she had sufficient tact and ability to command a fashionable *clientèle;* and if the business succeeded she could gradually lay aside money enough to discharge her debt to Trenor. But the task might take years to accomplish, even if she continued to stint herself to the utmost; and meanwhile her pride would be crushed under the weight of an intolerable obligation.

These were her superficial considerations; but under them lurked the secret dread that the obligation might not always remain intolerable. She knew she could not count on her continuity of purpose, and what really frightened her was the thought that she might gradually accommodate herself to remaining indefinitely in Trenor's debt, as she had accommodated herself to the part allotted her on the Sabrina, and as she had so nearly drifted into acquiescing with Stancy's scheme for the advancement of Mrs. Hatch. Her danger lay, as she knew, in her old incurable dread of discomfort and poverty; in the fear of that mounting tide of dinginess against which her mother had so passionately warned her. And now a new vista of peril opened before her. She understood that Rosedale was ready to lend

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her money; and the longing to take advantage of his offer began to haunt her insidiously. It was of course impossible to accept a loan from Rosedale; but proximate possibilities hovered temptingly before her. She was quite sure that he would come and see her again, and almost sure that, if he did, she could bring him to the point of offering to marry her on the terms she had previously rejected. Would she still reject them if they were offered? More and more, with every fresh mischance befalling her, did the pursuing furies seem to take the shape of Bertha Dorset; and close at hand, safely locked among her papers, lay the means of ending their pursuit. The temptation, which her scorn of Rosedale had once enabled her to reject, now insistently returned upon her; and how much strength was left her to oppose it?

What little there was must at any rate be husbanded to the utmost; she could not trust herself again to the perils of a sleepless night. Through the long hours of silence the dark spirit of fatigue and loneliness crouched upon her breast, leaving her so drained of bodily strength that her morning thoughts swam in a haze of weakness. The only hope of renewal lay in the little bottle at her bed side; and how much longer that hope would last she dared not conjecture.

XI

LILY, lingering for a moment on the corner, looked out on the afternoon spectacle of Fifth Avenue.

It was a day in late April, and the sweetness of spring was in the air. It mitigated the ugliness of the long crowded thoroughfare, blurred the gaunt roof-lines, threw a mauve veil over the discouraging perspective of the side streets, and gave a touch of poetry to the delicate haze of green that marked the entrance to the Park.

As Lily stood there, she recognized several familiar faces in the passing carriages. The season was over, and its ruling forces had disbanded; but a few still lingered, delaying their departure for Europe, or passing through town on their return from the South. Among them was Mrs. Van Osburgh, swaying majestically in her C-spring barouche, with Mrs. Percy Gryce at her side, and the new heir to the Gryce millions enthroned before them on his nurse's knees. They were succeeded by Mrs. Hatch's electric victoria, in which that lady reclined in the lonely splendour of a spring toilet obviously designed for company; and a moment or two later came Judy Trenor, accompanied by Lady Skiddaw, who had come over for her annual tarpon fishing and a dip into "the street."

This fleeting glimpse of her past served to emphasize the sense of aimlessness with which Lily at length turned toward home. She had nothing to do for the rest of the day, nor for the days to come; for the season was over in millinery as well as in society, and a week earlier Mme. Regina had notified her that her services were no longer needed. Mme. Regina always reduced her staff on the first of May, and Miss Bart's attendance had of late been so irregular—she had so often been unwell, and had done so little work when she came—that it was only as a favour that her dismissal had hitherto been deferred.

Lily did not question the justice of the decision. She was conscious of having been forgetful, awkward and slow to learn. It was bitter to acknowledge her inferiority even to herself, but the fact had been brought home to her that as a bread-winner she could never compete with professional ability. Since she had been brought up to be ornamental, she could hardly blame herself for failing to serve any practical purpose; but the discovery put an end to her consoling sense of universal competence.

As she turned homeward her thoughts shrank in anticipation from the fact that there would be nothing to get up for the next morning. The luxury of lying late in bed was a pleasure belonging to the life of ease; it had no part in the utilitarian existence of the boarding-house. In her new existence she liked to leave her room early, and to return to it as late as possible; and she was walking slowly now in order to postpone the approach to her doorstep.

But the doorstep, as she drew near it, acquired a sudden interest from the fact that it was occupied—and indeed filled—by the conspicuous figure of Mr. Rosedale, whose presence seemed to take on an added amplitude from the meanness of his surroundings.

The sight stirred Lily with an irresistible

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sense of triumph. Rosedale, a day or two after their chance meeting, had called to enquire if she had recovered from her indisposition; but since then she had not seen or heard from him, and his absence seemed to betoken a struggle to keep away, to let her pass once more out of his life. If this were the case, his return showed that the struggle had been unsuccessful, for Lily knew he was not the man to waste his time in an ineffectual sentimental dalliance. He was too busy, too practical, and above all too much preoccupied with his own advancement, to indulge in such unprofitable asides.

In the peacock-blue parlour, with its bunches of dried pampas grass, and discoloured steel engravings of sentimental episodes, he looked about him with unconcealed disgust, laying his hat distrustfully on the dusty console adorned with a Rogers statuette.

Lily sat down on one of the plush and rosewood sofas, and he deposited himself in a rocking-chair draped with a starched antimacassar which scraped unpleasantly against the pink fold of skin above his collar.

"My goodness—you can't go on living here!" he exclaimed.

Lily smiled at his tone. "I am not sure that I can; but I have gone over my expenses very carefully, and I rather think I shall be able to manage it."

"Be able to manage it? That's not what I mean—it's no place for you!"

"It's what *I* mean; for I have been out of work for the last week."

"Out of work—out of work! What a way for you to talk! The idea of your having to work—it's preposterous." He brought out his sentences in short violent jerks, as though they were forced up from a deep inner crater of indignation. "It's a farce—a crazy farce," he repeated, his eyes fixed on the long vista of the room reflected in the blotched glass between the windows.

Lily continued to meet his expostulations with a smile. "I don't know why I should regard myself as an exception——" she began.

"Because you *are;* that's why; and your being in a place like this is a damnable outrage. I can't talk of it calmly."

She had in truth never seen him so shaken out of his usual glibness; and there was something almost moving to her in his inarticulate struggle with his emotions.

He rose with a start which left the rocking-chair quivering on its beam ends, and placed himself squarely before her.

"Look here, Miss Lily, I'm going to Europe next week: going over to Paris and London for a couple of months—and I can't leave you like this. I can't do it. I know it's none of my business—you've let me understand that often enough; but things are worse with you now than they have been before, and you must see that you've got to accept help from somebody. You spoke to me the other day about some debt to Trenor. I know what you mean—and I respect you for feeling as you do about it."

A blush of surprise rose to Lily's pale face, but before she could interrupt him he had continued eagerly: "Well, I'll lend you the money to pay Trenor; and I won't—I—see here, don't take me up till I've finished. What I mean is, it'll be a plain business arrangement, such as one man would make with another. Now, what have you got to say against that?"

Lily's blush deepened to a glow in which humiliation and gratitude were mingled; and both sentiments revealed themselves in the unexpected gentleness of her reply.

"Only this: that it is exactly what Gus Trenor proposed; and that I can never again be sure of understanding the plainest business arrangement." Then, realizing that this answer contained a germ of injustice, she added, even more kindly: "Not that I don't appreciate your kindness—that I'm not grateful for it. But a business arrangement between us would in any case be impossible, because I shall have no security to give when my debt to Gus Trenor has been paid."

Rosedale received this statement in silence: he seemed to feel the note of finality in her voice, yet to be unable to accept it as closing the question between them.

In the silence Lily had a clear perception of what was passing through his mind. Whatever perplexity he felt as to the inexorableness of her course—however little he penetrated its motive—she saw that it unmistakeably tended to strengthen her hold over him. It was as though the sense in her of unexplained scruples and resistances had the same attraction as the delicacy of feature, the fastidiousness of manner, which gave her an external rarity, an air of

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being impossible to match. As he advanced in social experience this uniqueness had acquired a greater value for him, as though he were a collector who had learned to distinguish minor differences of design and quality in some long-coveted object.

Lily, perceiving all this, understood that he would marry her at once, on the sole condition of a reconciliation with Mrs. Dorset; and the temptation was the less easy to put aside because, little by little, circumstances were breaking down her dislike for Rosedale. The dislike, indeed, still subsisted; but it was penetrated here and there by the perception of mitigating qualities in him: of a certain gross kindliness, a rather helpless fidelity of sentiment, which seemed to be struggling through the hard surface of his material ambitions.

Reading his dismissal in her eyes, he held out his hand with a gesture which conveyed something of this inarticulate conflict.

"If you'd only let me, I'd set you up over them all—I'd put you where you could wipe your feet on 'em!" he declared; and it touched her oddly to see that his new passion had not altered his old standard of values.

Lily took no sleeping drops that night. She lay awake viewing her situation in the crude light which Rosedale's visit had shed on it. In fending off the offer he was so plainly ready to renew, had she not sacrificed to one of those abstract notions of honour that might be called the conventionalities of the moral life? What debt did she owe to a social order which had condemned and banished her without trial? She had never been heard in her own defense; she was innocent of the charge on which she had been found guilty; and the irregularity of her conviction might seem to justify the use of methods as irregular in recovering her lost rights. Bertha Dorset, to save herself, had not scrupled to ruin her by an open falsehood; why should she hesitate to make private use of the facts that chance had put in her way? After all, half the opprobrium of such an act lies in the name attached to it. Call it blackmail and it becomes unthinkable; but explain that it injures no one, and that the rights regained by it were unjustly forfeited, and he must be a formalist indeed who can find no plea in its defense.

The arguments pleading for it with Lily were the old unanswerable ones of the personal situation: the sense of injury, the sense of failure, the passionate craving for a fair chance against the selfish despotism of society. She had learned by experience that she had neither the aptitude nor the moral constancy to remake her life on new lines; to become a worker among workers, and let the world of luxury and pleasure sweep by her unregarded. She could not hold herself much to blame for this ineffectiveness, and she was perhaps less to blame than she believed. Inherited tendencies had combined with early training to make her the highly specialized product she was: an organism as helpless out of its narrow range as the sea-anemone torn from the rock. She had been fashioned to adorn and delight; to what other end does nature round the rose-leaf and paint the humming-bird's breast? And was it her fault that the purely decorative mission is less easily and harmoniously fulfilled among social beings than in the world of nature? That it is apt to be hampered by material necessities or complicated by moral scruples?

These last were the two antagonistic forces which fought out their battle in her breast during the long watches of the night; and when she rose the next morning she hardly knew where the victory lay. She was exhausted by the reaction of a night without sleep, coming after many nights of rest artificially obtained; and in the distorting light of fatigue the future stretched out before her grey, interminable and desolate.

She lay late in bed, refusing the coffee and fried eggs which the friendly Irish servant thrust through her door, and hating the intimate domestic noises of the house and the cries and rumblings of the street. Her week of idleness had brought home to her with exaggerated force these small aggravations of the boarding-house world, and she yearned for that other luxurious world, whose machinery is so carefully concealed that one scene flows into another without perceptible agency.

At length she rose and dressed. Since she had left Mme. Regina's she had spent her days in the streets, partly to escape from the uncongenial promiscuities of the boarding-house, and partly in the hope that physical fatigue would help her to sleep. But once out of the house, she could not decide where

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to go; for she had avoided Gerty since her dismissal from the milliner's, and she was not sure of a welcome anywhere else.

The morning was in harsh contrast to the previous day. A cold grey sky threatened rain, and a high wind drove the dust in wild spirals up and down the streets. Lily walked up Fifth Avenue toward the Park, hoping to find a sheltered nook where she might sit; but the wind chilled her, and after an hour's wandering under the tossing boughs she yielded to her increasing weariness, and took refuge in a little restaurant in Fifty-ninth Street. She was not hungry, and had meant to go without luncheon; but she was too tired to return home, and the long perspective of white tables showed alluringly through the low windows.

The room was full of women and girls, all too much engaged in the rapid absorption of tea and pie to remark her entrance. A hum of shrill voices reverberated against the low ceiling, leaving Lily shut out in a little circle of silence. She felt a sudden pang of profound loneliness. She had lost the sense of time, and it seemed to her as though she had not spoken to any one for days. Her eyes sought the faces about her, craving a responsive glance, some sign of an intuition of her trouble. But the sallow preoccupied women, with their bags and note-books and rolls of music, were all engrossed in their own affairs, and even those who sat by themselves were busy running over proof-sheets or devouring magazines between their hurried gulps of tea. Lily alone was stranded in a great waste of disoccupation.

She drank several cups of the tea which was served with her portion of stewed oysters, and her brain felt clearer and livelier when she emerged once more into the street. She realized now that, as she sat in the restaurant, she had unconsciously arrived at a final decision. The discovery gave her an immediate illusion of activity: it was exhilarating to think that she had actually a reason for hurrying home. To prolong her enjoyment of the sensation she decided to walk; but the distance was so great that she found herself glancing nervously at the clocks on the way. One of the surprises of her unoccupied state was the discovery that time, when it is left to itself and no definite demands are made on it, cannot be trusted to move at any recognized pace. Usually it loiters; but just when one has come to count upon its slowness, it may suddenly break into a wild irrational gallop.

She found, however, on reaching home, that the hour was still early enough for her to sit down and rest a few minutes before putting her plan into execution. This enforced delay did not perceptibly weaken her resolve. She was frightened and yet stimulated by the reserved force of resolution which she felt within herself: she saw it was going to be easier, a great deal easier, than she had imagined.

At five o'clock she rose, unlocked her trunk, and took out a sealed packet which she slipped into the bosom of her dress. Even the contact with the packet did not shake her nerves as she had half-expected it would. She seemed encased in a strong armour of indifference, as though the vigorous exertion of her will had finally benumbed her finer sensibilities.

She dressed herself once more for the street, locked her door and went out. When she emerged on the pavement, the day was still high, but a threat of rain darkened the sky and cold gusts shook the signs projecting from the basement shops along the street. She reached Fifth Avenue and began to walk slowly northward. She was sufficiently familiar with Mrs. Dorset's habits to know that she could always be found at home after five. She might not, indeed, be accessible to visitors, especially to a visitor so unwelcome, and against whom it was quite possible that she had guarded herself by explicit orders; but Lily had written a note which she meant to send up with her name, and which she thought would secure her admission.

She had allowed herself time to walk to Mrs. Dorset's, thinking that the quick movement through the cold evening air would help to steady her nerves; but she really felt no need of being tranquillized. Her survey of the situation remained calm and unwavering.

As she reached Fiftieth Street the clouds broke abruptly, and a rush of cold rain slanted into her face. She had no umbrella and the moisture quickly penetrated her thin spring dress. She was still half a mile from her destination, and she decided to walk across to Madison Avenue and take the electric car. As she turned into the side

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Drawn by A. B. Wenzell.

"Look at those spangles, Miss Bart—every one of 'em sewed on crooked."—Page 449.

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street, a vague memory stirred in her. The row of budding trees, the new brick and limestone house-fronts, the Georgian flat-house with flower-boxes on its balconies, were merged together into the setting of a familiar scene. It was down this street that she had walked with Selden, that September day two years ago; a few yards ahead was the doorway they had entered together. The recollection loosened a throng of benumbed sensations—longings, regrets, imaginings, the throbbing brood of the only spring her heart had ever known. It was strange to find herself passing his house on such an errand. She seemed suddenly to see her action as he would see it—and the fact of his own connection with it, the fact that, to attain her end, she must trade on his name, and profit by a secret of his past, chilled her blood with shame. What a long way she had travelled since the day of their first talk together! Even then her feet had been set in the path she was now following—even then she had resisted the hand he had held out.

All her resentment of his fancied coldness was swept away in this overwhelming rush of recollection. Twice he had been ready to help her—to help her by loving her, as he had said—and if, the third time, he had seemed to fail her, whom but herself could she accuse? . . . Well, that part of her life was over; she did not know why her thoughts still clung to it. But the sudden longing to see him remained; it grew to hunger as she paused on the pavement opposite his door. The street was dark and empty, swept by the rain. She had a vision of his quiet room, of the bookshelves, and the fire on the hearth. She looked up and saw a light in his window; then she crossed the street and entered the house.

(To be concluded.)

THE SALVING OF THE BARQUE "FULLER"

By James B. Connolly

ILLUSTRATION BY W. J. AYLWARD

I

TO Captain Dixey, of the iron sea-going tug *Ice King*, lying tied up to her dock in Boston Harbor, came one winter's morning a man in a fur coat and much bediamonded. "My name," said the visitor, "is Wiley."

"And wily is your nature," thought Dixey, who, according to report, was not too unsophisticated himself.

"And I want to know what it will cost me for the services of your tug for one, two, three, or four days—a week, if necessary."

"That will depend on the service."

"Well, suppose I can't say just what the service will be?"

"Then I can't tell you just what the price will be."

"Haven't you a fixed price by the day?"

"For a fixed service, yes. A man comes to me and says, 'What do you want to run down to Newport News to tow a barge, or say two barges, of coal—fifteen or eighteen hundred tons in a barge—to Boston?' I tell him. I'll tell you if it's anything of that kind."

"'Tisn't quite that."

"Well, a man comes to me and says, 'Say, I have a vessel under the lee of Cape Cod'—say it's blowin' a no'wester like now—a vessel say to anchor at Provincetown or Chatham——"

"Yes, yes, at Chatham——"

"—And you ask me what I'll go and get her for and tow her to Boston? I'll soon tell you if you'll tell me what her tonnage is."

"Say a two-thousand-ton barque and loaded with mahogany."

"That's a pretty big vessel and a pretty valuable cargo, and the wind's liable to stay no'west for a while—blowin' hard as it promises to, and a hard drag around Cape Cod and across the bay in a no'wester——"

"I know, I know, but how much?"

"Me to leave right away?"

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"Well, maybe not at once—say in a few hours But I'm ready to engage you at once"

"Well——"

"But wait—it isn't exactly a tow from anchorage"

"No?"

"No. You see it's this way I'm interested in this barque, and there's a desperate sort of captain aboard and she's leaking, and I'm afraid that despite all instructions he'll try and beat her around the cape. And he mayn't make it And if he tries it and anything goes wrong—if he has to get help—say her sails blow off and she leaking—I'd like to be right there and pick her up."

"Why, that's salvage, and a towboat could claim salvage—if she really needed help."

"The towboat could claim? You mean the owners of the towboat could claim the salvage?"

"Why, of course, the owners."

"Well, if I charter her I'd be the same as the owner, wouldn't I?"

"M-m—I don't know but what you would."

"Well, there it is."

"H-m—where'd you say she was layin' —Chatham?"

"I didn't say."

"No? I thought you did."

"You think too fast. How much for your boat from now till the job's over?"

"Well, two thousand tons—her hull'd be worth a lot in itself. And mahogany—a two-thousand-ton ship ought to be carryin' about a couple of million feet of lumber. And mahogany worth—how much a thousand is mahogany worth, anyway?"

"I don't know."

"No? Well, it's worth a whole lot, that's sure. Here's the *Morning Commercial News* 'll tell. M-m—here's pine, rough—spruce planed—m-m—oak—m-m—mahogany—whew! Say, mahogany's away up, isn't it? Let me see now. I'll do that job——"

"Charter me your tug——"

"Yes, charter you the tug for five thousand dollars for the whole job, and two hundred dollars a day—the two hundred a day in case there's nothing doin', in case that skipper shouldn't go clear crazy, you see, and put out and she leakin'"

Wiley put on his hat "You don't want much, do you? Five thousand dollars! I'll give you a thousand for the whole job or two hundred for every day you're under charter if we don't get her."

"No, no—a cargo of mahogany Five thousand or nothing"

"Don't be unreasonable You know I can get plenty for a thousand——"

"Not too many sea-going tugs right now. There's always good pickin' for a big tug in the bay this time of year. And there's a risk in your job."

"A little. But I can get a tug just as good as yours for a thousand."

"Can you? Then why don't you?"

"Well, I will. Good-day."

Captain Dixey gazed after Wiley going up the dock. "And so he can—for a thousand—if he don't tell them too much. But that would be a rich haul, and I don't see why I can't do a little salvage business on my own account. Why not? She's anybody's prize that can get her. Two thousand tons and a barque—in the lee of the cape somewhere and loaded with mahogany—he said something about Chatham. It oughtn't be too hard to find out."

Within ten minutes Captain Dixey was sending off telegrams like an Associated Pressman. He got the answer he wanted, and some hours later, when the man in the fur coat was putting out in another iron sea-going tug, the *Durlich*, Dixey, in the *Ice King*, was not half a mile behind him going across the Bay.

II

At about the same hour that the *Durlich* and the *Ice King* had breasted Cape Cod Light, the American fisherman, the *Buccaneer*, Crump Taylor master, lay hove-to on the Western Banks. On her deck were the two men on watch, alternately looking out for the big seas and hailing one to the other when a particularly high one threatened to break over her rail.

Young Arthur Gillis, standing forward, suddenly called out to Sam Leary, his watchmate, who was aft, "Here's one coming aboard, Sam, I think."

Sam turned, brushed the spray from his eyes with a wet woollen mitt, and had a look. He did not have to look twice "*Think* she's coming! *Think!*" and leaped for the

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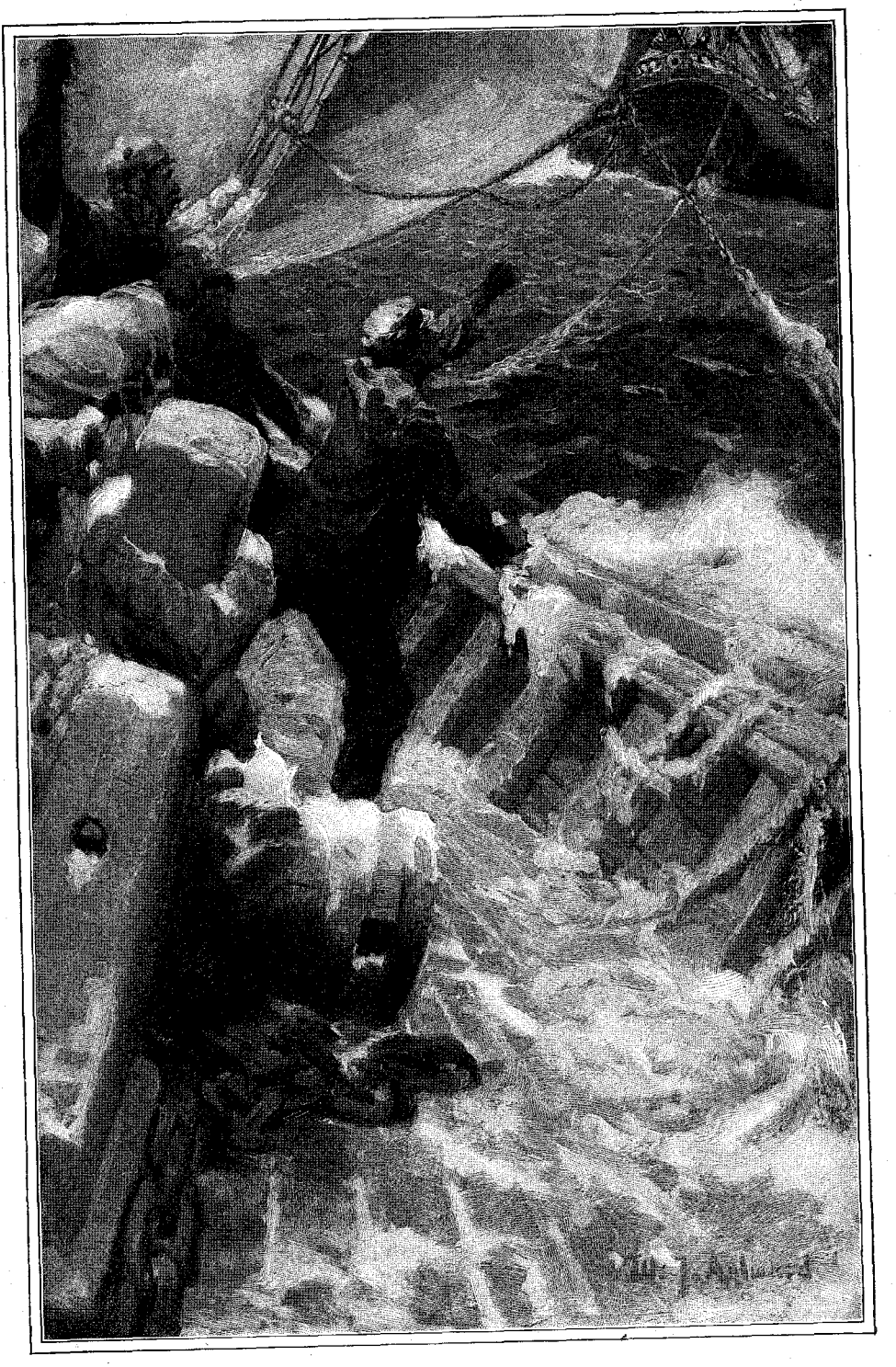

Drawn by W. J. Aylward.

"You just try it—just let me see you try it, Sam Leary."—Page 472.

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lee of the mainmast, where he hooked his fingers to a couple of belaying-pins in the fife-rail. Another squint then from around the mast. "*Think!*" and with a toe to the fife-rail and both hands to the halyards of the furled-up mainsail, he began to climb. "And climb you, too!" Another glance between the mast and bolt-rope of the sail. "*Think*, do you? Climb's all I got to say. Climb, you alabaster idjit, and don't stop till you're to the masthead. She's a Himalaya mountain."

Sam was by then strategically astraddle the main gaff, from where in comfort he could observe Gillis, who was to the lantern-board in the fore rigging and still climbing. The sea struck her and over rolled the little *Buccaneer*, over, over, till her masts were all but flat out on the water. Her waist must have been buried under ten feet of water, but Sam from his perch could manage to keep his head clear of the sea.

He saw that his watchmate was safe. "Hi, there! are the companionway hatches down?"

"I think so."

"You think so! Some day you'll think you're alive and you 'll wake up dead. Is she lifting any for'ard? Can you tell from where you are? Will she come up?"

"I think——"

"Blast you and your thinkin'. Do you ever do anything but think? Don't you ever *know* anything?"

"She *is* lifting."

"All right, then. How'd you like to be below now, wonderin' what's happened her?"

"Not me. 'Tain't so bad up here, is it?"

"'Twon't be—if she comes up."

"Was this one ever hove down before, Sam?"

"Twice."

"Worse than this were you ever?"

"Once 'twas worse. This same man in her—he's a dog, is Crump—nothing jars him. Both mastheads under that time."

"And come up, did she?"

"And come up, did she?" snorted Sam. "Ain't she here and ain't I here? Watch out—she's righting now."

Up she came—a noble little vessel—slowly at first, but more rapidly as she began to free herself of the weight of water on her deck. Her final snap nearly threw Gillis from the rigging. A wild lunge and he managed to retain his grip in time to save his life.

Sam had to hide his emotion at his mate's close call. "Didn't I tell you to hang on? Think you was in a swing at a picnic? H-m—there's the skipper bangin'—the hatch is jammed."

Indications of action were proceeding from the cabin. Calm taps followed by quick strokes, and they seeming inadequate to proper results, one final impatient smash with the axe. Out came the dripping head and shoulders of Crump Taylor.

He surveyed the clean-swept deck. Disgust overcame him. "If that ain't a clean job—what? I was hoping there'd be something left, but Lord—not so much as would make a boy's size match to light a cigarette with. Gurry-kids, booby-hatches—not even a stray floating thole-pin left of the dories." After which he had time for the watch. "So there you are, eh? And which of you two guardian angels was it left that hatch open? Which? Nobody? It opened itself, I s'pose. It'll get so a man won't dare to turn in for a nap 'thout he has a rubber suit on. If we get that cabin dry in a month we'll be doin' well. And as fine a fire in the stove——"

"Wet the bunks, skipper?" queried Gillis.

"Wet the bunks, you blithering idjit? Wet, is it?" He regarded Gillis more curiously, then gave him up; and stepping on deck, followed by the rest of the cabin gang, mingled in the waist with the crowd from the forec's'le.

All hands gazed disconsolately about the deck, but wise men all, allowed the skipper to do the talking. "If this ain't been the twistedest, unluckiest trip! Five weeks from home and what've we got to show? Lost half our gear and 'most lost four men and two dories. And now we've lost the dories altogether—and every blessed thing that ain't bolted to her deck. Blessed if I don't think when I get home I'll go coastering! Yes, sir, coastering. Cripes, but look—even the rails gone from her! Look, will you, no more than the stanchions left to her."

"A clean deck, skipper, makes good sailin'," put in Sam from the gaff.

"Does it, you—you—I b'lieve 'twas you, Sam Leary, left that slide open. A clean deck makes good sailing, does it? Well, try her on sailing, then. Come off that gaff, you menagerie monkey, and give the gang a

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chance to loose that mains'l. That's what. Slap it to her and put for home. And *drive* her. If we can't do nothing else we c'n make a good passage of it."

And with everything on, away went the deck-swept *Buccaneer* to the west'ard.

III

THE master of the barque *Henry Fuller*, mahogany laden and Boston bound, and now to anchor in Chatham Harbor on the Cape Cod shore, stood conning a telegram.

"In two hours or so now he ought to be outside and waiting for us. 'Slip your chains and let her go.' All right. Only instead of slipping I'll see that they part—in the most natural way in the world—and out we'll go proper."

And out she went, threatening all sorts of destruction, but curiously missing whatever lay in her road. Thus far all had gone well. But the best laid plans——

Instead of a moderate gale, the master of the *Fuller* found a blizzard to combat—a northwester, which in winter is always cold. This one was so cold that in the first sweep of it they almost froze up—in fact, came so near to freezing that by midnight all hands were spending more time below than on deck in the effort to keep warm.

"Why in the devil's name didn't he warn me of this—up there in Boston where they have all kinds of weather-bureau information. Why in the devil's name didn't he?" complained the master of the *Henry Fuller*.

The *Fuller*, to lend a good color by and by to the story of the wreckage and rescue, had to have a leak. The leak had been provided for at the same time that the cables were chiselled. So that was all right. But the leak meanwhile had begun to grow. Whereas the *Fuller's* captain had counted on two men to work pumps, or four seeming to be working desperately as the rescuers approached, there were now four men who really had to toil without cessation to keep the ship dry.

It grew colder. The coldest wind of all that ruffle the North Atlantic is a northwester, and this was an exceptionally cold northwester. The barque began to ice up fast, and so many extra men were needed to chop the ice off her that there were not enough left to take sail off when out from the lee of the land they began to feel the real force of the wind. And so unloosed sails were blown off before they could be set. Then they hove her to. But a square-rigger doesn't stay hove-to like a fore-and-after, and the *Fuller* went sliding off to leeward; and sliding too far to leeward off the Cape Cod coast in a northwester means to drift to Georges Shoals, where in places is no more than twelve feet of water. The barque *Henry Fuller* drew twenty-one.

The master of the *Fuller*, far from being as crazy as Wiley, to suit his purposes, had described him to Dixey, was in reality a long-headed chap and a good seaman, and here he began to think and act. Calling such of the crew as were chopping ice off her deck and rail, he put them to work setting such extra sail as he had below.

A tedious and difficult job that, and a dangerous, with big seas threatening to overpower the logey craft. But it had to be done; and it was done after a long and wracking night.

Sail on her again, the skipper tried to beat her around the cape. But as a square-rigger won't lay hove-to as snugly as a fore-and-after, neither will she hold up to the wind like a fore-and-after. A fore-and-after always for coasting work; a square-rigger for trade winds and the wide ocean wherein to navigate.

The *Fuller* would not do it; nor could her master work her under the lee of the land. What with the water in her hold, the ice on her hull and her insufficiency of sail, she only rolled and drifted in the trough of the sea. And having left both anchors in the harbor of Chatham, he could get no grip of bottom to hold her. However, he could do the next best thing—he could lay her to a drag. So getting several of the mahogany logs out of her hold, the crew lashed them together, and, working under protest, mutinous almost in their free discussion of things, they hoisted the drag up and dropped it over the rail after great exertion.

It was again night, and still no signs of a rescuing tug. Another private glance at the telegram revealed nothing new. "We're altogether too near the shoals for Wiley," muttered the captain of the *Fuller*, "and even if we weren't, I guess he's having all he wants to look after himself in this gale. I wonder is she drifting fast? The lead there, fellows—give her the lead and see what's under us."

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One man had life enough to take a sounding. "Forty-five fathom," he called.

"Forty-five! God, but we're going into it! Cut that drag adrift and let's get out of here. Get together, men, and make sail of some kind till we're by this place."

"What place is it just, captain?"

"It's Georges North Shoal to looard of us."

They asked no more, but worked with desperation. Frost-bitten, wet, hungry, they made sail of it in some fashion. Anywhere for them now but Georges North Shoal and sure death.

"And once by here, let her go where she will—I'm done with her," announced the tired captain of the *Henry Fuller*.

IV

A SCHEMER of fame was Dixey of the *Ice King*. He stayed by the *Durlich* till the gale drove her to harbor, and then to harbor he ran with her. He proposed to stay by her, too, till further orders. A proposition to tow a used-up tramp steamer to Portland he waved off impatiently. He was playing for bigger game.

However, when after forty-eight hours in Provincetown Harbor the *Durlich* showed no signs of moving out, Dixey began to squirm. He instituted inquiries. Between the firemen of the two towboats existed an amity of feeling that might be turned to profit. So to the hold of the *Durlich* a begrimed party with a quart of the right stuff in his overcoat pocket found his way; and returned after an unconscionably long visit, somewhat befuddled, but able to report that the gentleman in the fur coat didn't calculate to expose his precious life in such weather again off Cape Cod.

Dixey considered the situation again in this new light. A long contemplation from all angles and he went ashore to telephone. He came back again and drew out his charts. "H-m! She's left Chatham and she's not been reported yet in Boston. She must be out here somewhere. But where just?" A further thoughtful whirl of a pair of dividers on the chart. "He may've beat up by the cape, but I don't think so. It's a good chance he went into the North Shoal, and if he did of course he's lost. But in case he did get by—in case he did——" Dixey whistled down the tube to his engineer. "Warm her up and we'll get out of here."

And so it came to pass that Dixey in time sighted the leaking barque, to every appearance a sinking barque, with a crew of imploring, frost-bitten men to her iced-up rail.

The master of the barque told a story of extreme hardship, of just escaping being lost on the shoals of Georges.

"The North Shoal?"

"Aye, the North Shoal. We all but bumped, we were that handy to it. A dozen times we thought we were lost. I don't understand it myself, but we worked by and here we are—our hold full of water, everything soaked in the cabin and forec's'le, where the seas wet everything down. Nothing to eat, no fire fore or aft, and we're 'most froze up. Put a boat out and take us off for God's sake!"

"Goin' to abandon her?" Dixey's voice almost betrayed his anxiety.

"Abandon her? Yes, and get as far away from her as anybody will take us. Why, man, we're froze up and she's sinking!"

"Don't you think you could keep some of your men aboard pumping her out and take a line from me so I can tow you in? This steamer of mine could walk you home at a six-knot clip, deep as you are. It'd mean a lot of money to me. What d'y' say?"

"No, sir. I wouldn't stay aboard her another hour, let alone the men, for millions. You haven't any notion of how things are aboard of her. Everything wet down below, grub and bedding both, and solid ice, man, from rail to rail—likely to go down under our feet any minute. And here's some of these men half wild with suffering. Take us off and do what you please with her afterward—for all I care she's yours—she's anybody's that'll take us off."

"Blest if I don't try and get a line to her just the same." Dixey waved to his mate to unlash the boat.

The deck-hands of the *Ice King* seldom had occasion to launch a boat, and now they made a mess of it. When they should have fended the boat off they allowed the sea to bear it in. Against the side of the towboat it came crashing.

Dixey swore blue oaths from the pilothouse. "What in the name of Beelzebub you tryin' to do? Stove in, is she?"

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"Yes, sir," answered the mate.

"Bad?"

"So bad that I wouldn't want to ask any men to go in her—and the men don't want to go, either."

"That so? A fine lot of able seamen! Well, they'll have to take a line——" He hailed the bark. "We can't help you unless you'll take a line and let us tow you."

"What's the matter with your other boat?"

"They'd smash that, too, and——"

"Ho, captain——" it was the voice of one of the barque's crew—"here's a sail bearing down."

V

THE sea-swept *Buccaneer*, bucking the north-wester, was putting in great licks on the southerly tack. Suddenly the forward watch, trying to keep warm in the lee of a bit of canvas tacked to the weather fore-rigging, spied an abandoned vessel.

"Wreck O!" his voice rang above the gale. Crump Taylor and half the crew came piling up to the tumbling deck.

"Where away? Sure enough. Let's see again. That's what—a wreck."

The fast-sailing *Buccaneer* was soon abreast of her. "Jibe her over and sail around her—let's have a closer look," said Crump, and the man to the wheel did as bid.

"She's pretty low, and all iced up. She looks bad, but you never can tell. What the devil's that big tug doin' and not helpin' her? But no matter what he's doin'—drop alongside there—not too close. One roll of her atop of us and our names'd be in the papers with the fine notices they give a man when he's dead. 'An honor to their profession,' 'Too bad they died,' and so on—all fine enough, but not healthy. Hi, aboard the barque—what's wrong?"

Again was the story told—of the harrowing drift past the edge of the shoals and their present plight. "Take us off," it was then—"for God's sake take us off!"

"We got no boat," said Crump to that. "But wait, there's that tug," and motioning to the wheel, "Jog over to the tug."

"Those men want to be taken off," hailed Crump when he was close to the towboat.

"Well?" said Dixey.

"And you got two boats?"

"Yes, and one already smashed trying to put it over."

"Well, there's the other."

"And smash that, too?"

"Well, I'll be damned—and a frost-bitten crew alongside—and their vessel sinkin' under their feet. How about the busted one towin' astern?"

"It's full of water."

"Well, cast her adrift, and we'll stand by and pick her up and patch her up and take the barque's crew off with her."

"Lord, you're the devil and all, ain't you?"

"Now, *what* d'y' think o' that?" was all the disgusted Crump could splutter by way of condemnation. He turned to his crew. "All there's to it is we'll have to get 'em off ourselves."

"But how'll we get 'em off, skipper, without a boat?"

"I know," Sam Leary bobbed up. "Let 'em run a line from their masthead to a block in our riggin', and again a block on deck with a couple of men standin' by to haul and slack, and let them come down the incline like's if 'twas a breeches buoy."

"Sam," said Crump admiringly "but you're sure a wizard."

Crump hailed to the barque and explained. The barque's crew did their share. One after the other they came whizzing down to the deck of the fisherman. Her captain, the last to leave, set fire to the few dry places below before he went. An excruciating half-hour it was, but at last the crew of the barque were on the deck of the schooner. "And now go below," commanded Crump, "and turn into the dry blankets. In five minutes the cook'll have you full of hot coffee."

Seeing the strangers on the way to comparative comfort, he returned to active business. Crump was ever a man of action.

"Who's in for salvage?"

"Me!" said eighteen members.

"And who'll be the prize crew?"

"Me!" said nineteen, this count including the cook, just then running aft with more hot coffee. The nineteen, and doubtless Crump also, had visions of an adventure that might yet net them a good trip.

"And now to get aboard. How'll we get a man aboard her for a starter? How about that, Sam? We can't go up the way they came down, can we? Get your head to working."

"Why, swing aboard by our dory tackles.

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When we roll down and our mastheads are 'most over her deck a man can let go and drop off."

"And suppose a man misses?" Crump put the question like a lecturer in front of a class.

"He mustn't miss—unless he's an A1 swimmer. If he——"

"O skipper, they're making ready to put over a boat from the tug!"

"The devil—tryin' to steal our prize! Get a move on, fellows. If they're halfway smart they'll beat us out, and you know marine law—whoever puts the first man aboard c'n claim salvage rights. We got to beat 'em, Sam, and that dory-taykle scheme's not quick enough—how'll we do it now?"

"If you're good and careful I'll try the main-boom jump. But you got to be careful—in this sea, skipper."

"All right. Sail around her again," called Crump to the wheelsman. "Now, fellows, when she's comin' afore it let her main sheet run to the knot, and put the boom taykle to her and be sure to choke it up hard and tight. This no place for accidents."

Which they did, and as the *Buccaneer* came flying down toward the stern of the barque, Sam Leary ran out on the boom, which was then at right angles to her rail, leaning against the sail as he ran. At the end of the boom he gathered himself for the leap. "Steady, skipper—you know what it means if I miss."

"Trust me, Sammie." Crump held the wheel, and in the touch of his hand was the full genius of steering. "Trust me, Sammie," he repeated, while Sam again gathered himself, and from under the stern of the barque, the *Buccaneer* lifting to a sea, he made the jump. It was a lesson in helpfulness to see, at the psychological moment, the entire crew's arms unconsciously raised to waft him on.

Sam's feet hit the icy rail and away he went, skating half the length of her quarter and coming down—bam! on the seat of his oil-skins.

"Hurt you, Sammie?" came sympathetic voices from the deck of the *Buccaneer*.

"Never jarred me," affirmed Sam, and waved his hand at the discomfited master of the tugboat.

"Yes," commented Crump, looking over to the tug, "that does for *his* salvage. And now I'll put her alongside, Sammie, and we'll try your dory-taykle scheme."

When Crump had his tackles rigged he called out. "I'll hoist the men up and let 'em drop aboard. Only you run an end of a halyard from the barque, Sammie, to haul 'em well inboard."

"And tell 'em what I said about not missing, skipper."

"I'll give 'em written instructions," said Crump to that.

"Just like putting fish out on the dock, ain't it?" hallooed the first man, while he was still in the air. Down he came—plump! and his teeth rattled when he hit the upheaving deck.

"Hurry up, a few more of you, and help to put out the fire here—this no place for jokes."

When he had seven men Sam waved an arm to Crump. "No more, no more, skipper."

"But me, skipper, me!" appealed every individual one of those left behind.

"No."

Despite that "Just me!" a half dozen men with uplifted arms implored the skipper. "Just me, skipper, just me!" Most persistent of all was young Gillis. "Just me and make a good prize crew. That'll be eight men and myself—nine men all told. Luck in odd numbers. Besides, I'm Sam's watch-mate, and Sam said he never had a watch-mate like me."

"H-m—I callate that's right. Just you, then, but hurry."

Gillis hurried, so much so that instead of dropping aboard the barque he fell into the sea between the barque and the schooner.

He came spluttering to the top. "Heave me a line, somebody!" A dozen lines were hove at him and two draw buckets, one, hitting him on the head, all but drove him under again.

"Lord, don't kill me!"

"There's a fine waste of draw buckets," commented one of the prize crew ere they had him safe on the barque.

"Oh, but that fire feels good!" chattered Gillis, and took station by the main hatch, where he might heave buckets of water on the fire without removing too far from the heat of it.

It took them the better part of two hours to master the fire. "To the pumps," said Sam then, and, double-manned by fresh,

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vigorous men, the pumps soon began to lessen the deluge in the hold.

"And now make sail, Sam," called Crump from the *Buccaneer*.

"Aye. Who's ever been square-rigging?" asked Sam of his prize crew then. Two men answered to that.

"You'll be captain of one watch, and you of the other. That's for knowing about a square-rigger. And now let's make sail."

They could not make sail very well, however, because there was not sail enough to make—that is, to set sail as it should be set on a square-rigger. But there was enough for half-sails, and they made half-sails for her accordingly.

"Now she's a fore-and-after, isn't she?" commented Sam. "All right now—we can do something with her now—ha, what?"

"Yes, and we won't need any captains of watches in her, will we, Sam?" queried Gillis, thereby betraying a slight jealousy of the superior ranks.

"That's so, we won't, will we? You two square-riggers, you Charlie and you Dinnie, you'll be just ordinary hands again."

"Well, well, ordinary hands ain't bad—there'll be good prize money out of this, Sam."

"If we keep her afloat there'll be."

"Oh, we'll keep her afloat, Sam."

"It's good you think so. But to the wheel now. Who's first watch?"

"O Sam"—Gillis was peering into the binnacle—"her compass is busted."

Sam ran aft to see for himself. "So it is. Man, but they've had crazy doin's aboard this one."

"Aye, and her rudder's been pounded off," came from another.

"No compass and no rudder, ha? Wouldn't that jolt you, though? Well——" Sam looked around. "O skipper," he hailed to his vessel, "you'll have to come under our stern and make the *Buccaneer* act as a rudder for this one."

"It's easy done," said Crump, and passed up the lines to hold the *Buccaneer* in proper fashion to the barque.

With everything fast and taut and the barque beginning to show signs of life, the *Ice King* ranged alongside the *Buccaneer*.

Dixey's head was poked out the pilot-house. "I say, captain," he called, "you'll never be able to beat home with her. What d'y' say if you take our line and we tow you both to Boston—or Gloucester? It's out of the question you gettin' her home under sail. You keep your gang aboard to keep her pumped out and I'll tow her and we'll split the salvage. What d'y' say? You'll never see home and you hang on to her."

"And you the man wouldn't lend us your old boat?" called back Crump.

"That's all right, captain. Business is business. Better take my line. You'll never see home and you hang on to her that way."

Sam had to put in a word here. "Don't you take any old line from him, skipper. Fine days when steamboat men c'n tell us our business!"

"No fear of me, Sam. Sheer off, you," and Crump waved the tug contemptuously away.

With a final word from the pilot-house, "Well, don't blame me if you lose your prize and your men both," the big sea tug moved toward the north-west, where soon she was lost in the haze.

VI

With the bark under weigh Sam Leary organized his crew. Four men to the pumps and four men to chop ice and himself everywhere—alow and aloft, pumping water, chopping ice, and back to the stern to advise with Crump Taylor as to the course.

"How's she doin'?" Sam would call.

"Fine—fine. Go on—all right. I think she's liftin' a mite."

"Think so?" and Sam, much cheered, would dash around deck again.

The ice was a toilsome proposition. It made about as fast as they could clear it. "I see them harvesting ice on the Kennebec one winter," said young Gillis, by way of drawing an extra breath—"horses and ice-cutters—and that's what we ought to have here."

"I suppose so," retorted Sam, "and wagons to carry it off and ice-boats sailin' around with cushions and young ladies in furs in 'em, and a little automobile engine to work the pumps, so all you'd have to do would be stand watch once in a while and go below and mug up whenever you felt like it——"

"There," exclaimed Gillis, "I knew there was something I forgot! What we goin' to do about eating? There's no grub aboard this one."

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"None at all? How d'you know?"

"Oh, I been below."

"Trust you. At eating or watching out for seas you're a certificated master. 'Here's one I *think* is comin' aboard,' he says the other day, and she high as Mount Shasta 'most and comin' like a railroad train. And so no grub, eh? Well, the skipper'll have to manage some way to heave some aboard. But quit your conversational chatting now and keep pumpin'—and you others go to choppin'. Slack up and the first thing you know this one'll go down—plumb! like a rock—and then where'll we be?"

"And our salvage, Sam—where'd that be, too, ha?"

"That's so, our salvage. And 'tisn't only salvage, but we want to show that tug-boat crowd, and those barque people that cast her off, that we c'n get her home. But how's the pumps? Three thousand strokes yet? Isn't that the divil, though? And ice enough aboard yet to make a winter's crop for one of them Boston companies with the fleet of yellow wagons, yes. But keep to it, fellows, and by-'n'-by we'll see about grub."

Later Sam paid out a long line, which Crump took aboard the *Buccaneer* and attached to a great hunk of beef wrapped in four thicknesses of oil-skins and a can of hot coffee, tightly stoppered. The beef reached the bark somewhat cooled but in bulk entire. As to the can, the stopper was buffeted out of that and only salt water was there when Sam hauled it in.

"Now what d'y' think of that, skipper?"

"That's the devil, ain't it? But better luck next time."

"Lord, I hope so."

All that night the prize crew labored. The sails needed but small attention. Hauling in or paying out occasionally sufficed for them, she being on the one tack all night, but the hull of the barque setting so low made the trouble. The seas broke almost continuously over her, and added to that were the icy decks, with footing so uncertain that at any moment a man was likely to be picked up and hurled into the roaring black void. When two or three men had been hove into the lee scuppers and from there miraculously rescued, Sam saw to it that thereafter every man worked with a life-line about him.

Sam himself was fettered by no lashings. His work called for too extensive an activity. He had to be not only aft but forward, and aloft as well as below. They could hear him moving in the blackness, grabbing sheets or halyards, fife-rail or rigging, as he stumbled from one place to another. Regularly did he disperse words of cheer. "We'll get home yet, fellows, and fool 'em all—and then! For you home-bound craft, you that got families, there's the wife who'll have new dresses and the children copper-toed boots, and a carriage for the baby with springs in it. Man, but the time you'll all have! And the time *we'll* have, we privateers—hah, Gillis?"

"M-m!" murmured Gillis from the region of the port pump-brake, and forced new energy into arms that long ago he had thought were beyond revival.

Morning came, and with it an increase of wind and cold. Crump from the end of the *Buccaneer's* bowsprit, where he managed to hang by the aid of the jib-stay, hailed Sam and offered to put on fresh men.

"No," said Sam, "we'll stick it out a while longer."

"But by-'n'-by it'll be too rough, Sammie, and we won't be able to take you off."

"Oh, well, then, no harm—we'll stick it out some way."

"All right, have your way," and Crump went back to the deck of his vessel.

That afternoon it began to look bad for the barque and the men aboard her. It was her captain, refreshed from a twenty-four hours' sleep below, who thoughtlessly passed his opinion when he, the first of his crew to revive, poked his head above the companionway and was astonished by the sight of the ship that he thought he had scuttled. "What—she on top of the water yet!" From the barque his eyes roved to the derailed ice-covered deck of the little *Buccaneer*, then up to Sam and his toiling gang again. "Well, they are damn fools, ain't they—to think they'll ever get her home?"

He said that to Crump, who answered softly. "Now, captain, I don't want to jar your feelings any, but if you don't do one of two things—go below and stay there or draw the hatch over your face if you stay up here—then I'm afeared I'll have to pick you up and tuck you away under the run or somewhere else where you can't be heard for a while. Damn fools, eh?" snorted Crump, and in sheer derision of some peo-

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ple's judgment spat several fathoms to leeward.

It turned out as Crump had predicted in the morning—still heavier weather for that afternoon and night. Just when Sam was demonstrating with a long pole that there was at least a foot less water in her hold, the wind and sea began to make. Crump offered to attempt to put fresh men aboard, but Sam waved him off. "No use, skipper, running extra risk for the gang—you'd lose some of 'em. We'll stick it out—we'll make out some way."

Throughout that night the men on the barque toiled terribly. Chop ice and man pumps it was, with not even time to crack a joke or indulge in occasional cheering reminiscence. There was not time during most of the night even to carry to the rail and throw to leeward the chopped ice. So they cut it into large blocks and piled them up two or three tiers high and there allowed them to stay until by and by, the barque heaving down sufficiently, away they went in a grand slide overboard. "Everybody sashay," Sam would cry then, and waft them overboard with graceful arms. And yet, exhausting as was the ice-chopping, the pumping was even more so. It was so terribly monotonous to men accustomed to lively action. No variety to pumping water out of a ship's hold; never a chance to put in a fancy stroke or shift hands, as in ice-chopping. Up and down—always that—up and down, and when a ship is making as fast as she is lightened, never an inch of encouragement from the sounding pole. Sam had to cut down the spells from an hour to half an hour, and finally to fifteen minutes, so terribly wearing did the grind become to the exhausted men.

Sam himself had no exuberant vitality after that second night; but the unobtrusive will was inflexible as ever, and he had ever an eye for those on the *Buccaneer*. "Skipper, ain't she been strainin' through the night?"

"A little bit, Sammie, a little bit."

"More than a little, skipper—there's been too much pumpin' aboard you, too, for a *little* strainin'. How many strokes?"

"Oh, maybe two thousand through the night."

"I thought about that. And now let me tell you something, skipper—that kind of work won't do your vessel any partic'lar good. It's a terrible strain. I know, I know—you can't tell me a little vessel like the *Buccaneer* can be a rudder to a big logey rolling ship of this one's size and not show signs of it. I misdoubt you'll be able to hang on much longer."

"Much longer? Let me tell you, boy, we'll hang on till you or me goes under."

"No, you won't."

"Why won't we. Who'll stop?"

"I will. See here." Sam, balanced on the taffrail of the barque, poised a sharp-edged axe above the lines that held the *Buccaneer* astern. "One slash here, and one slash there, and you're adrift."

"You just try it—just let me see you try it, Sam Leary." Crump in his wrath shook his fist at Sam and followed that by furious orders to the *Buccaneer's* crew. But that fit over, he shook his head. "I misdoubt that barque 'll live the night out. Blast her, blast her, I wish we'd never set eyes on her. What's millions, let alone a few thousand dollars, to men's lives—and men that's sailed with you, and summer breeze or winter blow was always there when you wanted 'em? Damn you, Sam Leary, for an obstinate mule, but if ever I see you aboard this vessel of mine again you won't leave it in a hurry again to go aboard any old sinking hulk for prize money!"

And still the wind and sea increased; and just before dark Sam appeared at the stern of the bark with the sharp axe in his hand. "O skipper, skipper!" he called.

"Aye, Sammie."

"Time to part company."

"No, no, Sammie—not yet awhile."

"Yes, now's the time. There's nine of us here and twenty-seven of you there. You lay tied to this one, and if we go down suddenly in the night down you go, too."

"No, no, Sammie. I'll have two men with axes to the lines. I'll cut if I see you goin'—as sure as God's above me I'll cut."

"'Twon't do, skipper. We could roll under in the dark afore you'd know it and you'd get whirled in——"

"And even so, Sammie—do you believe she'd draw us under?"

"Wouldn't she? If you didn't cut quick enough, say. And if she didn't you'd be caught aback, and in this breeze you'd capsize in a wink. No, 'twon't do, skipper. If we've got to go, we got to go, and you goin' with us won't help. And there's nine of us

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and twenty-seven of you." He looked all about him then—ahead, abeam, aloft, and once more astern at Crump. "So long, fellows, if we're not here in the morning." Two sharp slashes and the line parted; wide apart fell the big barque and the little schooner.

Crump, immediately he felt himself free, laid the *Buccaneer* alongside as near the barque as he dared, and he could dare a great deal.

"Keep off," called Sam.

"No more than she is now, Sam. And if ever she should go down tell the fellows to lash themselves to something or other that'll float high and we'll be right there and maybe pick some of you up——"

Sam waved, the last time they were able to see so much as a hand waved ere black night rolled down on them.

From the little schooner all hands watched the night out for that spot in the darkness where they conceived the barque to be—that is, those that had time to spare from their work. Occasionally they could catch from her deck a call that they knew to be the voice of Sam with his word of cheer. They saw the attempts to light torches on her, the flash and flare, and then the almost immediate dowsing when the sea washed aboard.

But fortune favors the brave. She was there in the morning, rolling worse than ever and lower in the water, but still afloat.

"Now, ain't that amazin'?" demanded Crump of one after another of his crew. "Ain't it amazin'?" he demanded of the captain of the barque.

That intriguing party could only shake his head at the miracle of it. "Still afloat! And when I left her I give her about an hour. I set her afire myself with my own hand," he explained, "so nobody'd be misled into trying to save her. 'No salvage on *her*,' I said. 'Another hour and she'll be burned to the water's edge, and then she'll sink and trouble nobody no more,' I said. And a good job I thought it was, she was that dangerous lookin'. And if I'd never set a match to her, she was leakin' that bad and that low in the water! And there she is still afloat. Well, that's past me."

That afternoon, the weather moderating, Crump sailed close up and once more offered to try to take off the worn-out gang of the now wildly sailing barque and put his own fresher men aboard.

"What!" exclaimed Sam; "leave her, and after we got her this far? Why, we're gettin' to love the old hulk. Let's finish the job, skipper, so long's we started it. Another day and we'll be home."

"Sam Leary, am I skipper or you?"

"Why, of course you're skipper, and if you order it—*order* it, skipper—we got to obey."

"Well, come aboard here."

"How?"

"Rig up that taykle—the same that hoisted your gang aboard."

"That taykle parted last night, skipper, and it can't be rigged." If one can imagine an impudent, unshaven, hollow-eyed man in iced-up boots, beard, and oil-skins, then it is possible to picture Sam Leary as he leaned against the mizzen-rigging of the wallowing derelict and smiled sweetly at his skipper. And imagine Sam Leary's skipper, after a lot of spluttering, smiling back, and even at last admitting himself beaten.

"All right, go ahead. There's no gettin' past you, Sam Leary. Finish your cruise in her."

And Sam Leary did finish his cruise in her. Three days later, such weary, weary men—but let that pass. Three days later—and in broad daylight it happened, so that their friends at home might share in the full glory of their achievement—they sailed, the barque leading and the little fisherman by way of a rudder astern, into the harbor of Gloucester, where they fancy they know a seaman when they see one.

VII

Of the sequence of events that threw that valuable prize into their hands the crew of the *Buccaneer* were not told at that time; but, later, young Gillis, having journeyed to Boston, there in emulation of more noted fishermen the more splendidly to disburse his prize-money, had come back, minus his roll, but fat with information.

"And there I was, skipper, spending my money like a—like a——"

"—a drunken fisherman."

"No, that's not how I was goin' to put it, skipper. But anyway, there I was dispensin' refreshment like a gentleman to a few friends I'd met, when along comes the skipper of the tugboat that wanted us to take his line and we wouldn't, you mind. And he

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looks at me hard, and at last asks me was I *really* one of that gang o' fishermen that brought the mahogany barque back to port. And I says, 'Why ain't I, *really?*' 'Well,' he says, 'you look so diff'rent dressed up.' And I said that naturally a man that'd been bangin' around on the Banks for five or six weeks would look handsome in oil-skins and a gale of wind. That kind o' struck him amidships, I guess, for he said he didn't mean anything by that, and goes on to tell me how he figured it cost him twelve hundred dollars chasin' up that barque—in tows he missed that week—and his friend here—he introduced the other steamboat man—'d got a thousand dollars just for doin' nothin' but layin' under the lee of the cape for three days while it blew and then for joggin' around two days off the cape after it moderated. 'Yes, and the man that paid me is down the wharf now,' goes on the second steamboat man, 'and I think he'd like to meet some of your crowd.' And down the dock we went, and there he was. I forget what he looked like in the face, but he had the swellest fur coat, big enough to most make a mains'l for the *Buccaneer* and fur nigh long enough for reef-points on that same mains'l, and he shakes hands with me and says he didn't know whether to be sore or not. And just then Sam come bowlin' along, and he says, 'This must be one of your crowd, too?' '*One!*' I says; 'one! Why, he had charge!' and just then the first steamboat man he grabs Sam and says, 'Well, I'll be damned—why, you're the fellow made the main-boom leap!' 'What!' says fur coat, and has a good look at Sam. 'Sure enough,' he goes on, 'you're the kind of men I ought to have hired to salve the bark.' 'Hired? what d'y' mean?' says Sam. 'Oh, nothing,' says fur coat to that—but I'm done with the salvage business. Let's have a drink,' and then they came so fast, reg'lar ring-a-ring-a-rounder fashion that——"

"That the next thing you knowed you had an awful headache and not enough money to pay for your ticket back to Gloucester."

"Didn't I, though! Trust me—me, Wise Aleck, goin' to Boston 'thout a return ticket. But Sam didn't."

"No, trust Sam to go the whole hog. How much does he want?"

"Twenty, or twenty-five, he thought would do."

"Only twenty-five, eh? Moderate, ain't he? Well, give me his address and I'll telegraph it to him. And how much do you want for yourself?"

"Oh, about fifteen cents for a drink'll do me, unless——"

"Unless what?"

"'Less you'd lend me ten on the next trip."

"No, I won't lend you ten on the next trip. I'll *give* you ten dollars if that'll do you."

"And why not lend me the ten on the next trip, skipper?"

"Because there ain't goin' to be any next trip this winter. I'm callatin' to stay ashore a while. This salvage business is good enough for me this winter. A couple of months ashore won't hurt any of us any. And then there's the *Buccaneer* needs calkin' where steerin' that barque wracked her, and new rail and a few things around deck. And that'll give that streak of hard luck a chance to run itself out. So here y'are. I s'pose you'll go and blow that now as fast you can?"

"I guess that's right, too, skipper," and up the street rolled Gillis, blithely singing.

Crump gazed after him. "There's a man oughter be glad he's alive to-day. But no, he must try and keep up with men like Sam Leary that gets fat on excitement. Where's that card o' Sam's he give me? H-m-m—Élite Hotel, Canal Street. And twenty-five dollars, eh? He must be callatin' to come home in an automobile. Well, after all, I dunno but he's entitled to automobiles at that."

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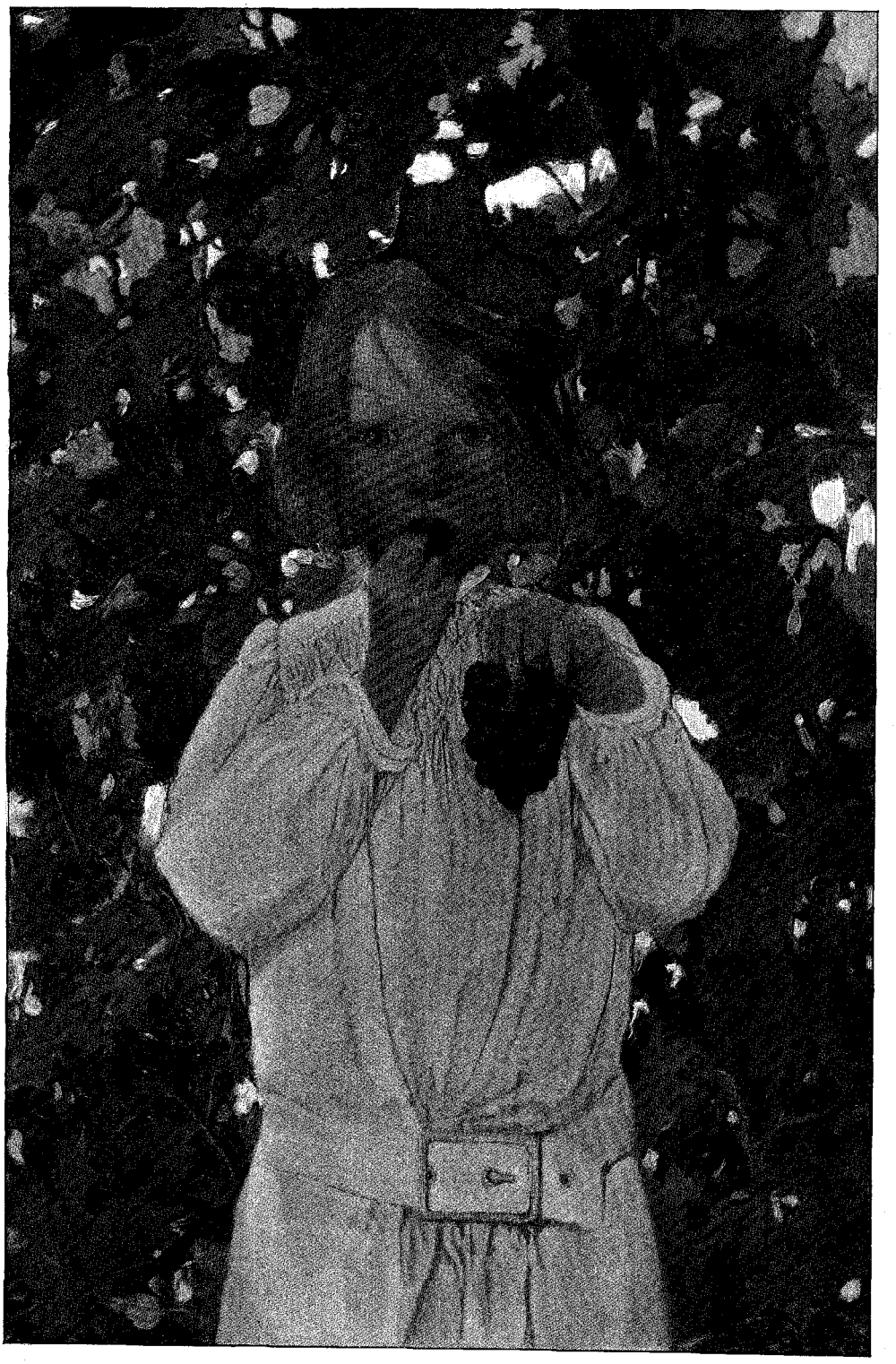

Drawn by Sarah S. Stilwell.

In October.

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THE POCKET OF DESTINY

By Caroline Duer

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KARL ANDERSON

GRISELDA entreats me not to express my opinions too warmly, but I must say, for the ten thousandth time, that I find modern life exceedingly vulgar. Haste is vulgar, noise is vulgar, above all, notoriety is vulgar; and yet everybody is in a hurry, almost everything makes a noise, and certainly the greater part of the world is busy advertising itself. The worst of it is that on two occasions lately, I, myself, have been brought before the public eye with a prominence most distasteful to me.

The first of these was when I inadvertently, but successfully, discovered the Hurst's Christmas Day burglar in the person of a mild-mannered young man who had insinuated himself into friendly acquaintance with me on the Staten Island boat. That, however, considering the rate at which events succeed each other nowadays, would doubtless, be referred to as ancient history.

The second—but the second I have, very much against my will, been constrained to relate at some length in my own words, to avoid the danger of being misunderstood, misquoted, and misconstrued by certain abominable newspapers which publish lying interviews (held apparently with an inane, insane, and illiterate person bearing my name) and allude to me in glaring headlines as the Unconscious Detective.

I do not wish to appear unreasonable, but I cannot help feeling that my sister Griselda's obstinate determination to leave our comfortable country house and come to town for the winter was the starting-point of all this trouble. The country is the proper place for genteel poverty. There, at least, one has space and freedom—one is not forced into disagreeable altercations with one's neighbors, because their atrocious boys will ride bicycles on the sidewalk, or their servants beat carpets in the back yard; nor inveigled into still more disagreeable intimacies with people who take up one's valuable time with foolish chit-chat. One is not oppressed with a sense of clamor and confusion. One does not have *bells* rung at one as one takes one's walks abroad. One's dress and habits are matters of simple convenience to one's self, and, above all, nobody wants to come and stay with one.

Now, the very first month we were settled in our modest domicile in town, Griselda had a letter from a nephew of ours in Boston, asking if he and his wife might spend a few days with us on their way through to Washington.

I opposed it at once. I knew she would bring a maid whom it would be difficult to accommodate, and an array of trunks which would fill the halls. I was certain that *he*, in common with all the degenerate youth of the day, smoked cigarettes, and tobacco makes me absolutely ill. I was convinced that the pleasure of such a visit to them—if, indeed, they regarded it in the light of a pleasure and not a duty—could in no way compensate for the upsetting of all our daily life and small comforts.

Griselda, however, was of a different opinion, and nothing I could say, moved her. Jack had been a favorite of hers from his boyhood, and if he wanted to bring *several* wives, with two maids apiece and a caravan of trunks, he should be welcome (the extravagance of these sentiments somewhat excused their apparent immorality); and as for the cigarettes, she hoped he did not smoke them, but if he did we must make the best of it.

So they arrived, bag and baggage.

I had never seen my niece-in-law (I seldom go to weddings or funerals—the only two gatherings where one is sure of meeting the ramifications of one's family) and I was agreeably disappointed in her. She was a tall, lady-like woman, whose choice of words might be, like Jack's clothes, a little too fine for every-day use; but she did not

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bring a maid, her trunks were of decent size, and her apparel suggested a very moderate love of personal adornment.

My nephew, on the contrary, had developed, or rather, deteriorated, into as arrant a little dandy as it has ever been my ill-fortune to encounter. A valet accompanied him, and waited upon him with diligent alacrity from morning till night. I used to meet the man running upstairs from the breakfast-room with Jack's coffee, and downstairs to the laundry with Jack's trousers, and round and round the house for the different articles Jack had mislaid, till I wondered his legs did not drop off. But certainly no creature was ever "turned out" (to use his own horrid phrase) with such immaculate neatness as my nephew. The boy whom I remembered as the grimiest of little red-headed urchins, was now a very mirror of masculine fashion, from the chaste effulgence of his hat to the polished brilliance of his boots.

I disapproved of him heartily at first sight, and when I perceived that he wore star-sapphires for cuff-links, and had two handsome rings set with sunken stones on the little finger of his left hand, my disapproval changed to dislike. I cannot endure a man who wears jewelry, and I said so openly.

Griselda, though inwardly, I hope, no less opposed to such vulgar display than I am, is outwardly more lenient, or at least less given to expressing adverse opinions. She even tried to moderate mine.

"But it's disgusting," said I. "He has become an abominable young fop. The only good things about him are his manners, and the fact that he *seems* to prefer cigars to those nasty cigarettes. I don't see why that nice, sensible woman ever married him! And I remember him a funny, dirty little boy coming crying to me when he lost his first tooth, because he was afraid he was dropping to pieces," I added, mournfully retrospective.

"It would seem as if he had attached an undue importance to his individual belongings even then," returned my sister, smiling. "Let him alone. No man can be too clean and neat, and if it gives him pleasure to wear gay scarf-pins and rings, why he has the right to do it. If that is his taste, you cannot change it."

"But it's so common," I objected.

"If the world were made over again, according to our standards, a great many things would be altered," said Griselda, dryly, "but, as there's no hope of that, we may as well endure what we can't cure."

Fate, however, was on my side, for the very day they started for Washington, Jack lost one of the rings—the most valuable, of course.

The house was searched from end to end; curtains and carpets shaken, halls and stairs carefully brushed, trunks unpacked to search the pockets of Jack's wonderful wardrobe; while the servants (who had been with us for years and were beyond suspicion) were employed in emptying waste-paper baskets and poking about the contents of the ash-barrel, until I really felt it would be a mercy if we were left with a roof over our heads and the shell of our dwelling.

The missing ornament could not be found, and our visitors were compelled to depart without it, Jack taking my congratulations on the improved appearance of his denuded hand so ill, that Griselda at once drew him aside to offer all the consolation which her kind heart suggested.

I thought she seemed a little shame-faced about it afterward, and I did not wonder, when she confessed to me her desire to make good the loss by the present of another ring even more gorgeous than the one which had so unaccountably disappeared.

"My dear Griselda, you are demented," said I. "Have you any idea of the price of such a thing? An emerald and two diamonds. Why, it must have cost——"

"It will cost *me* nothing but the setting, if I follow my present plan," interrupted my sister. "I feel, and I should think you would feel, exceedingly uncomfortable that such a thing should have occurred in our house. I shall make every effort to find it, but if the ring is really gone, I must do my best to replace it. The yellow diamond that I have had put away for so many years will make a very fine centre stone, and the two smaller white ones, which made the top of my old pearl pendant, will do for each side."

I stared at her aghast. The yellow diamond was a very fine solitaire, one of our mother's rings, which had come to Griselda in the natural division of things at the time of her death. I would not have parted with it for any nephew under the sun.

"It is utterly preposterous and unsuit-

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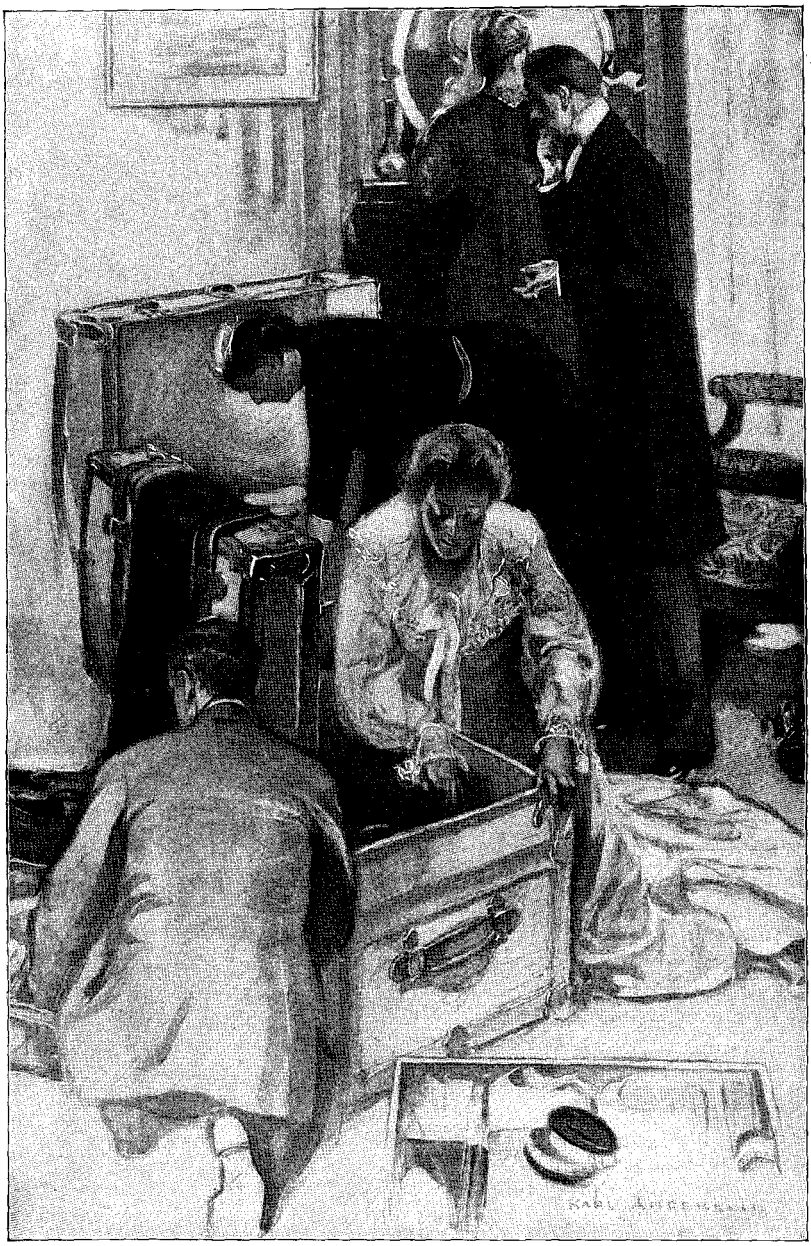

Trunks unpacked to search the pockets of Jack's wonderful wardrobe.—Page 476.

able," I exclaimed. "That diamond is one of the few really valuable things you possess. You ought to be wearing it yourself now" (and I glanced down at a sparkling pin which confined my own laces a little below the throat), "and it should be left to one of your nieces when you depart this life."

"I don't wish to wear it myself," returned Griselda, "and I should rather *give* it to my nephew than *leave* it to *any* of my nieces. I dare say it will cause less hard feeling in the end."

Further discussion and remonstrance proving useless, I held my tongue, and, after three days of fruitless search for

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Jack's missing property, I had the pleasure of beholding Griselda set out one morning for Tiffany's, with her little hoard of jewels securely buttoned in the front of her gown. She returned in mild triumph with the announcement that they considered the stones would look exceedingly "chaste" in a gentleman's ring, and had promised to have it finished by a certain date, which I knew to be the time set for my nephew's return.

"I hope the day may never come when you will have cause to regret the sacrifice of that stone, or its equivalent in money, on the altar of Jack's vanity," I remarked, sententiously.

"I suppose you mean you hope it *will* come," she returned, laughing. "Well, if it ever does, I give you leave to say, 'I told you so.'"

The subject was not referred to again between us, and the round of our daily life continued in uninterrupted serenity for a week.

At the end of that time, Griselda received a most piteous letter from a poor old friend of hers in the country, setting forth the trials and tribulations she was enduring in the Home where her provident young relations had placed her, and begging Griselda to come and view with her own eyes the outrages to which its inmates were subjected.

"I think I had better go to-morrow," sighed my sister, folding up the letter and creasing it with her nails in a way that set my teeth on edge. "I'm afraid, with my rheumatic old bones, not to take advantage of this fine weather. I shall start directly after breakfast, spend the day, and return in time for my five o'clock tea. I don't think I need demand more of myself. That will give her opportunity enough to tell me all she wants to tell me."

"Years wouldn't give her time enough to do that, if she is like most people with a grievance," I returned, crossly. "I don't see what you can do for her."

"I can listen," said Griselda. "That is something."

Feeling that her reply contained a reproof which it did not behoove me to notice, I returned to the perusal of my French novel and left her to make her further plans without comment. But it turned out that my co-operation was necessary before she could carry them into effect, for the next morning as I sat in my room drinking my early cup of chocolate (I consider that breakfast is a meal to be partaken of in the comfortable seclusion of one's own apartment) she presented herself at the door, already bonneted and cloaked, with a frown on her brow and an open letter in her hand.

"I wish you would do something for me," she began.

"Yes?" said I, interrogatively and noncommittally.

"This note has just come from Jack. It's dated from the Waldorf. I fancy they spent last night there. You see he won't stay with us this time."

"Afraid of losing his cuff-buttons, I suppose."

"He is going home to-day," continued Griselda, disregarding me, "but he begs us to come and lunch with him and Adeline at half-past one o'clock—they take the three o'clock train for Boston. I cannot go, of course. Will you?"

"I will *not*," said I. "I am going to lunch with my friend, Mrs. Harris" (for, like Sairey Gamp, I have a friend, Mrs. Harris, only mine is a real one), "in Fifty-ninth Street. But if I were not, I certainly should never, under any circumstances, lunch at the Waldorf. Noisy, over-crowded place. What induces people to go there?"

"Jack probably thought it would amuse us to see it all. I think it's very nice of him to want two old women to lunch with him. Well, if you can't go——"

"I should hardly do him credit unless I had a diamond tiara in my bonnet," I interrupted. "So it's just as well."

Griselda allowed herself a half smile. "Since you cannot go to luncheon," she resumed, "will you stop there and explain, and—and give Jack this box with my *best* love and *best* wishes." (She laid the box on the table as she spoke.) "I am very sorry I can't do it myself."

"I am very sorry you can't," said I, grumpily, "for you send no willing messenger in me."

"You'll do it, though," said Griselda, pleadingly.

"Under protest," said I. And so she departed.

After she had gone I finished my chocolate and the morning paper in peace, and settled down to write some letters. More harm than good is done in the writing of

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"I think it's very nice of him to want two old women to lunch with him."—Page 478.

most letters, but if people *will* correspond with one, there comes a time when one must answer them; so I collected my thoughts, and was in the midst of a graphic description to a friend abroad, of the comforts of home, when I discovered that my fire was going out and my wood-box was empty.

I rather like waiting upon myself, so, instead of ringing the bell, I got up and went across the hall, to the room that had been Jack's, in quest of fuel. His box was still more than half full, and in pulling out the log which suited me best, I shifted several others and effected a general displacement of the pile, which caused a small, bright object that had been caught among them to fall rattling into the corner.

I put down my hand and brought up Jack's ring! There it was, and from the powder of disgusting cigarette ashes which

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I put down my hand and brought up Jack's ring!—Page 479.

clung to my finger-ends, I could easily imagine how it had got there. Jack had been smoking by his fire, and in flipping the ashes into the open and convenient wood-box, had unconsciously flipped off his ring.

I was glad he had lost it. Now that I saw the evidences of the crime, the whole room seemed to reek of cigarette-smoke. My spirit was up in arms. I distinctly regretted having found his gaudy property and being under the necessity of returning it to him, while as for Griselda's ill-advised present, I had half a mind to suppress it altogether.

However, having accepted the commission, I resolved—regarding it in the light of a lesson to my sister—to follow it out to the end, and carrying the recovered ring into my room, I opened the box and enclosed it with its new and glittering companion.

Everything went wrong with me that morning. When I came to dress I discovered that the gown I meant to wear had not,

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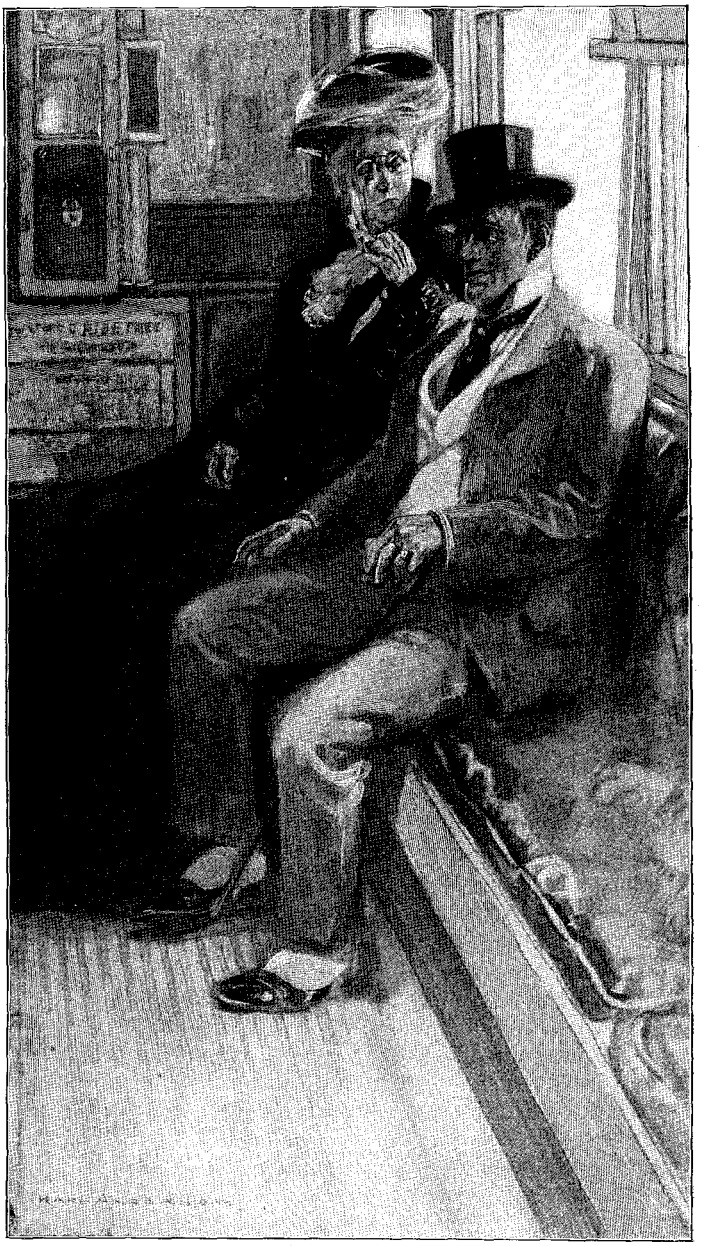
in spite of my strict orders, yet returned from the dressmaker's, where it had been sent for certain alterations. I made up my mind to start early, stop at Madame Slowby's on my way uptown after leaving the Waldorf, and change the garment I was at present wearing for the one I considered more suitable to the occasion.

As I despise trolleys, abhor the elevated, and cannot afford always to roll about in cabs, there remained to me nothing but the Fifth Avenue omnibus, a respectable old means of conveyance which I occasionally patronize. Of course, I just missed an empty 'bus (I never run for anything) and was obliged to wait on that windy



We were the only passengers in it and he insisted upon sitting beside me.—Page 482.

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corner, near the Arch, for another, which proved to have but few unoccupied places when I got in, and soon became unpleasantly crowded.

A large, vulgar, flashily dressed man sat next me—the kind of person well described by an author whose name escapes me, as "looking as if he were drawn on shiny cardboard with a BB pencil." He smelt extravagantly of some cheap perfume, was ornamented with a thunder-and-lightning tie and a glittering scarf-pin which might have shocked even Jack's meretricious taste, and appeared to me so altogether objectionable in every way and to every sense that I would gladly have given up my seat and stood, had there been an inch of standing-room left. As it was, I made myself as small as possible, and, ever mindful of the treasure I carried and the danger of having my pocket picked, patted my right side from time to time with as little ostentation and as much care as I could manage.

Twice during the extra huddling and confusion attendant upon the squeezed ingress and egress of fat ladies (who should never have been allowed to get into any public conveyance) I thought my hand encountered the hand of my neighbor in a most unexpected and disconcerting way. It seemed to me that he had sat closer to me from the first, than even the crowded condition of the vehicle warranted, and the idea was so alarming that I determined to leave the 'bus as soon as I could find a convenient opportunity. This did not occur for some blocks, but the moment we stopped again I made the best of my way out in the wake of a decrepit old gentleman, and on reaching the sidewalk, found, to my horror, that the flashy man had followed me.

I hailed the next omnibus. He did the same. We were the only passengers in it and he insisted upon sitting beside me and moving, with apparent unconsciousness, whenever I moved, till he had gradually hunted me from my first resting-place in the middle of the left-hand seat, up one side and down the other to the right-hand corner nearest the door. Here, feeling that I was brought to bay, I had turned, with my hand in my pocket and my heart in my mouth, to address my persecutor in words that he would never have forgotten, when we came to a momentary halt at the Twenty-third Street crossing. Abandoning on the instant all idea of speech, I opened the door, skipped nimbly out, confided myself to the pilotage of the nearest policeman, got him to put me into a vagrant hansom which was waiting at the curb, and presently found myself being whisked up Fifth Avenue at a comfortably reassuring pace.

My trembling fingers closed around my precious box with a sense of profound relief, but my cheek flushed with anger which burned to express itself in no measured terms to Jack and Griselda as being the primary and secondary causes of my late agitation. I peered cautiously out of the hansom as we turned into Thirty-fourth Street, but as far as I could see I was not pursued.

After waiting the customary five-and-twenty minutes, while my card traversed the entire length and breadth of the hotel, and I fumed and stewed in the steam heat of the "red room"—in which I could see nothing to justify the name, except the shades on the electric lights and the faces of the guests—after having waited till my ears were stunned with the chatter of many voices, and my eyes dazed with the passing of many figures, I at last beheld Adeline threading her way toward me with her usual air of gentle composure.

I was not at all composed. I felt that if I did not get out of that crowded room and that lifeless atmosphere I should have some sort of a nervous fit. I therefore explained, as briefly as politeness made possible, the reasons that neither Griselda nor I could lunch with them that day, and finding that Jack was out, I delivered the box into her safe keeping with Griselda's "best love and best wishes," according to my orders, and took myself away with a haste which I excused on the ground of having an errand to do on my way uptown, and being already late.

It was not till I found myself fairly in the street that I bethought me of having entirely forgotten to mention that I had found Jack's ring. This, however, they would discover for themselves, and if they credited Griselda with its recovery and return, as well as with the gift of the new one, it made no difference to me. As far as I was concerned, I had as lief not have found it, and wanted no thanks.

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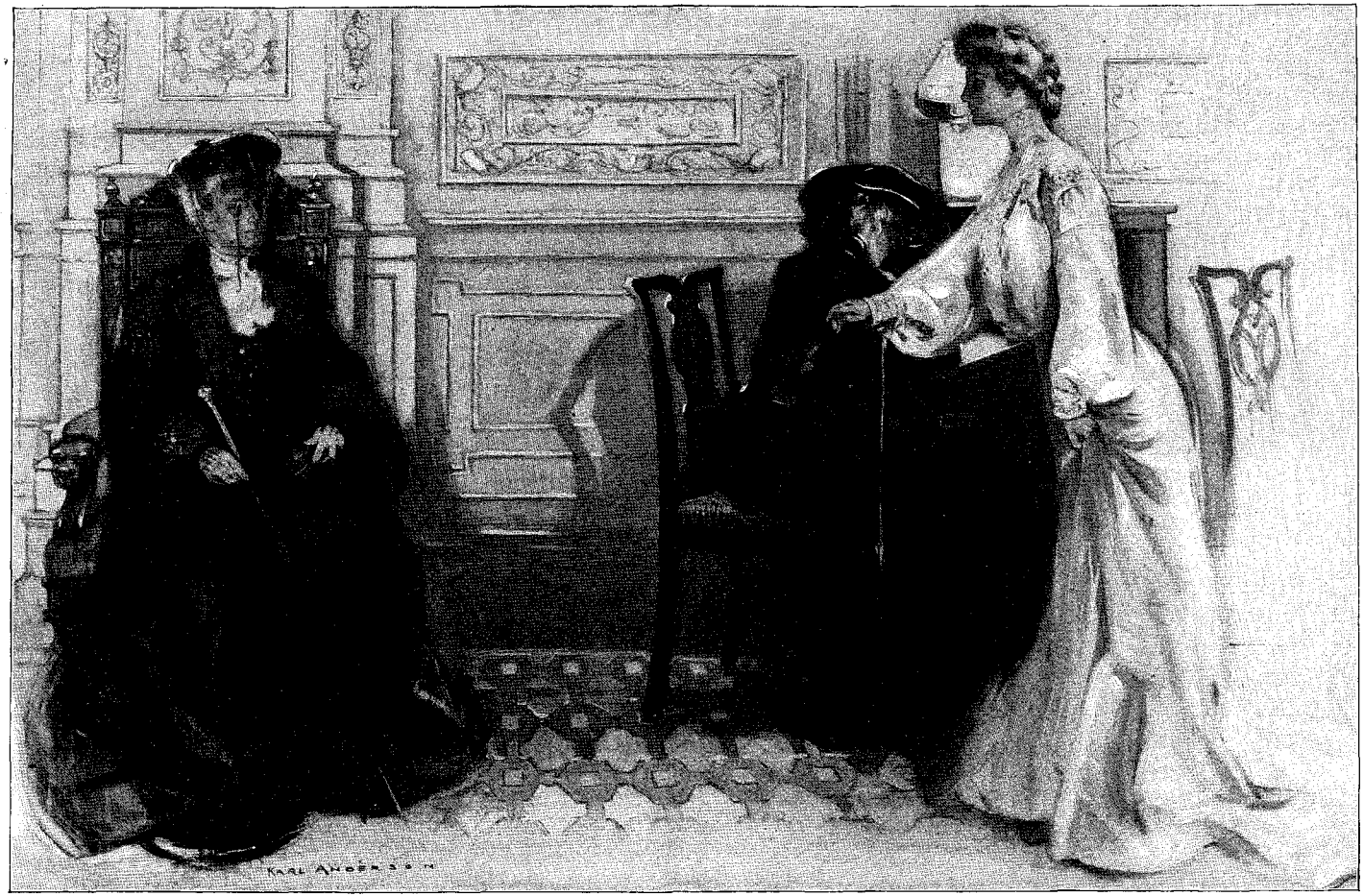

Drawn by Karl Anderson.

I at last beheld Adeline threading her way toward me.—Page 482.

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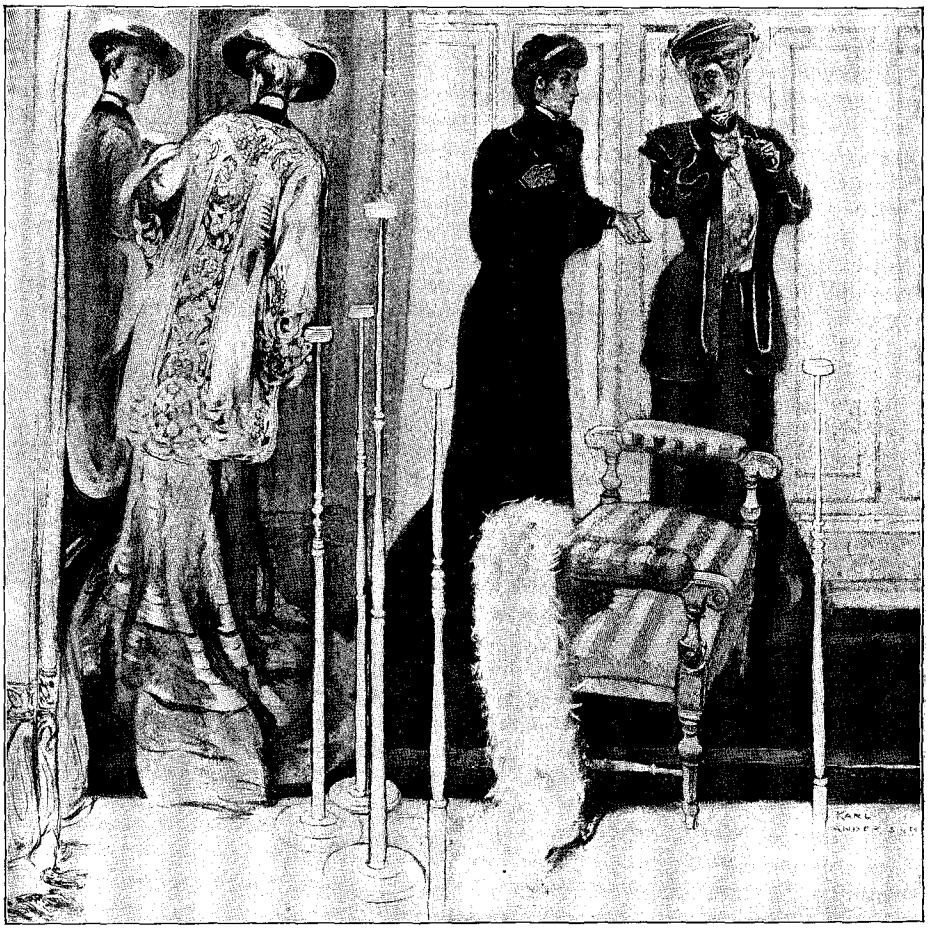

Madame Slowby confounded herself in apologies.

I looked about for my black-visaged friend as I left the Waldorf, but my worries as far as he was concerned, were apparently over.

Madame Slowby confounded herself in apologies for not having sent home the robe of Mademoiselle. It was an error which Mademoiselle would, of her extreme goodness, pardon, and had arisen from the fact that the matter had been trusted to Monsieur Slowby, whose memory for addresses was, unfortunately, a little unreliable.

Guessing that something beside his memory was unreliable, and wondering why a nice, notable little French woman should have chosen to encumber herself with a great, hulking English husband, I read her a lecture upon the evils of matrimony, while I changed my dress, and when I took my departure, begged that my discarded gown might be sent home without fail that afternoon, in charge of a messenger who, though he might be without the "fascinations quite particular" claimed by Madame (with many giggles) for her husband, should at least be able to find my house.

My luncheon with Mrs. Harris was pleasant enough, although she had a great deal more to eat and drink than I should consider necessary for a small party of ladies in the middle of the day. But then, everyone eats too much; it is one of the vulgarities of modern life. I said so later to my sister, when she came home wearied in body and mind, and declared herself ravenous for her afternoon tea.

Griselda had had a heart-breaking day

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with her old friend, who was most unhappy, neglected, and oppressed, and frightened, if not absolutely ill-used, in the admirable institution selected by her young relatives as the home of her declining years.

"Allowing for a good deal of exaggeration, her case is pitiable enough," said Griselda, sighing and sipping her tea. "The place is forlorn, the meals poor, the attendants coarse and sometimes brutal, and as all her nephews and nieces are now amusing themselves abroad, she has no one to whom she can appeal. Her mind is feeble, but she stands by no means in need of control, and it is a disgrace that she should be left in such surroundings. She can't live very long. If only I had the money, I would take her away at once, without saying a word to them about it, and put her somewhere where she should at least be decently cared for."

"I told you you'd regret giving that ring to Jack," said I, with malice. "The price of the jewels he is now wearing on his odious little finger would certainly keep any number of poor old women out of institutions, for not only——"

"Oh, don't say that," interrupted Griselda, with a groan. "I suppose," she added after a pause, "that he was pleased."

"I suppose he was," said I, "though I did not see him. He was out, and I delivered the box, with your message, to Adeline. He'll be as gorgeous now as an apothecary's window on a dark night, for, as I was going to say when you interrupted me, not only has he the ring you *insisted* upon sending him, but I found and returned to him the one he was supposed to have lost here—found it this morning, in the wood-box, amid *a pile of cigarette ashes*." The last words I could not help hissing between my teeth.

Griselda gasped. "Then he has both rings," she exclaimed.

"He came near having neither," I said, severely, remembering my wrongs. "It was only by a miracle I escaped having my pocket picked," and I was in the midst of recounting the circumstances to her when one of the servants appeared at the door with a telegram.

Griselda tore it open.

"'A thousand thanks. Will write to-morrow from Boston,'" she read. "Ah, I thought for a moment something might have gone wrong. Well, I'm glad he is pleased, but I—I'm afraid I wish his ring had either been found sooner, or not at all. My conscience reproaches me."

"I am glad you do not reproach *me* for carrying out your instructions," I put in, dryly.

"No," said Griselda, sighing. "I don't see what good that would do. Of course, as things have turned out, if you had seen fit to keep back my present, I——"

"You would have thought twice about the use you put it to, perhaps," I remarked.

"I might have devoted it to a nobler purpose," said she, leaving the room with her mantle over her arm, and her bonnet strings hanging disconsolately down her back.

I was rather sorry for the lesson I had given Griselda.

Just as we were sitting down to dinner, I was surprised by the information that a messenger from Madame Slowby waited below for the answer to a letter which she begged might be delivered to me immediately.

It was a large, thick envelope, and something wrapped in tissue paper dropped heavily out as I opened it, something which—could I believe my eyes?—proved, when the tissue paper was unfolded, to be a gold ring set with a great yellow diamond in the centre and a white one on each side!

Madame Slowby's letter explained that in the brushing and folding of the dress, Mademoiselle had left behind that day, this ring had rolled out of the pocket, and she entreated a line from Mademoiselle to say that she had received it in safety. The responsibility to Madame, of so splendid a jewel, had been enormous.

Griselda and I looked at each other. We exchanged a long look without words. Then I got up, pushed the ring over to her, and went to answer Madame Slowby. I was glad she had not trusted my dress to her husband this time, but I did not say so in the grateful acknowledgment I scribbled in such haste.

How that vagrant ornament had contrived to get out of its box was more than I could understand, unless my frequent, spasmodic gropings and graspings, while sitting beside my pickpocket friend had loosened the cover.

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"It isn't often we are offered so signal an opportunity for retrieving our errors," I remarked, as I returned to the table, and waved away my now tepid soup.

Griselda turned the ring thoughtfully that the stones might catch the light. "They seem even larger than I remembered them," she said with satisfaction.

"And Jack is perfectly content—knowing no better—to have his own again," I continued. "His telegram proves that. Fate has played into your hands."

"Into your pocket, rather," said Griselda, laughing. "Well, I suppose the finger of duty points me to Tiffany's to-morrow. I believe they said the big stone was bought there originally, years and years ago, by my father; and I am sure they would be willing to give me a good price for it'"

"That's an errand I would undertake for you with far more pleasure than I did the last one," I observed, amiably.

"In which case," said Griselda, quickly, "I shall certainly leave that part of the business to your management and devote my energies to finding a suitable home for my old lady."

Well, to make a long story short, I interviewed the heads of certain departments the next day, and was astonished at the magnitude of the sum offered me (which I accepted on the spot); while Griselda was gratified by finding two pleasant, sunny rooms for her poor friend, in a "select" boarding-house kept by an old servant of ours, who promised that she should have every comfort.

We had discussed and re-discussed the affair in all its aspects, and congratulated ourselves and each other on the result about twenty times in the afternoon before I went to my room to dress for dinner.

I had hardly shut the door when it burst open again and Griselda appeared, panting.

"Read that," she said, "and tell me if I am dreaming."

I took the paper from her hand. It was an ardent letter of thanks from Jack for her beautiful present of a ring, beside which his recovered property hid its diminished glory. He had never hoped to possess anything so handsome. His beloved Aunt Griselda was too good, too generous, etc., etc.

I faced my sister with the blank countenance of stupefaction.

"Verbena," she said, hoarsely, "if Jack has the two rings we sent him, *whose ring did you sell?*"

And then a light broke in upon me.

"It was the flashy man's ring," I cried, hysterical with laughter. "I have a vague remembrance of seeing something flash on his little finger. Oh, dear, oh, dear, and he must have dropped it in my pocket when he was trying—as I know he did try—to pick it. No wonder he followed me like grim death—Oh! oh! oh!" And I subsided on the nearest chair, wiping my eyes.

"What do you think we ought to do?" said Griselda.

"Nothing more," said I. "The incident is closed, unless he advertises."

But he never did.

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MUSIC IN DARKNESS

By Richard Watson Gilder

I

At the dim end of day
I heard the great musician play:
Saw her white hands now slow, now swiftly pass;
Where gleamed the polished wood, as in a glass
The shadow hands repeating every motion.
Then did I voyage forth on music's ocean,
Visiting many a sad or joyful shore
Where storming breakers roar,
Or singing birds make music so intense,
So intimate of happiness or sorrow,
I scarce could courage borrow
To hear those strains; well-nigh I hurried thence
To escape the intolerable weight
That on my spirit fell when sobbed the music: late, too late, too late,
While slow withdrew the light
And on the lyric tide came in the night.

II

So grew the dark, enshrouding all the room
In a melodious gloom,
Her face growing viewless. Line by line
That swaying form did momently decline
And was in darkness lost.
Then white hands ghostly turned, though still they tost
From tone to tone; pauseless and sure as if in perfect light,
With blind, instinctive, most miraculous sight,
On, on they sounded in that world of night.

III

Ah, dearest one, was this thy thought, as mine,
As still the music stayed?
—So shall the loved ones fade,
Feature by feature, line on lovely line.
For all our love, alas!
From twilight into darkness shall they pass.
We in that dark shall see them never more,
But from our spirits they shall not be banished,
For on and on shall the sweet music pour
That was the soul of them, the loved, the vanished;
And we, who listen, shall not lose them quite
In that mysterious night.

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LETTERS AND DIARIES OF GEORGE BANCROFT

EDITED BY M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE

II

STUDENT DAYS IN EUROPE

NEAR the end of February, 1821, Bancroft left Berlin, and by way of Leipzig, Weimar, Frankfort, and Heidelberg proceeded toward Paris. A letter from Heidelberg to his sister Lucretia tells of his parting from friends in Berlin, "the incomparable Wolf"—to whom he gave a copy of his father's "Life of Washington"—the Baron von Savigny, and others. Returning from farewell visits, he found in his room a letter from Baron von Humboldt. "He had sent me a very polite note enclosing a work of his as a keepsake, and a letter of introduction to his brother at Paris; who is, you know, the most distinguished of all living travellers. He desired at the same time to have my address in America, that we may hereafter carry on a correspondence. This your '*little brother*' held quite an honourable distinction. Other good men and famous in their vocation I will not name to you. The last of all whose friendly hand was clasped in mine was Schleiermacher. He is the first pulpit orator in Germany, and besides that a most learned scholar and acute Philospher. With him and his family I spent the last hours of my social life at Berlin. At his house I had frequently been during the winter, and had heard his lecture[s] and listened to his conversation always with instruction & admiration. And now, nothing remained but a few hours for unquiet sleep and then I was to turn my back on Berlin. . . ."

At Leipzig he saw Spohn again, and other scholars. At Weimar there was time for two visits to Goethe. One of them is thus described in the diary:

March 7, 1821. Weimar. I was with Goethe for a half hour to-day. I felt the vast difference between [him] and the many scholars whom I have lately seen. Goethe has the ease of a gentleman, speaks with liveliness & energy, but does not seem to take any longer a lively interest in the affairs of the world. I tried to bring him to talk of the German poets, & mentioned Tieck, but Goethe remained silent. I mentioned the Schlegels; he observed merely that they had written many pretty things. Byron's Don Juan Goethe has read & admired its humour. The humour of the rimes, said he, is capable only in your language where words differently written are often pronounced alike. This peculiarity of your language has been cultivated & exercised by a series of comic writers, Swift &c., &c. Goethe spoke of Humboldt's Agamemnon with high praise. "I still read in it & derive new instruction from it." Goethe asked me about the new hall at Berlin, about the famous masquerade at court, spoke of Sir George Rose & his handsome daughters. I saluted him from Wolf. He added merely, that Wolf had given him the pleasure of his company for a few days the last autumn. Goethe spoke of the progress of colonisation in America & of the agreeable manner we have in America of setting before each advertisement a little cut denoting its subject, as a house, a ship, a horse. He thought it a very excellent custom. He spoke in praise of the riches of Berlin in the arts, the thriving state of sculpture &c. &c. He spoke of Cogswell, adding that he had sent several little things to him in America by way of Perthes & Besser at Hamburg. Goethe's appearance is that of a healthy & active old man. His countenance is thin but shows no signs of decay.

Goethe is still very industrious. He dictates often for several hours in succession, lives very secluded, associating with none of the inhabitants of Weimar, appearing neither at Court nor in any parties. When any ideas arise in his mind he dictates them as a fragment, the end of which no one can

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conceive of, & throws them aside, till accident or inclination brings him again on the same subject. He has by him often works nearly finished, others in good progress & others just commenced on, so that Prof. Riemer says of him, he brings forth like the mice, who carry about in the womb young ones ready for delivery, & others just beginning to exist. At present Goethe has finished a volume of Wilhelm Meister, Wander-Jahren, & is also engaged with his "morphologie."

I ought to mention that Goethe praised Schlegel's translation of Shakspeare & spoke of the delight he had taken in a late perusal of Julius Cesar. . . .

The records of Bancroft's experiences in Paris begin May 5, 1821. On the following day he met August Wilhelm Schlegel, about to return to Bonn with Sanskrit types and an accumulation of literary treasures, and dined with an American household, in company with Washington Irving. "He is very amiable," says the diary, "and altogether unassuming. He is not talkative, but converses leisurely and thoughtfully; and his remarks are distinguished by their intrinsic worth and their grace." By virtue of the excellent introductions from Wilhelm von Humboldt and others Bancroft was soon enabled to write some of the best pages of his journal.

May 7, 1821, Paris. . . . A little before three I called on Baron Humboldt, who had invited me to join him at that hour, & attend a session of the "Institut de France." We entered a large & spacious building appropriated to that purpose, & passing through the hall to the library, I was ushered into the most learned assembly of the world. The members were sitting around a table, which extended through the room in the form of a hollow square. They were all past the years of early manhood; many of them seemed on the very threshhold of the grave, alike venerable for their literary merit and their years. Mr. Cuvier was reading a communication as we entered. He is a man of still a very healthy & manly appearance, looking much younger than I could have expected from his long celebrity. He is quick in his motions, especially in those of his very fine sharp eyes. He looked like a man of the world; & wore the dress of a Gentleman, as if he were accustomed to it. Him followed Mr. D'Alembert, the astronomer, who read a long essay about the bones of Descartes. It seems, the Institute wished to honour the memory of that philosopher: & voted him a funeral, in which all the members followed his collected bones to their new grave. Now somebody has been asserting, that these were not the actual bones of Descartes; that the teeth were not the genuine teeth; & a great many other things equally important. So the Astronomer entertained the sage assembly for a considerable time to prove that these were the very bones of Descartes, which the Institute had so solemnly deposited in the new sepulchre. A very important subject for the collected wisdom & erudition of France to discuss! Some other papers were read. One member has the right to interrupt another, to correct him when in an errour. This was often done, & led to very lively discussions. Cuvier was engaged in one of them & preserved his temper admirably; but the member, whom he set aright, seemed to have lost all patience.

May 28. To-day I dined at Mr. Benjamin Constant's. I do not know when I have been present at an assembly of such choice spirits, of men eminent for their learning & genius, & accustomed to the great world during the whole of an active life. On entering I found Mr. Benj. Constant & General La Fayette. To the latter I was immediately presented. The hero took me by the hand, which he warmly pressed, & began talking in the most friendly manner, as if to be an American were to him a sufficient recommendation. He is a tall & very stately man, with an open amiable countenance—breathing good will & philanthropy. Next entered Mr. Alex. de Humboldt, & presently two men, not particularly celebrated, from the department which Mr. Constant represents. A general conversation on political subjects ensued. The more I see of Mr. de Humboldt, the more I admire him; he does understand the art of talking to perfection. He is at home on every subject that is started; I have heard him talk on philological subjects & what to others seemed dry & uninteresting, when treated of by him became pleasant as well as instructive. In politics he is decidedly liberal, & can

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manage a political discussion even with the great masters of political wisdom. He talks to the ladies with as much ease as if he had passed years in frequenting salons & drawing-rooms, instead of climbing Chimborazo & exploring Mexico; he talks with grace of the news of the day, tells a story charmingly, & relates a current tale of intrigue with unrivalled gaiety & spirit. Last of all the celebrated Dr. Gall, the Craniologist came in; & we adjourned to the dining-room. The conversation continued to treat of politics; the general history of the changes in the chamber & the causes of the liberal party effecting so little were discussed. A good deal of warmth was used, for the sitting in the house to-day had been unusually stormy. Presently General Sébastiani entered, & the conversation became more interesting & warm. Mr. Constant explained the downfall of Decazes: after the unlucky death of the Duke of Berry, Decazes offered to throw himself into the arms of the Ultras. They however rejected him with disdain. He attempted then to win the *libéraux*, but they said, you have no principles; we'll have nothing to do with you. Three things ruin the *Côté gauche:* the metaphysical principles, the dinners in the country, & the want of union. The other day as they were about gaining a question Lafitte took twenty off with him to dinner at his country house, & so the point was lost. The greatest freedom in conversation prevails. No man feels bound either to conceal or soften his opinion. General Sébastiani combatted Mr. Constant with warmth; & each one was ready to explain & maintain his own views with warmth. Dr. Gall spoke but little, seemed to care little about politics. His physiognomy is very striking & original; it expressed great sagacity. The dinner was remarkably nice; every thing was served up genteelly but without display. We sat in a small snug room at a convenient round table; so that the whole party was brought close together. And at that little table how many men, who hold a conspicuous place in the political & literary world! Benjamin Constant—General Sébastiani—Dr. Gall, Alexander von Humboldt! I never was at so pleasant a dinner party. And then that hero, whose fame we cherish in America so fondly, General La Fayette, the purest of politicians, for neither ambition, nor prospects of glory, nor wealth, nor rank, nor persecution has been able to make him swerve in the least from his principles. It was nearly nine before we rose from table; at that time other persons came in, to pass the evening at Mad. Constant's; this being the evening, on which company is received at her home. Mr. Constant is a tall & very stout man; with finely broad shoulders, & a manly frame. His language is excellent; he always expresses himself forcibly & elegantly. He is clear & practical in his views. Of all the members I have heard in the house, he seems to me the most eloquent, & in conversation he has a perfect command over his language, himself, & the ideas which he is desirous of developing. May the cause of liberty prosper in his hands!

May 29. I called on Mr. de Humboldt. He tells me the best work on Zoology is that of Cuvier. Good works on botany are those of Candolle, Mirbel & Richard. Cuvier has grown a vain royalist. Two distinct characters must be distinguished in him—the man of science, & the would-be statesman. As a man of science he stands at the head of his department; but as a minister of state he is miserably vain. His aim is to appear a man of the world; & thus he is never heard to discourse on scientific subjects, but affects the idle talk of a fine gentleman. I should not think that his heart is good, since he is found persecuting distinguished scholars for professing liberal principles.

May 30. General La Fayette had encouraged me to come to see him. I went to his house today, & was shown into his parlour. Four engravings hang on its walls. The Rights of man and of the citizen, as decreed by the "Assemblée Constituante", & accepted by King Louis XVI, surrounded by appropriate devices are hung on one side of the door. A similar copy of the constitution of the United States is on the other side; at the top of it is the likeness of Washington. The third engraving is that of the French frigate, which when beaten by the English chose rather to go down, than surrender; the moment chosen is that, when the French are about to be swallowed up by the waves, & in the enthusiasm of liberty exclaim, vive la liberté, vive la République. The last engraving is one taken from the statue lately made of Washington by Cano-

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va. This hangs in the most conspicuous part of the room, & attracts the eye at once on entering. These are worthy ornaments for the chamber of a distinguished partisan of liberty. It has seldom had in Europe so pure & upright a champion as General la Fayette.

June 20. This morning at 11 o'clock Mr. Washington Irving called on me, & proposed an excursion together to Mr. Gallatin's* at Verrières. For the sake of his company I was glad to go. We walked to the barrier of the city, where there are always small carriages in waiting ready to go to any village for which they can get a freight. These vehicles are called . . . cuckoos. . . . They are convenient enough, clean & airy, calculated to carry from six to eight persons. One poor horse is doomed to draw the whole. Still that poor one must run rapidly; & as the road is good you get on very rapidly. Into one of these noble carriages we ascended, & for fifteen sous were transported in not much more than an hour about 7 miles. The highway to Orleans was the road we took as far as Bernis. Here we got out, & determined to walk the rest. Thus far the country passed through, had been richly cultivated & arrayed in the fairest robes of successful agriculture; but still it was France for all that. Here we turned aside from the main road, & walked through more delicious scenery. Hills, woods, parks, country seats, villages, frequent spires of country churches, fields waving with the tall corn, just beginning to lose its greenness, fruit orchards, meadows where the grass had just been cut & hay was then making, all these & the beauties attendant on such scenery delighted us, as we went on. The birds were singing merrily along the road, & the peasants working cheerfully in the fields. All the while Mr. Irving delighted & instructed by his rich and varied conversation. He gave me such advice, as his own experience well enabled him to do, & never did I listen to counsels with more satisfaction. He is in every respect a most pure & amiable man.—At my time of life he tells me, I ought to lay aside all cares, & only be bent on laying a stock of knowledge for future application. If I have not pecuniary resources enough to get at what I could wish for, as calculated to be useful to my mind, I must still not give up the pursuit. Still follow it; scramble to it; get at it as you can; but be sure to get at it. If you need books, buy them; if you are in want of instruction in any thing take it. The time will soon come, when it will be too late for all these things.—Before entering Mr. Gallatin's we looked out a nice grass plot; & there throwing ourselves at length along the green shade, I was reminded of all the carelessness & innocent delights of my boyhood.—We found Mr. Gallatin at home & at leisure, glad to see us, & willing to amuse us. The ladies had gone to Paris; but were to return to dinner. Baron de Staël, son of the Mad. de Staël, was with Mr. Gallatin as we entered. He is a plain man, but apparently a very amiable one. We were soon left by him; & then some conversation ensued. After this Mr. Gallatin took us through his gardens, & up the hill, which rises behind his house, & from which we had a most delightful view of the whole adjacent country. Two rows of hills run North & South at some distance from each other. Between them flows a little brook, scarcely large enough to be found, gently winding thro' the wide valley, which it fertilizes. Mr. Gallatin was full of playfulness & gaiety. At dinner Mrs. & Miss Gallatin, young Mr. Gallatin & Mr. Sheldon the secretary of the legation were added to our number. The dinner was excellent; a family never need wish for a better. To various dishes of great delicacy the best fruits of the season from their own garden were added. Conversation too was gay & continued. The German sceptics in criticism were laughed at; those men, who deal in quotations by the hundreds & stud their pages with long lists of cited authors in the margin, were particularly the subject of a great deal of pleasantry. Père Harduin* so famous for his doubts was cited as a counterpart to those, who have of late denied the existence of Homer. And the little book, whose author is unknown, "*Compère Matthieu*" was mentioned as ridiculing such wild schemes in a masterly way. We left Mr. Gallatin's at seven in the evening. On returning we took a different way through the fields; & had a delightful walk as the sun was going down in a cloudless sky, the cool air of evening heightening the

*Albert Gallatin, then United States Minister to France.

*Probably Jean Hardouin, numismatist, classical and theological scholar, 1646–1729.

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delights of exercise. Just as the shades of night were drawing near, we met with a cuckoo, & getting in were soon rolled over the paved highway to the vast metropolis of France. Passing over the beautiful Pont des Arts & crossing the court of the Louvre, I parted from Mr. Irving in the beautiful street Rivoli, & returned to my own room from one of the pleasantest excursions I have ever made.

July 4. This great national festival did not pass unnoticed by the Americans, staying at Paris. It was celebrated by a dinner, at which General La Fayette was present. Toasts were drunk, & volunteers given. I gave "The land of Minerva. The birthplace of arts, philosophy & freedom; civilizing her conquerors in her decline, regenerating Europe in her fall; may her sons rebuild in her climes the home of liberty." The contest of the Greeks at present is too interesting a subject to be talked of lightly, or to be regarded as a commonplace war of ambition or interest. It is a nation rising against tyranny & vindicating the rights of man. Since the days of the American war for independence, there has been no scene of exertion so pure & so glorious as this.

July 5. Last evening I returned from the dinner at a late hour with Mr. Washington Irving. It was a fine evening; we walked a long time by the side of the Garden of Tuileries. He was eloquent in speaking of the advantages, prospects & duties of our Country. Mr. Irving is the most amiable & excellent man, in so far as I may judge, whom I have met with in Europe. I can almost say, that I never go away from him, without finding my better principles & feelings warmed, strengthened & purified by his eloquent conversation.

July 13. As the Duke de Broglie had given me a general invitation to come & pass the evening in his family circle, I went there tonight. After passing through the large & elegant rooms of his house, I was shown into the farthest chamber; where I found the family assembled & several visitors. The Duke took me by the hand, & presented [me] to his lady. She was lying in a bed placed nearly in the middle of the room, dressed in a silk robe, & having her head & upper part of her body supported by a good many pillows. She has but lately been delivered of a son, & is still obliged to remain in bed. Around her the family was sitting, engaged in various conversation. From time to time she raised herself on her elbows, & joined in it. I was delighted to see how fondly her husband seemed to hang over her; that sight alone would be enough to teach to reject the assertion that the French know nothing of domestic happiness & attachment. At first the Duke gave me a chair at his side; afterwards the Duchess began conversing with me, & I left him, to sit at her bedside. The gentleness & grace of the company were great & charming. The conversation ran for a time on Locke & Montesquieu; & the Duchess listened to it with interest, & joined in it unhesitatingly. I like to see women, who are well educated, show that they are as capable of thought & philosophizing as the pretended lords of creation.

Between August 3d and 28th Bancroft paid a visit to London to meet his friend Samuel A. Eliot, father of the president of Harvard University. Of the steamboat crossing from Calais to Dover the diary says: "A light breeze was blowing from England, while borne on by the power of steam we kept a steady and regular course against the winds and the tides." For seeing the best of London Bancroft evidently had no such opportunities as those which opened so many doors to him in Berlin and Paris. At Westminster Abbey workmen were "still busy in removing the stages &c. erected for the coronation [of George IV], and all application for admission was in vain." Westminster Hall he found "still fitted out with all the crimson and gold of the coronation festivities." There were fogs, and altogether one is not surprised to find either the entry (August 13th) "London is no place to live in," or the later declaration (August 28th), "I was glad to be in France again."

A few days in Paris prepared him for a solitary walking trip through the Alps, on his way to Italy for the winter of 1821-1822. It is no wonder that he thought it worth while to copy in his journal the note from Alexander von Humboldt which he bore with him from Paris:*

Je prends la liberté, mon respectable ami

*It appears from an article by Prof. W. M. Sloane in the *Century Magazine*, January, 1887, that this note was addressed to Pictet, of Geneva, whom Bancroft met there in October.

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Alexander von Humboldt.
From a painting by Begas.

et confrère de vous recommander un jeune American qui a fait d'excellentes études de philologie et d'histoire philosophique en Allemagne. M. Bancroft est bien digne de vous voir de près; il est l'ami de mon frère, et il apartient à cette noble race de jeunes Américains, qui trouvent que le vrai bonheur de l'homme consiste dans la culture de l'intelligence.

(Signed) HUMBOLDT.

PARIS a 7 Septre, 1821.

For six weeks he had but slight use for letters of introduction. Most of this time was spent in solitude. The diary contains a full record of his walks from place to place in the Alps, of the beauties of nature which filled him with delight, of his frequent thoughts for the future, in which the prospect of entering the Christian ministry engaged his serious attention. Throughout the European journals there are also frequent allusions to the possibility of becoming a teacher, in school or college, and many notes on educational methods and principles. It cannot be said that the career of an historian is definitely foreshadowed. On October 22d Bancroft reached Milan. Two passages from his diary at this point introduce us to the home of an Italian poet.

October 23, 1821, Milan. . . . Delivered a letter from Mr. Cousin to Mr. Ernes [*sic*] Visconti. Found him very obliging. We went together to the poet Alexander Manzoni's for whom I had let-

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From a picture by N. R. Jollain.

ters also. Saw Mr. & Mrs. Manzoni & Mad. Beccaria* mother of Mrs. M. They are all very amiable. I was invited to dinner, which I accepted. In the mean time Messrs. Manzoni, Visconti and myself took a long walk together, saw some fine public places, the forum of Bonaparte, & the ramparts.

At dinner I found as fine a family of children at table, as a parent could desire to see. The whole circle seemed to enjoy the purest & most complete domestic happiness. I was delighted to find my first introduction to an Italian family so pleasant & so well calculated to make me think highly of the moral worth of Italian or at least Milanese hearts. Yet I believe the family of Manzoni to be if not unique yet too pure & happy to meet many like it to the South of the Alps. Their little son, on hearing I was an American, ran to his mother to know if I was a wild man. After dinner I made friends with him, and as his little sisters joined us, we had some fine fun.

October 28. . . . Dined with Mr. Manzoni. As I entered the court his little son came running towards me & embraced me cordially; as if overjoyed to see [me]. On going into the room, where the family was, I had hardly time to bow, before the little

* Bancroft seems to have mistaken the relationship. Manzoni's mother was a daughter of the Marquis Cesare di Beccaria; the maiden name of Manzoni's first wife, living at this time, was Blondel. In the diary for October 28th Madame Beccaria is mentioned as Manzoni's mother.

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George Cuvier.
From a picture by Jacques.

girls too came running round me, climbing upon my back, hanging on my arms, & demonstrating in every way their pleasure at seeing me. After dinner they all crowded round me, & I sat in the midst of Mrs. Manzoni's six lovely children: there was Julie, & Pierre, & Christine, & Sophie, & Henri, & Clara. The eldest a fair girl of twelve sate sedately yet playfully. The youngest was almost too young to see, but Pierre & Christine, Sophie & Henri insisted on being piled on my knees like little birds in their nest, & had many a question to ask about the sea, & sailing, & ships, & all the wonders of the great deep. As the little ones went to bed they came to bid me good bye & give me a kiss. The whole family was kind to me. Mad. Beccaria gave me a letter for home & presented to me a copy of her son's work on the morals of the Catholic religion. At last it was time to leave them. Little Pierre brought his Album, & begged me to write a page for him in it. When I had done it, & wished all a good night, the good little fellow followed me to the door, shook hands heartily, wished me a pleasant journey, & then bending my neck a little raised himself on tip-toe to embrace me & kiss me. Mr. Manzoni seemed to show feeling in parting from me, as if he had really honoured me with his esteem & kind regard, tho' our acquaintance has been but short.

After Milan came Venice, Florence, and lesser cities. On November 25th Bancroft

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Washington Irving.
From a picture by Stuart Newton in 1820.

arrived in Rome. With its churches, galleries, and manifold riches the greater portion of his Italian journal is concerned. Here it must suffice to reproduce a few of the passages recounting rare and distinctively personal experiences.

November 30, 1821. Rome. Today I was at the atelier of Thorwaldsen: never till now did I know how wonderful his genius is. His Mercury is one among the small number of fine statues ancient & modern, which may be counted on the fingers. Hebe, Ganymede, the three Graces, the bas reliefs, Achilles losing Briseis all are admirable in their kind. A magnificent Christ is now modelled, to be executed for a church in his native country. Thorwaldsen has seized upon the very genius of ancient sculpture, & made him his servant. His mausolea, his busts, his statues full of expression, truth & ideal beauty, the foldings of their robes, their position, motion, if I may so say, for motion some seem to have, are all antique. Here too may be seen how inferior a cast is to an original statue. The expression of the face is hardly capable of being transferred to plaster. . . .

December 21. This evening I was presented to the Princess Borghese, sister of Napoleon. On entering the rooms, I passed thro' an elegant suite of apartments to the one, in which company was assembled. Here the maid of honour to the princess received me & conducted me into the private room of the Princess, who received me with

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Alexander Manzoni.

the utmost kindness. There was a grace & an ease in her manners, which were delightful. Kind but not familiar, attentive but yet dignified she has a more elegant suavity of manners, than I remember to have seen in any woman of rank, to whom I have been presented. She said civil things of America in general, of her prepossessions in their favour, of her gratitude to them for their civility to her brother, and asking me how long I was to stay at Rome, expressed a wish to see me often. Then leaving me she went to the assembly, whom she received and conducted to the Music room. I was however first shown her diamonds and precious stones, a most splendid sight, & then taken to the room, where the princess was entertaining her company. I admired the amiable manner, in which she paid attention to them all: every lady, who entered was welcomed with a kind smile & a kiss. To one she gave a rose; she sat down by another; conversed with another, keeping every one amused, & putting everyone at ease. The furniture of the room was splendid. The walls were adorned with portraits of the family; the tapestry was very splendid, of damask; the chairs rich and elegant; a beautiful harp ornamented one side of the room, placed near a fine piano. During the evening we had some music, one lady playing on the piano, & Mad. Dumesnil, the maid of honour or rather Dame du Palais accompanying her. The music was divine. Of the persons present few were English. There was one most exquisitely

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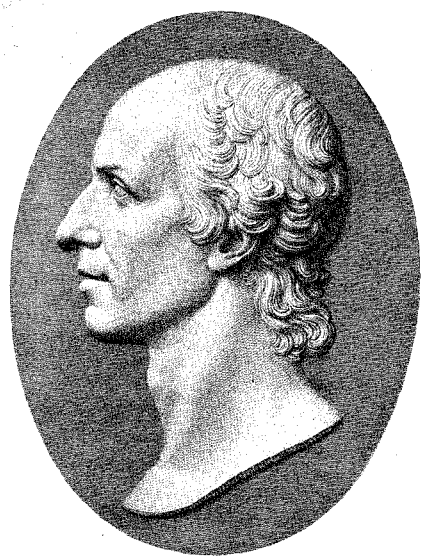
beautiful young Italian woman, reckoned the handsomest in Rome, a princess or two, & several others, whose names were not told me. Here too I saw Mrs. Patterson, formerly wife of Jerome Bonaparte. She is still pretty, tho' not astonishingly so. The evening passed very charmingly. I was highly pleased with the gracefulness of the Princess. She spoke to me several times during the evening, always very kindly, & seemed exceedingly ready to oblige those who wished to see her villa and fine things. The entertainment consisted of ices, creams, tea & a little cake. The ladies were all neatly dressed: the gentlemen as for the soirée of any lady: not in a court dress. The princess is a small woman, elegant, & when young may have been beautiful. She is still charming.

Benjamin Constant.
From a medallion by David d'Angers in 1830.



Antonio Canova.
Engraved by Raphael Morghen.

Dec. 22. . . . A proof of the ignorance of the Romans has just been given. At one of the better bookstores of Rome I was looking at various articles, when I was asked of what country I was by an Italian, who had entered. As I answered of the United States, he rejoined of Philadelphia or Boston? I answered Boston. Ah! said the bookseller, I have a large book in my shop about Boston; pray, come & look at it— I did so & found it to be a history of Hindostan. "Mi son sbagliato" cried he, "a little mistake, I took Hindoston to be Boston."

January 5, 1822. A rainy day. I remained at home till dinnertime. Went then to see Mess. Coolidge & Ritchie with whom I dined. We were all to go in the evening to the Princess Pauline Borghese's where I was to introduce them. We entered the palace just before eight: & were very glad to find only the Princess' own family collected. She soon made her appearance, sweetly dressed, arrayed in Beauty & smiles & received us most graciously. We formed a little circle round her, and she guided the conversation with a most winning sweetness of manner. I had never known what she is till now; for now she spoke of herself with ease & freedom, mentioned her own misfortunes, her predilection for the United States; saying they were the only asylum for persons who had suffered as she had. She spoke of her health, which is wretched; that she has grown wan & thin; (& yet even in her ill health she is beautiful) she can eat nothing,—so weak is her stomach; and for the whole day had taken only a little bouillion. She sees company; tho' she is fond of solitude: for her ill health inclines her to melancholy. She said all this with great suavity, made us observe how small her waist was, how thin her arms, which used to be large & round: showed us her ornaments, new articles for her toilette just received from Paris; chatting now like a moralist of her misfortunes & now like a woman of her beauty & ornaments.—

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La Fayette.

From a painting by A. Scheffer, 1822; engraved by Leroux, 1824.

Fêtes she does not long for: for of fêtes she has had enough under the emperor: & even then two winters she left Paris to live at Nice. "Malheur à ceux, qui ne trouvent de bonheur que dans les fêtes", said she; "as for me I need repose; j'ai besoin de repos, j'ai besoin d'amitiés." And she seemed to sum up her wishes in a fine climate, fine scenery, and the sea. And all this was said with such grace & sweetness, that we could not but feel deeply for her. Tho' a fallen princess she still preserves her dignity fully: she is the centre of conversation; the mistress of all present: she bids one to remove the table, another to sing, another to dance, & every one loves to be first to obey her. Without my requesting it she called for her tablets & wrote me a card of entrance to the pretty little villa, which she has been building in the environs of Rome, & which is reckoned very pretty. — The Princess receives from Prince Borghese $12000 per year, which is I should think hardly enough to support her establishment; for her palace is vast; & she is unaccustomed to economy. Her toilette I think she said cost her $4000 per annum. Why, a mere gown costs twenty dollars,

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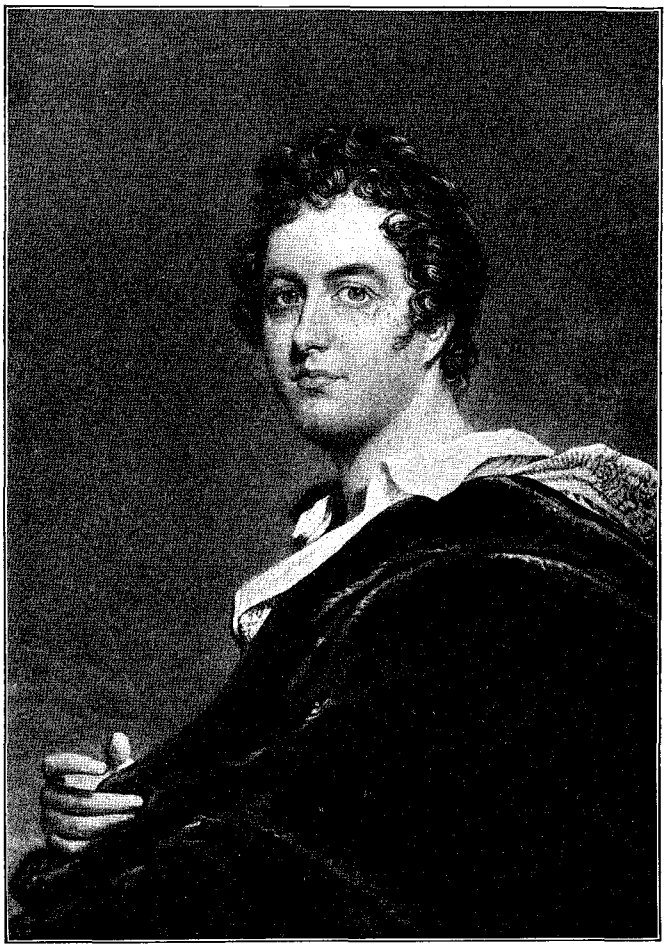

Lord Byron.
From a painting by W. E. West at Pisa in 1822.

observed she, as they entered a little into particulars. The Princess seemed to think it quite impossible for a lady to dress for only $600 a year: a hundred & twenty guineas were nothing for a lady's toilette.— And so tonight I believe we saw the princess in all forms; in all too she seemed the most graceful, elegant & well bred woman that I have ever seen.— We had some delightful music. "Nothing but music does me good," and the Princess seemed delighted as a most divine air was sung deliciously.— We left the palace a little after ten; & were quite delighted with our evening & most particularly gratified that the Princess had received us on an evening, when there was no company with her. Her niece, a daughter of Louis, was in the room; & her eyes were of a black glossy beauty, that might produce an effect on young hearts.—I came home & wrote as an exercise the verses, which were hardly worth copying into my journal. Went to bed a little after 2 o'clock.

The verses "hardly worth copying" appear in the journal opposite the prose entry for January 5th. They are entitled "The Complaint of a Princess," and manifestly spring from the talk with Napoleon's sister. Like many of the other verses found in the journal of these Italian days, they form a part of the small volume, "Poems," (Cambridge, 1823), the first of Bancroft's published books. On December 17th he had

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written: "Mean often to make verses, though I know they will be for the most part poor ones. But I do it only as a useful task, a good method of gaining a command of language and learning to attend to the nice construction of the lines of our harmonious English poets. Perhaps one day I may be able to make tolerably good ones."

February 6. . . . In the evening Baron Rehden* was kind eno' to include me in his party, as he went to the ball of the Neapolitan embassador's. It was nearly nine as we set off for the palace Farnese; which belongs to the King of Naples & is inhabited by his minister. We found the large court already crowded with carriages, & though the moon was full, her light was obscured by the glare of the flambeaux. As we entered we found a very large party already assembled, while others were still coming; till at last all the rank & fashion of Rome & almost all the distinguished strangers now in the city were collected in this most spacious & most magnificent palace. The queen of Etruria, her son the ex-king & his wife, a young princess of Sardinia, were the most distinguished persons in point of rank. Besides them there were princesses & countesses without number, & a vast herd of English, French, German & Italian gentry, all in their best apparel. I have never but once seen so brilliant a party. Diamonds & precious stones were plenty as blue eyes, or black coats; & tho' there were not many very beautiful girls there, there were very many admirably dressed ones.— The grand saloon was magnificently lighted with several chandeliers, & an almost endless number of wax lights besides, arranged most tastefully along the walls. And how splendidly were those walls hung! The richest & most tasteful hangings fell in the noblest folds; red & blue with silver fringe, & white with a most dazzling border of gold. And then all over the windows & from arch to arch the largest & most beautiful festoons of roses and other flowers were extended, which my poor eyes have ever seen. Indeed every one said, that it was a scene of perfect elegance & brilliancy. Under the festoons there were cages of singing birds; and as we first entered, & heard the music of the birds in a saloon so bright & so hung with flowers, it seemed like hearing the sweetest chirpings of the little birds on a fine spring morning. An admirable band began playing a waltz & Prince Leopold of Coburg opened the ball with the young princess of Etruria. He waltzed very well; she divinely. There was something indiscribably charming in her manners: she is young and beautiful; & her toilette had been attended with care & taste. Even the aged cried out she was an angel, as she flew by them in the rapid dance. Presently the hall of refreshments was thrown open: it was that painted by Hannibal Caracci & the frescoes shone magnificently over the blaze of hundreds of wax-candles. Nymphs of bronze bore crowns of lighted tapers on their heads, & chandeliers were well supplied also. Such magnificence I shall never see again; & before tasting any of the refreshments I gazed on the frescoes of the immortal Hannibal. There was in the hall every thing to eat, & to drink; & in plenty. Gellies, pastry, creams, cake of many kinds, ices, pears, oranges & apples, many kinds of wine & of spirit, coffee & tea, & lemonade and punch & all kinds of heating & cooling drink, custards & every nice thing becoming a ball were to be had at any moment all the evening. But the best of it was that all these things were served under the most admirable ceiling in Rome; a ceiling, which, showing as it does the best proof of Hannibal Caracci's genius, is deservedly reckoned one of the finest things to be seen in the eternal city. The suite of rooms, thrown open tonight, was very great: there were eight very large & lofty rooms, besides three magnificent saloons, two of which any king might be proud of having in his palace. I left the brilliant assembly about one.

On February 15th Bancroft set out for Naples. The journey thither and the sights and suggestions of Naples itself are graphically recorded. An excursion to Pæstum had its unfortunate episode. Returning through Salerno, Bancroft and his companions got into difficulties with the officials regarding passports. The result was that two nights were spent in a dirty prison. The prisoners were paroled through the day, and not the least amusing entry in the diary is a copy of the verses written on the seashore and bearing the title of "The Young

*The Hanoverian Minister at Rome.

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Prisoner's Lament." The first four of the thirty-two lines are typical of all:

> How couldst thou leave thy native land,
> Where waves the flag of liberty
> To fall within a tyrant's hand,
> And lose thy birthright—to be free?

The release obtained, Bancroft hastened to Naples, to which he bade farewell on March 24th. For the remaining days in Rome one passage from the diary must speak.

April 1, 1822. Rome. Weather unsettled. No long excursions to be thought of. Was at Canova's studio. He has finished a group of Mars & Venus, which is very splendid, & the contrast of beauty & force is exceedingly pleasing. A Pietà is just modelled: it is admirable, & when executed in marble must draw tears.—Canova is learned. While at work he has a reader, who is constantly reading aloud to him. He is fond of historical works. I admire Canova's Hebe: it is a bewitching statue. Yet for myself I would most like to own a bust of Washington, executed after the statue.

Was at Thorwaldsen's studio. I must admire him even more than I do the Italian master. In bas reliefs he is altogether unrivalled. All Thorwaldsen's works are admirable. His Mercury he is finishing—'tis unique. I admired the head of his unfinished Jason, his Graces, Hope, a dancing girl, a young shepherd; I am rapt in wonder on seeing his bas reliefs, Nemesis reading her scroll to Jove, who seizes indignantly on the thunderbolt, Hebe pouring out wine to Hercules, Health feeding the serpent of Esculapius, Pallas giving soul in the shape of a butterfly to the creation of Prometheus. Unrivalled is the triumphal entry of Alexander, & several facts from the Iliad.

Thorwaldsen was alone in his studio: he very kindly showed me himself all his rooms, explaining his works, & speaking kindly & with great simplicity of them. His Christ, of which he has just finished the model pleases him. Simple & motionless as it seems to be, he says, it took him a very long time to form the idea of it, making a great many sketches, before he could hit on the right one. The Mercury was invented in a moment.

From Rome Bancroft soon set out on the northward journey which turned his face definitely toward home. There are records of what he saw and did in Florence and other places. Of all these pages the most notable are those which describe a glimpse of Byron. In a letter to John Murray from Byron* dated May 26, 1822, Montenero, near Leghorn, where the poet was living at the time with the Countess Guiccioli, there is a reference to a visit from a young American whose name is given as Rowcroft. Even if this name were less like *Bancroft* than it might well have been in Byron's handwriting, an allusion to the good opinion in which the visitor told him his works were held by Goethe and the Germans, and an account of a visit to the *Constitution*, would serve to establish the identity of the circumstances described. The first half of Byron's letter has to do with the sending of his daughter Allegra's body to England for burial.

Bancroft described the meeting in a letter to his friend Eliot, dated May 29.

My dearest friend, . . . I have seen the opposite part of Tuscany too, the Val d'Arno, which is even finer than the fine descriptions of it can make you expect. Pisa round which the Appenines rise in circles of infinite grace, Leghorn while an American Squadron lay moored in the harbour. I must begin a new period to tell you what else I've seen: what do you think now: I went on board the Commodore's ship, Sir! the Constitution or old Ironsides as she hath been rightly termed: Well! Is that all? Not quite. A short time after I had been on board a man, who wore his hair very long, with full fat cheeks, a healthy lively pair of dark eyes, a cheerful forehead, a man of gentle manners tho' of a misshapen foot, a man of rank and some note in our small world, came on board. Whom do you guess it was? Prince Borghese? No, the fat old goat I do not mean. The Tuscan Duke? No, he is a good fellow to be sure, quite a radical, an honest man, who wears a blue coat & a white hat, & is drawn about by six horses. 'Tis not he I mean. Who was it then? Why nothing but a poet; yet it was a pleasure to have a poet on board an American Squadron, & to have been presented to Lord Byron anywhere else, would not have given me half so much pleasure as it did to meet him on American boards & beneath the American

*See Moore's "Byron".

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To G. Bancroft Esqr.

Sir

I shall be very happy in your visit. — Could you make it convenient about an hour hence — for I have been lazy today and am not set dress. and I am ashamed to say hardly awake — I have the honour to be Sir dear

humble Sert.

Noel Byron

May 22d 1822.

Fac-simile of letter to Mr. Bancroft from Lord Byron.

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flag. I was out to see him afterward, & was treated by him with more civility than I have ever been by any man in Europe. I hardly know if I ever talked with a man so frankly. He is very gay and fashionable in his way of talking, will converse of duels & horses, rows & swimming & good principles of Liberty, & in short is one of the pleasantest men in the world. Of himself he spoke with the utmost openness, of his success & his enemies. I was taken into a room of his villa: as I believed to enjoy the prospect toward the West: when my eyes were suddenly dazzled by beauty almost more than human & my ears soothed by the sweetest Italian accents from sweet Italian lips. Who was the lady? I know not. It was a beautiful apparition, & why attach harsh ideas & harsher words to one who looked so innocent & conversed so purely? . . .

The fuller story is told in two extracts from the diary.

May 21, 1822. Leghorn. Joined Major Stith in a visit to the Constitution. Lord Byron came on board. We were presented to him. From the Constitution he went to the Ontario, where Capt. Chauncy received him with most distinguished civility. A salute was fired, the yards were manned: & three cheers given in most glorious & clear union.

May 22. Rode to Monte Nero this morning. Wrote to Lord Byron a short note. "Mr. Bancroft, an American citizen, ventures to request the honour of waiting on Lord Byron. Monte Nero, Wednesday Morning." I sent this note & received immediately the following answer. "Sir. I shall be very happy in your visit. Could you make it convenient about an *hour* hence —for I have been lazy to-day and am not yet drest—and (I am ashamed to say) hardly awake—I have the honour to be yr obedt humble servt (Signed) *Noel Byron.* May 22d, 1822." I amused myself with plucking myrtle & looking at the sea during the hour.

When I reached Lord Byron's seat, I was at once shown into a cool room & in a moment his Lordship joined me, offering me his hand. At first he asked me many questions about the fleet, about our officers, our ships, & our battles. He seemed even informed of the duels, which had taken place among them, knowing the names of the parties & the particulars of the quarrels. We did not talk very long of these matters, but came upon literature.

He spoke of several countrymen. Of Ticknor, of Everett, of Coolidge. He spoke particularly of W. Irving whose Knickerbocker he seemed very fond of. His style he called "rather florid," but commended highly. I expressed my delight on hearing praises of my countrymen; but Byron replied: His feelings as to Irving were common to all his countrymen.

We spoke of Germany. He asked if I knew Goethe. I answered I did, & reported faithfully what I had heard Goethe say of him. I then told him of the translations which have so often been made of his works, & of the great admiration, which all Germans had for him. This B. said was new to him, & would serve as some solace for the abuse which he was constantly receiving from home. He then spoke of himself with the greatest frankness, of the abuse lavished upon him on all sides in England, of a new article Jeffries was preparing for him, of a letter addressed to his publisher: "not to me"—said he—"for me they deem incorrigible." He spoke of the king as of one determined to persecute him. "I never went to court," said B., " & one evening at a ball was presented to the king at the king's own request." And yet the king complains of B's. having written eight lines against him after having been treated so civilly. The lines, added B., were written before I was presented to him.

I mentioned Goethe's comparison of Faust & Manfred: & Byron observed, evidently in earnest, that he deemed it honour eno' to have his work mentioned with Faust. As to its origin, Lord B. said that some time before he had conceived the idea of his piece, Monk Lewis had translated to him some of the scenes & had given him an idea of the plan of the piece.

Speaking of the immorality of his works, he said: Why what are Fielding & Smollett & those authors? He seemed to think there were worse things in Smollett than in anything he had ever written. What would they say, too, to the introduction to Goethe's Faust? Many of his friends, he said, in Italy as well as in England, had entreated him not to go on with Don Juan.

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He had dedicated one of his late works to Goethe; but for some reason or other his publisher had omitted to print it.

Shelley is translating Faust: "Shelley of whom you may have heard many foolish stories, of his being a man of no principles, an atheist & all that: but he is not."

Lord Byron related to me the late scrape, into which he or his servant got at Pisa.*

He laughed at the story Goethe tells of his murdering a man at Florence—hopes Goethe may not hear of this affair of Pisa, lest he should make a famous story out of it.

He asked if I had come out on foot, offering me his carriage or his horse to return with.

I was taken into another room, without knowing that I was doing anything more than going to enjoy new views from the pleasant villa where Byron resides. I was astonished to find myself in the same room with a most exquisitely beautiful lady, of apparently twenty-five. She was on the sopha. I had the seat nearest her. Conversation was now carried on in Italian, of music, of the fine piano-fortes made in Germany, of Berlin & the love of Berlin ladies for Music, of Lalla Rookh, of France & Italy, in short of the things which are proper to be discussed in the company of a very pretty woman. Lord Byron speaks Italian perfectly, the lady with the sweetest pronunciation in the world. She is of a delicate style of beauty: has a fine neck, a lovely complexion, on her cheeks the richest vermillion colour; a fine white forehead, a sweet little mouth, a graceful nose, good teeth; she is tall & her waist beautifully small. Innocence & repose seem the leading expression of her countenance. Her smile is heavenly; her dark eyes have a calm & gentle expression: & though I have seen more splendid beauty, I have seldom seen any, who produced on me a pleasanter impression.

Lord Byron says he left Ravenna because all his friends were exiled. The priests stuck up an affiche threatening him with I know not what. The young men of Italy, Lord B. thinks, are in a good way; they long for liberty. Let them get that, & then afterwards study politics & understand it.

Lord B. wishes to go to America. He could judge it impartially: till now none had been there but spectators: he would go unprejudiced; at least with no prepossessions for his Mother country.

On June 12th Bancroft wrote again to Eliot from Marseilles: "At last the day has arrived, and I hold myself every moment ready to obey the summons from the ship which is to bear me home. . . . I embark on board the good ship Belle. We are bound for New York, a port which suits me quite as well as Boston would, since 'tis but a half day's journey more from New York than from the city of Boston to Worcester."

On August 8, 1822, Bancroft wrote from Worcester to President Kirkland: "I owe you my intellectual existence, my hopes and my happiness. If I can enter with fine prospects the paths of usefulness and honour, I am indebted for this advantage to you." With the final page of the letter, the young student may be left upon the threshold of his efficient years:

Five days ago I reached New York, & my own home last evening. I have stolen a few minutes from my sisters to inform you of my welfare.

As soon as the first welcoming is over, I must begin to think seriously of my future destiny. Or rather I must *decide* on it. The days of tranquil uninterrupted study are past; it would be foolish to sigh after them; yet they were pleasant once, when the progress of time was marked only by progress in letters, & the morning opened on the still & cheerful continuance of the labours of the evening. Those days are gone by; my wishes now prompt me—my situation forces me—to action. I must resolve on my future pursuits & course of life immediately: for till I have a fixed resolution I shall [one word missing] & I detest and dread an undecided spirit. Yet I could wish to know your opinion or desires, if you take interest enough in me to make me an object of desire or thought. I hope to be at Cambridge in a few days; but as I cannot tear myself at once from the embraces of my friends in Worcester, I could wish to be favoured with a few lines which might guide me in my decision. At any rate I hope soon to be near you, & to profit by your counsels.

Most gratefully and most sincerely,

GEORGE BANCROFT.

*See Moore's "Byron".

(To be continued.)

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THE POINT OF VIEW

WHAT classical saying strikes a more modern note than that of Seneca, "A great fortune is a splendid servitude"? It seems simply a translation into the Latin philosopher's sonorous phrase of the commonplaces of our own familiar philosophy, as when Andrew Carnegie speaks of "slaves of the habit of hoarding," and adds: "At first they own the money they have made and saved. Later in life the money owns them." To such apparent identity of view in a Seneca and a Carnegie there attaches the peculiar interest many moderns feel in the life of the Roman Empire, because in its materialism and its imperialism it is supposed to parallel our own civilization, the student of manners constantly harking back to it for a curious resemblance and the moralist for an "awful warning." Thus, with the modern more or less on the watch to see Roman history of the first century repeat itself in the twentieth, any fresh contribution to our knowledge concerning it attracts almost a popular audience—as in the case of Dr. Dill's recently published study of "Roman Society from Nero to Marcus Aurelius."

"A Splendid Servitude"

The picture Dr. Dill draws for us of the Roman millionaire of the first century seems, cursorily, to be a case of history repeated. The lavishness of his entertainments, of which the extravagance has been so often detailed (perhaps $150,000 for Egyptian lilies for a single feast is a novel item); his frequent appearance in the *rôle* of "self-made man" who had "come up from the people"—the freedmen; his acknowledged obligation to spend liberally on municipal objects, as baths and temples, and also hospitals, schools and good roads; his contributions, more or less compulsory, to the *collegia* or trades-unions of the time; his genuine and general pity for the proletariat—his spirit of charity, in modern phrase—despite the hideous cruelty of the gladiatorial shows and slave punishments; his liability to the inheritance tax and to other special taxes that in the end developed into a system of practical confiscation—in these and many other respects the Roman millionaire is pictured as subject to familiar modern conditions, actual or possible. But turning to the other side of the picture, the transition in status is startlingly abrupt. The price that Seneca paid for his wealth was not figuratively, but literally, "a splendid servitude." The tutor of Nero, owing his fortune of some twelve millions to the emperor's favor, Seneca wrote his confession in "the thick, stifling air of the Terror," "tossing on his couch of purple under richly paneled ceilings of gold, starting at every sound in the wainscot as he awaits the messenger of death"—the summons to suicide by the emperor's command. The thought in Seneca's mind could not have been at a farther possible remove from any modern association with the servitude of wealth. Yet the Roman sage, no less than the plain, business-man millionaire today (so far as he is possessed by the spirit of unlimited acquisition), deliberately sought the servitude, but to recognize it too late. This inexplicable willingness to pay the cost—any cost—in the first century or in the twentieth, passes the understanding not alone of the man outside, the preacher, or censor, or publicist, but, in his saner moments, of the man of affairs as well. It is in his behalf that a publication devoted to solid business interests, the *Bankers' Magazine*, entered recent protest against the servitude of wealth, the continuance of "the old, barbaric struggle" until death itself intervenes; the sacrifice of "the rational and intelligent" ordering of life despite all modern facilities for the safe reinvestment of a sufficient fortune.

Putting aside the obvious motives for accumulation beyond the point of sufficiency—the love of luxury which, as in Nero's day, cannot find its limit, the passion for more and still more power, and the fascination of "staying in the game"—the question of the safe reinvestment of actively invested capital, of the advantageous disposal of a large

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interest in a "going concern" of size, is for each individual a condition and not a theory, a matter difficult, often impracticable, of arrangement. It is an anomaly of business statistics, full as they are, so good authorities state, that they give no estimate of the proportion that capital actively invested bears to capital invested simply for income. Yet until that proportion is estimated it is obviously impossible to hazard a guess as to how many men of reputed wealth can withdraw from active affairs without a sacrifice that would mean comparative poverty. In many of these cases the personal control and conduct of the enterprise determine not only its profit and income—to those associated in it as well, especially in the case of family interests—but no less the stability of profit and income. This aspect of the involuntary servitude of wealth, the practical necessity of "keeping in the harness" long after the reputed millionaire has apparently passed the point of sufficient acquisition, for the sake of "making sure of what he has" or of what others have who are associated with him and dependent on him, is an aspect generally ignored, yet one that is vital to any discussion in the large. It is the old case of the unknown quantity, the elusive personal element, in the equation.

It is also a paradox of modern life, with so much more than ever before to give charm to living for one who commands an independent fortune, that the divorce is constantly widening between the career whose end is money-making in business and the professions and the careers of a different or higher end. It was with this thought in mind that President Eliot once confessed to "feeling sorry for the rich men in our day." They have, by "a change in the organization in society," been deprived of "a great many of the opportunities of service, which, on the whole, endeared their like to the feudal societies." The duties once attaching to the possession of wealth, that the possessors do their part as soldiers, magistrates, great land-owners and great stock owners—"they could not be rich on any other terms," as President Eliot says—are now allotted by a democratic society, quite regardless of its possession, to the great loss of the rich in the passing of a peculiar responsibility, whatever may be the incidental advantage to the rest of the community. With the change has passed, too, "the sight of appropriate and durable splendor"—"a great enjoyment for all who look on it," President Eliot counts it—or the sense of a certain fixed position in the community with a reciprocal sense of what is owed to that position. The inevitable result to accentuate money-making as an unregardful career, by itself and for itself, has perhaps most of all intensified the servitude of wealth in modern life.

A Neglected Responsibility

IF this question of wealth, its abuses, perils and exactions, is so much in the air that one sometimes wishes the American people would find time to think of something else, and give itself a little mental science treatment by taking its mind out of this obsession,—it is curious how one class passes unaffected by the debate, in serene unconsciousness that it has anything practical to do with it. It is always assumed th t the evils threatened and their discussion have to do only with fortunes of inordinate size, or fortunes especially acquired by some kind of business tyranny or sharp practice, or speculation, or any means that are demoralizing. Of course these always will be the main examples in all jeremiads about our materialization; but how about the moderately rich, whose fortunes, made by entirely honest and creditable means, are not great enough to threaten "servitude" to themselves or oppression to others; those whom we know as the "well-to-do," meaning that they have enough to order their lives according to their own choice?

When commencement and other orators unanimously chose warning themes this summer from financial demoralization, and when Mr. Cleveland said the other day that we could better afford to go slower than to lose some of the old ideas about business honesty and the sacredness of trusts, some thousands of such excellent men accepted with approval what seemed to them truisms, to whom it never occurred that they were in any way concerned. Yet it is not the phenomenal, but the normal "successful" man who, among the element that is really of most consequence, sets the pace. Pyrotechnic financiers, promoters rich in a day, owners of uncountable accumulations, even, may be regarded with demoralizing interest and curiosity, but they have little steady effect on the community at large. On the other hand, it is the moderately rich men of acknowledged respectability and esteem, of

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education, refinement, and civilized ideals, who really, and very properly, have the important power of strongly influencing the standards of others, like themselves except for the riches—of influencing the weaker by example and the stronger by actually affecting their environment. It is by seeing what are the things with which such men hasten to surround themselves that average human nature forms its idea of what things are most desirable; and that human nature more thoughtful than the average still cannot help judging what it must try to accumulate if it doesn't want to drop out of the companionship of people whom it quite legitimately likes and values. In other words, as I said, these people set the pace.

And how have they set it in these last few years? Not the "smart" people, or the new rich vulgarians, but the people just described as having enough to order their lives according to their own choice. Have they, on the whole, said we should "go slower"? Have they fostered a wise simplicity? Have they shown that one of the things for which they valued being rich was the escape from pressure, from complication, from the necessity of thinking continually of money? When Madame Waddington was here she said that one of the changes she noticed was that Americans always talked about the prices of things, the cost of their establishments and surroundings—having them perpetually in mind; and she was speaking of a well-bred and in most respects highly civilized class among them. Have they shown a disposition to let the means be less in evidence than the end? Is the dominating impression in their homes that of care-free lives, tranquillity gained after work, happy independence in choosing their occupations and companionships, or a restless subjection to the domestic and social machinery necessary to keep up a certain rate of speed, and an attention like a hard-worked engineer's to all the fuel, steam-gauges, and registers?

As long as that which ought to be the really independent element in a community permits itself to be driven by a relentless spirit of meaningless competition—an uneasy obligation to feed the fires a little higher than the neighbor or a little higher than the day before—the apparent necessity will take possession of the rest like a nervous epidemic or a panic; and the old ideas about business honesty and respect for trusts will suffer under the pressure that such conditions always exert on the weak and the tempted. There will be no going slower until it can be shown that men can go slower with the respect—or at all events without the implied contempt—of those whom they regard as successful; or until success itself is disassociated from speed and high pressure. To both these ends wise and honorable rich men can contribute, and are blameworthy if they do not.

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THE FIELD OF ART

A GREAT HALL AND ITS DECORATION

IT would be impracticable to describe the great amphitheatre of the Sorbonne without the aid of photographs, but Fig. I may help the account of it, which follows:

The hall has been planned to seat 3,000 persons and to afford standing-room to a good many late-comers besides. The general plan is this: A semicircle of 98 feet diameter to which you will add a parallelogram, an oblong, of 98 x 24 feet. That is to say, the main auditorium has the shape of a semicircle and something more—98 feet across and 74 feet from front to rear. But to this we have to add again a certain space provided for dais, or post of honor; the place taken up by the long table and the seats behind it—not "stage," for there is no raised platform. The wall which encloses this space, and the hall on that side, is built on a flattened curve; and on the main axis there is here an added depth of 18 feet; so that the main enclosure is 92 feet from front to rear. Outside the semicircle there is a series of five very curious tribunes (double galleries) arranged around the circumference in the form of projecting lobes (little separate auditoriums), each 40 feet wide and half as deep, and all opening toward the stage in such a way that there are no seats without view and hearing. Fig. I shows two of the tribunes with two stories in each tribune. It shows also about one-quarter of the wall behind the stage; and by comparing this with the view in Fig. II it will be understood in what a curious flat curve the wall in question is planned. Measured along the curve, it is about 85 feet long, and the painting by Puvis de Chavannes fills the whole of it from end to end, and about half its total height from the main floor to the cove of the roof.

I saw this hall but newly finished in 1900, and I was struck by its beauty. No such large auditorium is known to me—nothing so effective, so stately, and yet so practical in appearance. The novelty of its disposition is evident. The publication last year of the folio volume, "Monographie de la Sorbonne," affords an opportunity to study in detail the whole vast structure, 746 feet long from north-east to south-west, approximately, and brings up again the thought of that splendid room for lectures and for ceremonial.

This would not be a great French public institution if its chief place of state and ceremony did not have statues of the great men who are identified with its history. Accordingly, Fig. I shows on the left the statue of the Cardinal Richelieu by Alfred Lanson, then Pascal by Louis-Ernest Barrias, and on the right Rollin by Chaplain; while unseen, behind the spectator, are the corresponding statues, Robert de Sorbon by Crauk, facing the Richelieu, and to be seen in Fig. II; Descartes and Lavoisier by Coutan and Dalou. The five large roundels which are seen painted on the vault above the five semi-domes of the tribunes are from the cartoons of that famous decorative painter, Pierre Victor Galland, who died in 1892. The five emblematic figures represent, as is natural in such a case, Science, Letters, Law, and Medicine, and the embodied University of France.

The merits of those symbolical paintings and of the statuary could hardly be discussed without separate photographs on a larger scale, and in some cases more than one of each piece. The unusual character and great interest of the hall itself as a piece of practical modern architecture are so far obvious that they may be left to the account of them which our photographs give. But the immense importance of the great painting, the largest single composition in Europe, and the work of the first decorative painter of modern times, seems to make some account of the picture itself desirable. The artist has personified "La Sorbonne"; and having to represent this great and famous institution in embodied form, he imagines her as *une vierge laïque*. To obtain the full significance of that term one must put himself in the position of a member of a great Roman Catholic community and a great artistic community, accustomed to see the Virgin of ecclesiastical art presiding over so many great triumphs in the world of religious thought, and even of earthly splendor. Here is shown a presiding genius of wholly non-clerical significance; and it is in this way only that we can come to understand the passionless face, the non-expressive attitude, the

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Fig. I.—The amphitheatre of the Sorbonne.

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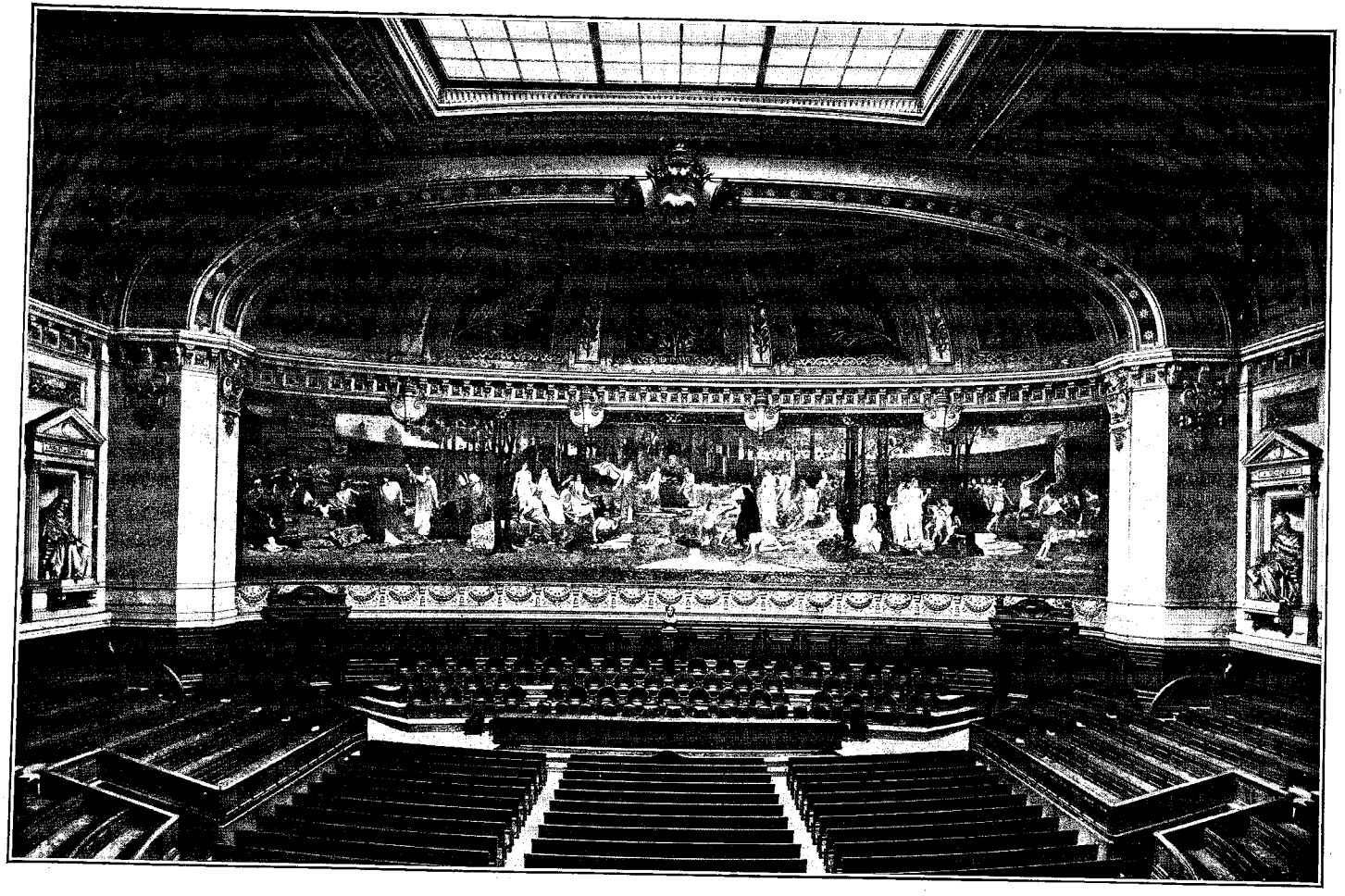

Fig. II.—The amphitheatre of the Sorbonne. Wall-painting by Puvis de Chavannes.

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folded arms, the full-face position in the picture. To go one step further, it may be noted that the common practice among the later Italian painters of setting on the steps of the Virgin's throne two little winged *putti*, with no particular duty to fulfil, has evidently suggested the placing of these two genii beside the personified Sorbonne. They have palms and laurels in their charge, to be taken whithersoever the Lady Patroness may order. On the right of the presiding Genius, the spectator's left, are the personifications of Eloquence, Epic Poetry, and Lyric Poetry; on the right are Drama and Comedy, Satire and Fable; and the other personages may be fitted with such other names of the great departments of literary thought as the above. But all this deals with the middle part of the picture only—with that framed in by the two foreground trees, a double trunk on the spectator's left, and on the right a trunk dividing soon after it leaves the ground. These are the limits of Literature; and in the middle of this reserved place there rises out of the ground a spring typifying Education or Learning or Wisdom, and the young and the old hasten to drink of it, the young helping the old to receive the draught, although perhaps the pedagogy of the time would say that the reverse of this arrangement is more usual.

So much for the central compartment; and on the left of it is History with those philosophies which belong to the records of the past and their results in the modern world. The figure with the skull, seated, turned to the left, and immersed in thought, is what we must call, for want of a more general term, Pessimism; and Optimism, a young and graceful woman, prettily draped, offers a spray of flowers which, as she holds it, comes very near to the skull in the pictorial composition. Then Mysticism, or the life of the spirit, is expressed in the draped, nun-like figure with raised right hand; and Doubt is embodied in the gray-haired man at the right of this group, and close to the double tree. In the middle of this left-hand compartment a Genius is removing the growth of vegetation from an inscribed stone, while History or Annal is about to record the inscription on a tablet handed her by another attendant spirit. On the left, excavation and research among ruins is going on, and a youth is fitting a newly found ancient helmet on his head, and it may be noticed, perhaps, that whereas the whole central company of Literature with the controlling spirit of La Sorbonne are seated under the shadow of the sacred grove itself, History and Archæology come out under the open sky, as do the groups on the right.

These last-named groups stand for Science. The draped statue on the high pedestal represents Physics; she is the most mysterious of the goddesses, because what she has to reveal and to give to the world is always surprising—what she may yet have to give is so completely unguessed. A group of young men are offering their easily-understood homage to her. On the extreme right is Mathematical Science, represented by three figures who handle the usual compasses and are busy with a problem. Finally, the group nearest to the sacred grove itself is made up of Mineralogy, an old woman seated on the ground and leaning upon a stone in which is encrusted a fossil, a gigantic spiral shell. On the left of this group is Botany, with plants on her knees, and a Genius who is examining them. The two tall female figures stand for The Ocean (perhaps Marine Botany or Marine Zoology) holding a conch-shell, and Geology, crowned with precious stones and holding up a piece of crystal which can hardly be made out in small pictures. The youths in attendance here are engaged in studying, the one a lizard, the other a bottle which we may take to hold some liquid containing bacteria, or the like.

And that is the whole story—the story of a composition which was absolutely required to be symbolical in the highest degree. Many persons may regret, with me, that Puvis had not been allowed, rather, to paint three or five historical events in the long and interesting annals of the Sorbonne; but it appears from the records that that question was not so much as touched—it was assumed from the first that the painting must represent in visible form those abstract and invisible things for which the Sorbonne stands. And after one has made out, with such help as he can get, the intended significance of the whole, he is left with a certain sense of surprising achievement in a direction not wholly admirable and not involving much original thought. It seems a pity that a great painter should be compelled to give his time to thinking out these dreamy schemes of personification and metaphor.

RUSSELL STURGIS.

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Drawn by George Wright.

LUCY HUNG BACK UNTIL THE LAST.

—"The Tides of Barnegat," page 567.

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